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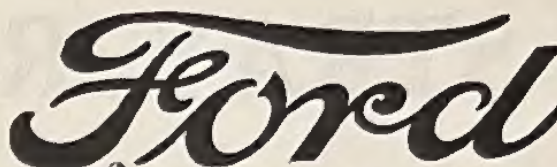
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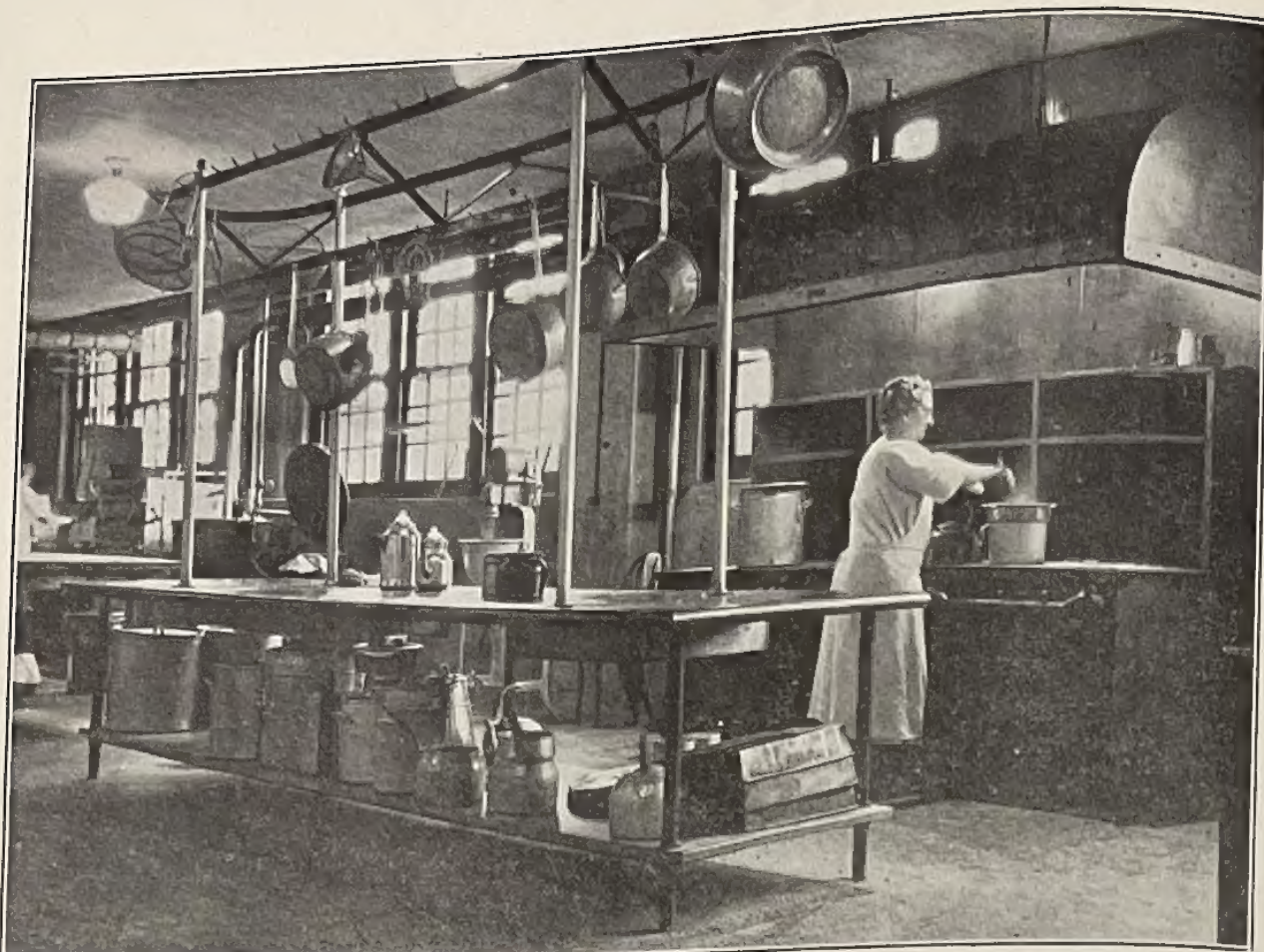
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THIS is to introduce the Lunch Room Kitchen, a most important adjunct in the scheme of things here at Eastern but an unknown base to most Easternites.

While the kitchen is an essential element in the success of the Lunch Room, far more important are the loyalty and support of its student customers.

The Boy Next Door

By FRANCES WRIGHT, '27

Helen was the "only girl," and Bill was the "boy next door." And so it had been since they had first started out together in their rookierhood at high school. It was very nice to have someone who lived next door to walk to and from school with each day, and still nicer when one needed some pointers on that very terrible math problem.

Now, at the end of four swiftly passing years, Bill was going away to college. Helen was going to a secretarial school. That summer before their first separation was one wonderful round of pleasure—tennis, swimming, picnics, dances; and when the time came for Bill to leave, Helen was wearing, not a diamond, but one of Bill's own rings placed on her left hand with a new meaning.

The first few months letters flew back and forth with daily regularity, with specials on Saturday and a telegram on Sunday. These were indeed letters filled with great promises and plans; Bill loved college, but oh, boy! when the Christmas holidays came around—! Weeks ahead plans were made for these Christmas holidays; Betty, a girl friend of Helen's, was giving a house-party at her home in New York. The few spare moments squeezed in between going to school and writing to Bill were spent in making a dress for the great occasion. It was to be blue, with a full, fluffy skirt. Bill had always adored Helen in blue.

A week before Christmas, Bill wrote only two letters—very careless of him, but still excusable since he would soon be there to be reprimanded in person. The two that did come seemed to lack something, enthusiasm or perhaps sincerity. And then, the day that Bill was due to arrive came the fatal telegram—Bill was not coming home for Christmas! He was sure Helen would understand; he was invited to spend the holidays with one of the "fellows." Of course, it hurt dreadfully; and, of course, Bill didn't care for her any longer, since he preferred the company of some "fel-

low" to the wonderful time they had planned. So, for the first time, Helen was really seriously angry with Bill. His hateful telegram was burned, as were all the letters which followed it, burned unopened. Helen's pride had received too sure a blow.

At Easter Bill came home, and Helen had "previous engagements" for a whole week. Only once did she even see him, and that was over the backyard fence. Bill had attempted to speak, and in answer the kitchen door was slammed with such vengeance that Bill's words were unheard. In vain did his mother invite Helen; every day was filled; and every evening, when the telephone rang, Helen coldly informed the penitent voice that she was all "dated up," even though some of the "dates" were spent in seclusion in her room with a book. Helen could be independent in her choice of company, also. Bill returned to college, and Helen returned to school, still unforgiving.

Then in June came an invitation from a boy whom Helen had known quite well in high school. His frat was giving a big house party, and Tom was hoping Helen would come up for the big time as his guest. At first, Helen determined she would not consider going, because Bill went to the same college, and would probably be there. But, after considering the possibilities, Helen most decidedly determined to go, simply because Bill *would* be there; and she fervently prayed that Bill would not disappoint her by his absence. She would—well, she would show Bill a thing or two. It was an entirely new thing to look forward to, and Helen was going to get a big thrill out of it, something more than merely going to a house party. She would enjoy it immensely to make Bill very uncomfortable. It was only what he deserved.

The little blue evening dress that had been so carefully made for Christmas hung, covered

(Continued on page 35)

The Sun of Austerlitz

By H. GIFFORD IRON, '28



The setting sun of December 1, 1805, saw two lines of hostile troops drawn up on the heights near the town of Austerlitz. All knew that the morrow would see the clash of three empires—Austria and Russia on one hand, and France on the other. Many reflections of other times, of home, friends, and all that makes life precious, filled the minds of soldiers on both sides.

Circled about one of the bivouac fires of the Corps of Marshal Soult of "L'Armée Française" were five men. One—a grizzled sergeant of the line with a keen, roving eye—had captivated the other four with a romantic tale of personal daring, but which in all probability had never occurred. When he had finished with the modest admission of capturing, single-handed, two platoons of the enemy, he reclined easily against a stump and awaited the plaudits of his listeners.

"You've had some thrilling experiences, Francois," remarked a young trooper of about twenty-one.

"Thrilling experiences! Why I've been to the very throat of hell and come back again." And the old sergeant supplied all the necessary gestures and facial expressions to vivify his statement.

All was silence for some moments when a lad of seventeen spoke up:

"Sergeant, you've been in lots of battles and you've seen your friends fall before an enemy

fire—tell me, does a soldier feel before battle that death awaits him?"

"Yes, it seems so. I've had many an old campaigner come to me just before his last conflict and say, 'Francois, take this little remembrance to my wife and child'—'or my sweetheart—and tell them that I died thinking of them.' It seems that there's always a woman in their thoughts when they are expecting to pass out."

"Did you ever feel before a battle that you might be killed?" asked the lad of seventeen, whom we shall call Denis.

"No, not exactly. Once, just before Marengo, I seemed to hesitate about fighting. It was the only time I ever felt that way. Well, that day I came nearer to belonging to the devil than ever in my life. Old Desaix was then my commander and we were charging the Austrians. As we neared their lines I——"

At this moment several soldiers leapt to their feet and there was much commotion at nearby camp-fires. Several officers approached, led by a short, determined-looking man whom someone recognized. There was a shout of "Vive L'Empereur!"

It was indeed Napoleon inspecting the outposts of his army and walking in that characteristic pose with his hand tucked under his coat. As he came alongside the sergeant, he carefully examined the ground and ordered it to be paced off. When this was done he turned to his subordinates and remarked:

"You will have a part to play here soon."

The Man of Destiny and his party passed on and the soldiers again dispersed to their several camp-fires; some to be with their comrades for the last time.

"Did you notice his attention to detail?" asked the sergeant when the five friends had re-assembled.

"Nothing escapes him," said Denis, "and somehow his personality inspires patriotic zeal in one."

"Do you remember, Denis," exclaimed a soldier, also about seventeen, "do you remember the day that the Emperor passed through Chatillon? The bands played martial airs, and Napoleon at the head of a small force went through the very street on which we lived. The military fervor, the love of glory, and the patriotic spirit carried us away, and with the recklessness of youth we enlisted against our parents' advice. How it will live in my memory! Together we called on Charlotte. She seemed so beautiful that last day. It was with tears in our eyes that you and I joined our company. And before marching off our mothers embarrassed us so by asking Captain Vendrone to look out for us in the war. Then came the most glorious moment of all; when we marched away singing."

Here the soldier, whose name was Jules, commenced singing in a rich baritone, in which he was soon joined by Denis:

"Glowing with love, on fire for fame,
A troubadour that hated sorrow,
Beneath his lady's window came,
And thus he sang his last good morrow:—
'My life it is my country's right—
My heart is in my true love's bow'r;
Gayly for love and fame to fight,
Befits the gallant troubadour.'"

Gradually the little company dispersed until Denis and Jules were alone. There was a pause; Denis spoke:

"Tonight is my last night with you, my friend."

"Forget it, comrade. Don't allow yourself to think of such a thing."

"Ah yes, but I feel it, and Francois told us that a soldier instinctively knows when his hour approaches."

"Denis, you can't mean this. Think of Charlotte and your mother and father."

"But Charlotte does not care for me, Jules. You're the only one she loves. It will be for you to make her happy." Denis was thoughtful, then added, "Francois said that soldiers leave remembrances for their wives or sweet-hearts. Truly I worship Charlotte, but I shall do nothing to keep myself alive in her memory.

However, you may take this little token of affection to my dear parents who will sorely miss me. Do this for me, Jules." So saying, Denis handed his friend a ring which Jules sadly placed in his pocket.

A restless night passed, in which the two boys dreamt of the days when as children they had played together in the streets of Chatillon, and how they had both courted the charming Charlotte. On the morning of December 2, bugles blew, orders were shouted, men hustled; some cheered, some prayed, and some were lost in a daze at the frantic confusion about them. Several shots were fired and the French officers yelled themselves hoarse in forming the battle line. The Corps of Marshal Soult was drawn up behind a ridge and some buildings, so as to be concealed from the Russians.

"The Russians are giving Davoust hell on the right," someone shouted.

It could be seen that great masses of the enemy were leaving the heights of Pratzen just opposite the French position, and were hurrying to the French right.

"Why doesn't the Emperor help Davoust?" cried Jules to the Sergeant. "It's a crime to see all those Russians charging a single isolated French corps with us here idle."

"The Emperor knows better what to do than you, young man," replied the old trooper, nodding his head gravely.

"I heard that we're going to charge," said Denis.

The assault echelon under Soult and Bernadotte was now advancing from concealment into the valley and thence to the heights of Pratzen. Shots whistled in ever-increasing numbers as the two corps advanced.

"Mon Dieu! We are entering a trap," shrieked Jules.

"Keep your head, you young fool," snapped the Sergeant. "You'll unnerve the whole corps."

"We're in it now, Jules," said Denis.

The advance kept steadily onward and was now past the valley and ascending the slope on the summit of which barked a line of Russian rifles. Nearer and nearer came the French.

(Continued on page 33)

Horses

By MARJORIE H. KEIM, '27



All my life I had wanted to ride horseback. There were several reasons for this desire. The society debutantes in the Sunday supplement look so aristocratic; riding habits do make one appear so chic; last and by far most important, how can a handsome hero rescue one from the back of a runaway horse if one never rides? Knowing these various advantages of the equestrian art, I determined to make the most of my opportunities at camp.

Each morning at breakfast the names of those who were to ride that day were read. Finally my turn came. At the appointed time another camper and I met our one instructor with three horses.

"Now *you* take Brownie. Follow me. We shall go to the Oval," she said to me.

Brownie! I had heard much of him. He was a single-footer. However, I could count four feet—something queer. I gingerly gripped the reins and got as far away from him as possible. For some unknown reason, he seemed to develop a great fondness for my tie. He continued to eye it appreciatively and advanced toward it smilingly. Not wishing to offend him openly, I diverted his attention by throwing a stone in the bushes, meanwhile surreptitiously tucking my tie out of sight.

At last we reached the Oval. "You will have to go on the other side to mount," I was in-

formed. The question was, which would be worse, to go around in front or in the rear of dear Brownie? Since he had no eyes in the back of his head, I decided on that as the better route, although his heels looked diabolical. (They were, too, I found out later.)

With help, I gained the saddle. Gripping his mane with both hands, I surveyed the surrounding country thoughtfully. The ground, far below, looked unnecessarily devoid of grass, I noticed sadly.

How the fray began, I am at loss to explain, but suddenly, without receiving the least notice, I felt a general upheaval beneath me. Blackie, a most malicious and impolite beast, seemed to have taken the greatest aversion to my steed, Brownie. Moreover, it didn't interest him in the least to know that I was rocking desperately on Brownie's back. In fact, he seemed deliberately and coldly to ignore me altogether.

They bit! They kicked! They kicked! They bit! I gave a last despairing cry, but to no avail. I was slipping. I had slipped. I reposed upon the hard ground beneath their raging hoofs. I gave up all hope and surrendered to the inevitable. Help, however, arrived. I was rescued, but, instead of from *on* a horse, from *under* a horse. Was this the romance of which I dreamed? What a ridiculous picture I should have made for a Sunday paper! As for looking chic—I can laugh now. My right leg had been kicked; my arms were scratched and bruised. But, worst of all, the skin had been scraped from the bridge of my nose!

"Are you killed?" they inquired solicitously. I arose and replied: "I never felt better in my life. On with the fight!"

The next time I rode, I chose a large, kind-looking animal named Whitie. He had such nice, understanding eyes. Alas, he understood too well! My timidity must have showed in the way I lovingly touched his brow, for no

(Continued on page 32)

Blackmail

(A Story Concerning the Mixing of Love and Business.)

By DONALD A. CRAIG, JR., '29

"Blackmail: (1) the extortion of money by threats of exposure or unfavorable comment in the press." (New Century Dictionary.)



Bob Deane was a cub reporter on the Times-Herald. The salary of a cub reporter on the Times-Herald would have satisfied the needs of any normal young man, providing, of course, he did not fall in love. Bob had violated that provision, however, and was feeling the effects very severely. To make matters worse, he had chosen as the object of his affections a blond stenographer. Naturally, as it was nearing Christmas, he had gallantly asked her what she most desired from old St. Nicholas. The adored one, just as naturally, replied that she "was just crazy about a certain bee-oo-tiful wrist watch they had seen on F street—in the window of Berry-Whitmores, wasn't it?" Upon inquiry it was learned that said watch could be had for the trifling sum of \$68.35.

With such an introduction the reader will readily understand why we find the rather sad and hopeless expression on our hero's face as he sat at his desk on the morning of December 24. Scattered across his desk were numerous sheets of copy paper, some covered with figures; some, with only a mark or two, had been crumpled as if the writer had thrown them aside in disgust (which was, in this case, more truth than poetry). While seated thus he was summoned to the office of the Magazine Editor.

"Bob," began the editor, "here's a chance for a good Sunday story. If I get the story by tomorrow night, it'll mean \$35 to you. By the way, mail these letters as you go out, will you?"

Mechanically Bob walked out of the office, took his hat from the rack, and went out to mail the letters. The box had clanked a second time before he fully realized what had happened—that he, a cub reporter, had been assigned a Sunday story; that he, Bob Deane, was getting \$35 clear and above his salary.

"Well, I'll be d—d!" he exclaimed, much to the surprise and disgust of two old ladies who were mailing postal cards, "there must be a Santa Claus after all!"

* * * * *

The library of Mr. Willard McCormick's town house at Sixteenth and Allegheny Avenue forms the natural background for the next scene of our narrative, since it is about this gentleman that the aforementioned Sunday story revolved. Therefore we turn the reader's attention to this room before the arrival of the hero.

A rather heated argument was taking place. The principals were Messrs. Willard McCormick, Junior and Senior, owners of the McCormick Sock Mills.

"This thing must be kept secret, I tell you!" the younger man was exclaiming, amid much waving of arms and other gyrations with which he felt it necessary to impress his adversary. "I am manager of this firm, am I not?"

"Very true, very true, I may have retired. But that is no reason why I should stand by and see the business run into the ground!" returned the elder. "And let me tell you, if you persist in this foolishness, I'll tell the first reporter I see about this whole affair."

(Continued on page 34)

Some Day

Editor's Note: This is the first of a series of letters to be published for history students. They are the letters of A. Nutt, famous scientist who proved that the cow jumped over the moon. This is positively the first publication of these priceless relics. We challenge you to find the information in them included in any history—and will award a package of fish food to the person who does.

June 3, 2127.
London, England,

Dearest Annie:

I am sorry not to have written you before, but I have been in a rather embarrassing position. I was arrested for speeding across the new Atlantic bridge—the one connecting New York and London—and was compelled to spend the night in one of the police stations on the bridge, out in the middle of the ocean. It was so annoying to have to go back to New York the next morning to appear in court, when I had wanted to reach London before dark!

When I finally was dismissed from court (minus \$10) I found it was too late to make the journey to London before night-fall, and so I decided to take a little ride in my plane as I needed air. I flew over to Hollywood, Cal., a pleasant little spin of about an hour, and dropped in at the studio to see my old college chum, "Rats" Cheesam. "Rats" is the movie sheik with the evil black eyes and the shiny hair. His stage name is Angelo Sappechi.

Business was dull at the studio and so "Rats" invited himself out for a ride with me. He was in a musical mood, and had a bad cold—always a bad combination.

"Rats" tells me that the new railway to Mars is a wonder. Of course, the trains leave only twice a day from both ends, but the business is growing. The day "Rats" went they were delayed at the moon with engine trouble, and so he got out and walked around. Perhaps that's why he's been mooning so mushily in his pictures lately.

Not much at Mars yet, "Rats" says—only a few summer resorts and trading posts; but the planet has great possibilities.

Next week, I think, I shall take the morning

train to Mars. "Rats'" descriptions have intrigued me. Perhaps I can build a laboratory there.

Lovingly,

ALBERT.

Googoo, Mars,
July 10, 2127.

Beloved Annie:

I have had some thrilling adventures this week.

My temporary laboratory here in Googoo commands a view of the entire solar system. This morning as I happened to glance up from my study of "The Goldfish as a Beast of Prey," I saw a swarm of people moving about on the star next to Mars.

Finding study of goldfish psychology impossible while these beings flickered back and forth in the light, I locked up my laboratory and sallied forth to investigate.

It seems that the British and Chinese both claim this star, and, after submitting the dispute to arbitration, they decided they couldn't wait for the decision because the star is scheduled to pass Mars this month and then swing to the other side of the universe—to return here about four thousand years hence; so each country wants to make sure of it before it goes.

Annie, I feel elated at being so close to an event that will go down in history! I wonder what the outcome will be?

Last night I attended a dance given by the Y. M. C. A. in Bolognaville. I had a very pleasant evening, for I met Professor Smugg, of London, and we discussed monocotyledons and ancient Martian fossils. I also danced with his stepsister—a few airplane whirls and comet capers, with a Charleston to rest on and recover the breath and equilibrium.

My work goes on as usual, but I manage to get three hours of sleep every night, as you ordered me to do.

It's a great life, if you don't weaken.

Love,

ALBERT.

RUTH BELL, '28.

A Street Car Episode

By VIRGINIA K. SLOANE, '29



It's quite a common thing to ride street cars. Hundreds of people do it every day. But to me it's a grand adventure, trying at times, and laughable at others.

I start out for school in the morning, running, because I am late as usual, and arrive at the car stop just in time to see the car doors shut, and a car resume its way. If it is a warm day, I am forced to wait an interminable length of time with King Sol's relentless rays beating down upon me. If it is a cold day, I try in vain to devise some means of preventing myself from freezing, as I impatiently watch the car track.

At last a car condescends to approach with the speed of a funeral march. It arrives in due time, and I eagerly board it, along with a crowd of people, late like myself, to discover that there is standing room only, and very little of that. Next I peer into my pocket-book, and see that I have not a token. This means I must purchase a supply. I now discover that I have not the exact change; so I hand the conductor a bill. He shells out the tokens and change with surprising carelessness. My suspicions are aroused. A conductor not only short-changed, but also short-tokened my chum the other day. Why could not one do me the same? But taking into consideration that there is a crowd, and that I carry books, pocket-book, and lunch, counting money is an impossibility. I give the conductor a sharp, inspecting glance, decide he looks honest, and let the matter drop. Just as I have obtained an Avenue transfer the car stops, and I realize that the first part of the journey is finished.

I look through the window, and see a Seventeenth and Pennsylvania Avenue car at the platform. This causes me to make a hurried exit, nearly knocking several people over as I go. Then I sprint across the Avenue, breaking all the laws against jay-walking that were ever invented, amid the loud protestations of the policeman whose attention my swiftly-moving figure has arrested, and narrowly escaping being run over. Coming across the street is a young gentleman whom I have never met, but just about now he and I meet with force not to be forgotten immediately. I can't stop for a little thing like this, however, when my punctuality record, or rather the remains of it, and that of my class are in jeopardy; so I resume my race, reaching goal just in time to see the doors close and the car begin to move.

Now that I am actually standing still I awake to the realization that as a result of my encounter with the young gentleman, I am out of breath. I am a little embarrassed to find that everyone on the platform is regarding me with unconcealed amusement.

I gaze down the car track, and to my vexation and sorrow, not a street car is in sight! I wait, and I wait, and then I wait some more. At last my waiting is rewarded. Far in the distance is an object which comes nearer. At last it is close enough for me to read the sign, "Eighth and F Streets, N. E." A car I can't take, of course! Now for the second period of waiting, only to be rewarded by a second "Eighth and F Streets" car. Right behind it is another car, "Peace Monument." As this car would leave me about a mile and a half to walk it doesn't seem advisable to take it.

My small supply of patience is now nearly exhausted. I pace the platform in mental agony.

At last my delighted eyes behold "Navy Yard." With a sense of relief, I board the car, hand the conductor my transfer, and demand, "Eighth Street transfer, please."

(Continued on page 30)

The Poets' Corner

SONG

These things I covet . . . Under a blue heaven,
A garden, all of phlox and columbine;
A little house that knows no step but mine;
The hushed, cool solitude of summer even;

A small bronze Pan, to set among the flowers,
In all his impish pathos; an old well;
But most of all the musty, homelike smell
Of loved old books in happy leisure hours.
ELISE SCHARF, '27.

A WORD-PORTRAIT

TO BERYLE EDMISTON

You are like a young birch tree—
As straight, as slender,
As clean-cut, as passionless.
You move like a birch tree in the wind,
With a slow rhythm that is almost languid.

The oak is majestic;
The pine, friendly;
The poplar, aloof;
But the birch tree is proud,
And the grasses round it pay it homage.
ELISE SCHARF, '27.

A MAIDEN TO HER LOVER

You're not a member of a "frat"—
Bootleg you neither buy nor sell;
Your ties are tame and mild; your hat
Is irreproachable as well.

You do not have the cosmic urge;
You stay, contented, where you are;
And folk will never sound your dirge
For speeding in your flivver-car.

You're surely not collegiate;
You're oft mistaken for a hick;
It takes a deal to penetrate
Your skull, because, alas, it's thick.

With all your faults, I love you still;
I could not do without you, for—
Although you seem an awful pill,
You certainly are not a bore.

You don't know what to talk about—
So conversation's on the shelf;
But still your praises I can shout—
You never talk about yourself.
Elsie Scharf, '27.

A SONNET

When struggling, in French, with various tenses,
I flunk and flunk test after test,
And come pretty close to losing my senses,
And do terrible work, though I'm doing my best,
Wishing myself in a Spanish class,
Where verbs aren't so hard, nor homework so long,
Where you do have the ghost of a chance to pass,
Even though you must ride a "pony" along;
Yet in these thoughts my French teacher almost
despising,
Suddenly I pass a test—and then my grade,
Like to the thermometer at break of day arising
From sixty to one hundred in the shade;
Then my sweet French remembered, all troubles
vanish,
That then I scorn to change my French for Spanish.
HAYDEN NORWOOD, '27.

THE INVALID

Poor Tray, I hear, has been very ill;
He's led to swallow many a pill;
However, he's getting better now,
He'll soon be able to say "Bow-wow!"

The cleverest doctors, I hear it said,
Each felt his paw and shook his head—
And vowed, in sad tones, that the complaint
He suffered was extremely quaint

They gave it a Dog Latin name, a word
That his mother never before had heard;
But when she's asked, in solemn tones,
She only replies "Stuff—too many bones."
RUTH ABELMAN, '29.

PROPHECY

The world is still
In its early morn,
And uncounted ages
Yet shall be born.

After my days
These things shall be,
Yet who may say
That I shall not see?

For I shall roam
Where spirits are
And I can watch
From the nearest star.

And I have faith
That it will be so,
For I saw the day-break
Long ago.

—Ruth Bell, '28.

It Served Him Right

By EMILY MAY, '27

Professor Snod was a very set man in all his actions and beliefs. The most emphatic of his convictions was his contempt for America's younger generation's lack of adventurous spirit. Since Professor Snod had done some exploring in his younger days, and once, I believe, he had shot a bear, he held his head very high and a contemptuous grin wreathed his features when he viewed the boys of his college, and their harmless amusements.

One day Professor Snod was requested to give a speech to the student body. He delivered it mincingly and drew up his conclusions in such a manner that his last words were: "Youths of this generation are cowards. They have lost all sense of adventure."

He gathered up his notes, and stepped from the platform. The boys were sullen. Mr. Snod had been very emphatic. He had not hidden his contempt for these "namby-pamby youths."

That evening the professor sat in his room poring over examination papers, and sprinkling as many deficiencies as possible among them. The window behind him slowly began to rise. A black clad limb was thrust inside and then another followed.

The professor heard a board creak. He turned slowly and met the unflinching gaze of four pairs of eyes behind four black masks. The intruders said not a word; neither did the professor. Slowly they advanced; soon the professor was surrounded. They grabbed him. He struggled. It was no use, for he was done for. His eyes were bound with a cloth, and he felt himself carried through the window, out onto the fire-escape.

After a jostling, uncomfortable journey, he was deposited on the ground. His eyes were uncovered, and he looked around him in consternation. The lake lapped at his feet. He started up, but fell back because his legs would not hold him. Good heavens, was he trembling?

The four silent kidnapers stood around him rigidly. He looked at them. He looked at the lake. Finally he looked at the woods in back of him.

Oh, horror! What were those ghastly lights? By jove, they were wild animal eyes. Peering at him, gloating for him.

He arose and began to run. The masked visitors grabbed him and calmly tossed him into the lake.

"Help, help! I'm drowning!" he cried. The desperate man tried to swim ashore, but the lake bottom got in the way and he found it would be easier to walk out.

As he stumbled ashore, the villains grabbed his coattails, but, unwilling to be detained, the professor slipped out of his coat and began to sprint. He arrived at his room three minutes and nine seconds later. He securely locked both his door and window, undressed, and jumped into bed.

The next day Professor Snod was an irritable old gentleman with a bad cold. On arriving at his room after classes he found a bundle awaiting him. He opened it and beheld his bedraggled coat. An enclosed note read: "Have the youths of this generation lost their sense of adventure, Snoddie, old dear?"

FORGETFULNESS

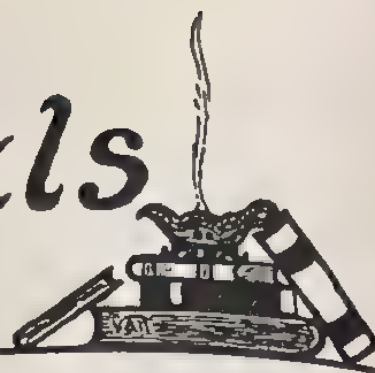
By PAUL HORN, 216-2

Forgetfulness is one of the many obstacles in people's lives. Many successful men become paupers through their forgetfulness. Many people have lost their jobs, and many have lost their lives through this great fault.

Forgetfulness is one of my sins. Many times I have forgotten to do my homework, and many times I have forgotten to bring my pen to class. This, of course, has not cost me my job, nor has it cost me my life, but it has surely cost me a string of d's on my report.



Editorials



COPYING

Copying or cheating in class work is one of the most ruining and despicable habits that could befall a student. It not only makes him untrustworthy, but will eventually render him a weakling in overcoming any obstacles alone, for he will have grown accustomed to depending on the aid of others.

Cheating is hopelessly foolish from the beginning. There is nothing to be gained and everything that is honorable to be lost. Perhaps a grade may be gained. However, will the world shelter and clothe you on that grade? No; the world demands what you can do, not what you can bluff doing. Far better is it to "flunk" a subject and later learn it than to receive a mark that would be mere mockery to your true worth.

When the roll is called the capable men will assume the important roles in the walks of life, while the pitiful copier will toil away in a dingy shop for a pittance.

P. L. S.

Are you thinking of going to college? Many former graduates have found it impossible at the last minute to attend the college they preferred, since they lacked certain necessary credits. Do not make the mistake they did. If possible, decide on your college at once. Get its catalogue and base your high school course on its requirements. For any additional information go to Miss Hawes in her office, room 301. She will be very glad to help you.

M. H. K.

Did you ever stop to think about the organization of Eastern and how like a little community it is in itself?

Take the government, for instance. The sections are ruled over by various members

of the faculty who are in turn responsible to Mr. Hart, the chief executive. We, too, have a voice through the Students' Council.

We possess a lunch room, a bank, an assembly hall, an armory, a print shop, and scientific laboratories, besides our regular homes, the section rooms. What more can anyone wish—food, books, money, entertainment, lodging, clothing, and even one's own magazine?

Moreover, within our stronghold are soldiers to protect us, athletes of fame, talented actors and actresses, writers, orators, and musical geniuses who all uphold the honor of our school along the lines in which they excel.

Then there is the social side of life here. The clubs are varied. They entertain in different ways—teas, parties, and dances, which nearly everyone attends and enjoys. In the assembly hall are plays, vaudevilles, and movies.

Like all good citizens, we should try to make our community where we receive so many benefits a model one.

M. H. K.

The recent basketball series was terminated rather abruptly by a disagreeable incident which occurred at the close of the Central-Western game, January 25. It is reported that it was of a turbulent nature and was due to lack of restraint on the part of several impetuous high school students. We are thankful, and proud of the fact, that Eastern did not participate in the melee. Those involved acted heedlessly, perhaps, moved by strong partisan spirit, but cannot be excused on this ground.

Very often we lose sight of the real purpose of athletics and resort to ragging opponents with unseemly remarks. Eastern students, being human, have, at rare intervals, yielded

(Continued on page 33)

Try It

By CLYDE RICHARDSON, '28

For every result there is a cause or causes, whether it be the result of a war, a football game, or an examination. So it is quite evident that there must be a reason why our lunchroom is so eminently successful. I wonder how many of us truly realize the importance of this school institution, and how well it is fulfilling its purpose. To most of us it is simply a place where we go to get our lunches, where we get them cheaply, and where we can consume them in a social atmosphere. Now, right there lies the secret. Did you ever hunt for anything and finally find it right under your nose? Well, that is what happens in this case. The lunchroom is so evident in its success that it fairly conceals it. That sounds paradoxical, but it really isn't.

Before we can realize to what extent it is fulfilling its destiny we must understand just what is the lunchroom's purpose.

"To eat in, of course," you say.

But there is something more to it than that. The object is to supply food to the students at the lowest possible price, in the best manner consistent with that price, and to provide it in a clean, sanitary, social environment. As to the social end of it, there is little or no doubt. Walk through there during a lunch hour, and you will understand. Why, more news, school and otherwise, and examinations are discussed and compared, or contrasted, here, than in any other place around the school. And jokes—well, you ought to sit at my table. You know, it is rather odd how good food makes people want to tell jokes and laugh.

And so we come by natural sequence of events, results, effects, or what have you, to the reason all this is true. I think the big reason has been Mr. Joseph Kochka, himself.

Now, to get to the point, as the ink said to the pen point, Mr. Kochka has produced results. He has given his entire time to his job and has studied his plan of battle from A to Z, as any good Napoleon should. He has been always on the field ready to jump in the breach

and smooth out any difficulties. He has also surrounded himself with a staff of able lieutenants. In addition to these animate aids, he has put into effect various inanimate ones. In the kitchen every mechanical device is employed to limit cost of production and preparation. The system of preparation and serving has been reduced to a minimum cost. Witness the self-serving arrangement and the duty of carrying our used plates to the side tables. System, eh, what? The food that is put up for sale is bought at the lowest price possible consistent with its excellent quality. How can such measures fail?

I have reserved one final argument to clinch this thing. It is unanswerable. That is, try the food!

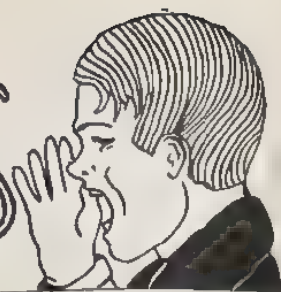
PLEASANT RECOLLECTIONS

"It ain't ev'rybody I'd put to sleep in this room," said Mrs. Jones to the fastidious and extremely nervous young minister, who was spending the night at her house. "This here room is full of sacred associations to me. My first husband died in that very bed with his head on those same pillows and poor Mr. Jones died setting in that thar corner. Sometimes when I come into the room in the dar', I think I see him settin' there still. My own father died laying right on that couch by the winder. Poor pa! He was a Speeritualist and always said he'd appear in this room after he died, and sometimes I'm foolish enough to look for him. If you should see him tonight, you'd better not tell me; for it'd be a sign to me that was something in Speeritualism, and I'd hate to think that. My son by my first husband fell dead of heart trouble right where you are standing. He was a doctor, and there's three whole skeletons in that closet that belonged to him and eight skulls in that lower drawer. Well, I guess you are tired; so good night, and pleasant dreams."

GWENDOLYN N. RUSK, '29.



PERSONALS



It is stated by the telephone company that Gardner Henry keeps the "hello girls" quite busy getting his homework from Vance Fisher.

Who bobbed her hair that certain way first—Norma Shearer, the movie sheikess, or Florence Smith?

Caroline Reece, of section 305-3, is, according to Charles Jarrett, a "darn sharp girl."

Speaking of goats! We weren't? Well, never mind. Did any of you ever watch Emily May and Ethel Mae Frame eat with knives and soup spoons while in the lunch room? Surely you didn't miss their amusing entertainment at the top of the marble stairs?

It is rumored that William Crentz had better stay away from the Easterner room if he values his health.

Arthur Murray has a rival in person of James Dietz. We recently saw him strutting at the Senior Prom.

Many masculine hearts are heavy with the loss of Betty Bayliss and Ida Parker.

It is rumored that Dale Snell is going to give Frances Wright six inches of his height. He is very sympathetic.

Well, girls, it surely looks bad for you. After four years of heart throbs and thrills, Allen Cross has left Eastern.

"Benjy" McCullough has "Helen Breen" written in all his books. Now we'd been thinking he was one of those "women haters."

By the way, Conrad Grohs has given up his title of "woman hater," too. He has admitted the superiority of the feminine sex. An attractive brunette of the February class helped him to change his mind.

Dorothy Black has given up attempts to win the title of "The Beatrice Fairfax of Eastern." She introduced two perfectly adorable people and stood off to watch results. Something went wrong, though, for they argued all evening. Which just goes to show that you never can tell.

One of those dear little rookies (name withheld because of age) has a wild crush on Zambreny. Every day she gives a long-suffering friend of hers a detailed account of how he looked, what he wore, what he said, how he said it, etc. If "Zam" would only smile upon her, her heaven upon earth would be complete.

Roscoe Kearns, according to the best authority, has been coming down to watch the Sophomore girls' basketball practice. Is the attraction "Aggie" Gallagher or Mary Drake?

Billie Boswell had lots of fun this winter season. Every snow storm found Billie out with his little sled. At such times he is indeed a *dashing* young gentleman.

Brooks—Why did you flunk geometry?
Hartzell—Mrs. Staples thought my triangles looked like wrecktangles.

Ethel Mae Frame—I've half a mind to write a story for the *EASTERNER*.

Johnny-on-the-spot—That's all you need.

Students say that Gilmore Wheeler was Eastern's sheik and they all agree that little sister Helen, quite capable herself, must have been coaching him.

Coach Guyon, looking sadly at his first-string players, murmured: "Such rough boys! They will kill our fellows, surely. O'Brien, get in the game."

Eight Easternites, all packed in a Ford sedan, recently went on an exploring trip into Southern Maryland. Several of the eight parked on top of Clark Bressler. He, poor child, is at last looking rather subdued.

Ursula Hancock journeyed to New York during the Christmas holidays to investigate the charms of the metropolis. Evidently the said charms did their pleasant duty, for our ears are now filled with "Boiton," "Ed," and "Dickie," that cute Spanish boy, etc. Joe still stands first in her heart, though.

"Bobby" Willis is wild to meet a girl named Rachel (last name unknown). She has red hair, a sweet disposition and brown eyes, though he isn't sure about the eyes. Any girl answering to this description apply to "Bobby" Willis, Esq., room 207.

"Mouse" Miller says:

"A rookie knows nothing and knows he knows nothing."

"A sophomore knows nothing and thinks he knows it all."

"A junior knows a lot, but doesn't know he knows a lot."

"A senior knows it all and knows he knows it all."

We say that is more truth than poetry.

"Have you seen the Miles twins? I danced with Ches—or maybe it was Frank—I can't tell which." This is the talk which is floating around school. It's all about a set of twins. And can they dance!

All the girls have decided to relieve the cadets of a few of the brilliantly polished buttons on their new suits. It's really the same principle that the Indians had in regard to their victims' scalps. "Andy" Anderson is closely pursued and it is feared that he will soon be a heavy loser.

Louis Deproe took the part of "Stage Door Johnny" during the rehearsals of Tech's opera over at Eastern. Judging from the opinion of several charming faeries in the play, his part was a huge success.

John Hahn has become a frequent and familiar visitor at a "sorority house" on Mass. Ave. No wonder—never mind, we'll find out.

Some mischievous students have been tracing things on the window panes with their fingers. "Allan Mockabee" and "Elizabeth Arnett" seems to be the gist of their compositions.

The old saying that runs, "Good things come in small packages," once more has proven true. Take Master James Halloway, for instance.

Our young millionaire playmate, Chester Groves, has been spending his spare time lately patronizing the "National."

The editor of this column apologizes to Mister Robert Thompson for calling him the "baby sheik" in our last issue. Many protests have been received declaring that he is a real he-man.

We understood that soft-shoe dancers were only young men with very small feet. And yet, Tom Coiner can certainly dance.

Eastern's chances to win the competitive drill took a decided drop, and the hearts of many young maidens were nearly broken when our tall and handsome colonel, Karlton Stein, left school.

SCHOOL news



This February brings two hundred thirty-five new students to Eastern, but it also takes from our school one of the best of teachers, Mr. C. J. Schwartz. He has been not only a teacher but also a good friend to all his pupils. The new Stuart Junior High School will find in Mr. Schwartz a very capable principal, and though we are sorry to see him go, we wish him all good luck.

Of our new students, a hundred twenty-five are girls and a hundred ten are boys. One-half of these are taking the business course and one-half the academic. Forty students are coming from the Junior High School and twenty-five students from out of town. Our total school enrollment will be about 1,850. There will be four additions to the faculty.

Assemblies

At the two assemblies held on December 23 the Christmas play, "Mistletoe and Holly-berry," was given. The play had a charming old English setting and was excellently acted. The other selections on the program were well received.

The annual cadet assembly was held in December. Manuel Rice and Norman Kirby were pleasing in a dance number. A song number, "Me Too," cleverly arranged by Marjorie Keim, was given by James Madison, Margaret Cook, and Frances Tucker.

Mr. Schwartz was given a farewell assembly on January 6. All the speakers vied in telling how Mr. Schwartz deserved the honor given him. Mr. Arthur Robb and Mr. Arthur Bishop spoke for the Home and School Association; Mr. Charles Boteler and Dr. D. C. Croissant spoke for the Alumni Association, while our fellow-student, Eldred Wilson, talked in behalf of the student body. Jack Vivian presented Mr. Schwartz with a billfold as a

token from the cadets. Although the assembly was a surprise to Mr. Schwartz, he favored us with a very pleasing address.

On January 21 the seniors held their class day exercises. A play, "The Vision Splendid," arranged by Florence Barron, was well presented. Katherine Clark, Peter Manganaro, Charles Johnson, and Frances Ladd were the principals of the cast. Peter Manganaro gave the senior address, and Charles Johnson delivered the undergraduate reply. Dorothy Black and Lillian Hardester gave the history. Julia Wayland, Elizabeth Welch, and Lois Koerth delivered the prophecy. The class poem was composed by Florence Barron. Kathleen Cave and Florence Barron gave the will. The words of the class song were composed by Gertrude Effenbach.

On January 26 Dr. D. H. Kress addressed the lower semesters on the subject of good health habits.

Phi Alpha Fraternity held their Christmas dance on December 27.

The Senior Prom, the social event of the month, was held at the Grace Dodge Hotel on January 14.

The Phi Pi Epsilon Sorority held a Christmas theatre party on December 26 and a luncheon and theatre party on February 5.

The "Retired Millionaire Club" is holding a dance at the Washington Hotel on St. Patrick's Day. So far the club seems to be a mystery. But it is known that Russell Davis, John Roper, Jack Vivian, Sam McGlathery, Paul Spalding and quite a few others belong to it.

The examiners of major music students for the past semester were well satisfied with the average demonstrations given by the young players and singers.

We feel as though their opinion was well backed up, as we note there were two receiving 100 per cent—Gertrude Effenback and Evelyn Scott. There were two with averages of ninety-nine, Ina Holtzscheiter and Alvin Carroll; and two with a ninety-eight grade—Mary Gastrock and Joseph Botazzi.

Besides these, there were fifteen grades between ninety-three and ninety-six and only one pupil whose work was graded as low as fair.

The slogan of this department is "high standards," and "develop your musical talent, use it for the good of your school and the community as well as for your own happiness."

New Car Rates to Save Students Money

Through the co-operation of the local street car companies, special "Eastern High School tickets," selling at the same rate as tokens, six for 40 cents, were placed on sale at the school bank recently. These tickets, benefiting students from Woodridge, Langdon, South Brookland, Eckington, Riverdale, and Mt. Rainier, enable the purchaser to ride to and from school by a much shorter route than formerly. The ticket, consisting of two parts, is presented on boarding the car of the Washington Railway & Electric Company. Part one is torn off by the conductor. Part two, which is punched and returned to the passenger, is good for fare on the cars of the Capital Traction Company.

A student living at Mt. Rainier or adjacent neighborhoods may take a car on Rhode Island Avenue, N. E., present an E. H. S. car ticket, and get a 1c transfer good at Eckington Place and Florida Avenue on a Capitol Traction car.

The conductor of the Capitol Traction car will give, on presentation of part two of the E. H. S. ticket, a free transfer which entitles the student to ride from Eighth and East Capitol Streets on a Lincoln Park car to Eastern High School.

A student using the North Capitol Street car line may change at Florida Avenue and North Capitol Street and proceed as outlined for the other students.

The Eastern High School street car ticket is good for trips both to and from school.

Transcriptions of Stenographers

There was once a young lady, who after taking "we send you the catalogues by this mail," handed her employer the letter, ending with "we send you the cat legs by this mail," and all the time she ought to have known that the firm did not deal in cats and for that reason would have no spare parts on hand.

There was a young man who rendered "if you have any inside information, please let me have it," into "if you have any inside inflammation, please let me have it," and never stopped to think that if anybody wanted that sort of thing, all he would have to do would be to buy a lot of green apples and eat them and wait for the reply.

Wanted: A lady for traveling position; must be entirely unimpeded with a high school education.

* * *

The Seniors would eat no fat;
The Sophs would eat no lean;
And so before fifth hour came 'round
They'd licked the lunchroom clean.

* * *

Found: A watch running up 14th street; also a green lady's umbrella.

* * *

Miss Monk—What did you think of "The Man Upstairs"?

Allan Mockabee—That was the "Cat's Claws," Miss Monk.

* * *

Miss Webb (after test): All the boys who have finished will please erase the front board. (Pause) Shiro, why aren't you helping the others erase?

Shiro: I ain't a boy; I'm a man.

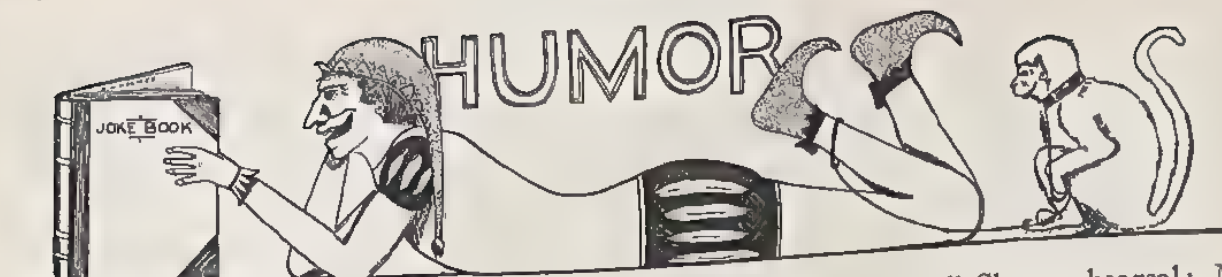
* * *

Isabel Witherite (to Elise Scharf): Sure, I can sing alto. My mother was a crack alto singer in the village choir.

Elise Scharf: Oh, is that why your voice is cracked—?

* * *

"I hope this soaks in," cried the father as he tossed a bucket of water at Romeo.



Miss Stockett: I hear that you danced at the Bal Boheme. Did you see Miss Baldwin?

Martha Fisher: No, I didn't. How was she dressed?

Miss Stockett: She was dressed as an angel.

Martha: Oh, I didn't recognize her!

* * *

Mr. Suter in Chem: What happens to potassium chlorate when heated?

Higgins (after deep thought): It gets hot!

* * *

It was in English 8. The discussion was of Lord Chesterfield.

Tubby Dyson: I know—he married Fatima.

* * *

Boy—I'm just dying to have a date with you.

Girl—Well, that is an inducement!

* * *

F. Mitchell: I just came from gym.

M. Wertman: Jim who?

* * *

Fred Randall—Let's put our heads together and make a boat.

Van Demark—You'll need more wood than that.

* * *

Butler (after pushing Cooper over a fence)—Lady, there's a dog in your yard.

Cooper—I'm not in the yard.

* * *

Clagett—What should I do when I see white spots in front of my eyes?

Tripp—Stop drinking that stuff.

* * *

Miss Lohman, explaining math problem: Now how could a chicken weigh 46 pounds?

G. Davies: Which kind of chicken?

* * *

Sam—My father's in the grocery business.

Jimmy—What branch?

Sam—He collects the garbage.

Mrs. Byram, at Fall Show rehearsal: Now, "Come, My Friends" in four parts.

* * *

Miss Monk: Miss Prince, bring the stump on the stage.

Stage Hand: She's smoking it down to the right size.

* * *

Eleanor Harvey (in library): I wonder if "Lord Jim" is on the truck.

* * *

Libby Welch to bashful boy friend: Don't you love "Me Too?"

B. B. F.: Oh, er, yeah.

* * *

Seen on an English paper: Robinson Crusoe was a man strangled on a desert island.

* * *

Katherine: Do you like cow-skin?

Pauline: How do I know?

* * *

Things seldom seen:

Right answers on math papers.

Rookies with some sense.

Giff Irion without a cheese sandwich.

Shorty Kidwell without Eddie Christiansen.

Sam McClathery on time.

Teachers playing mothers.

More than 50 on a Burke test.

* * *

John—I'm not satisfied.

Charlie—Try a Chesterfield; they satisfy.

* * *

She: I'm descended from a long line of ladies.

He: You don't say!

She: My grandmother walked home from the covered wagon.

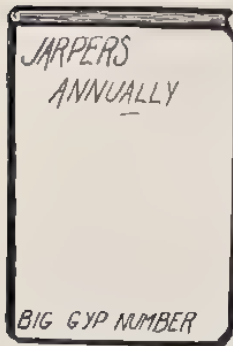
* * *

Joe—Did you take a walk?

Pete—No, is there one missing?

Advertisements

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Do you like confession
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Read the story of "Julius, the
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Perhaps you are sporty (?)

If you read this magazine you will read the worst
possible sports write-ups under the direction of the
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partment is "The Art of Falling Off a Horse With
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of Wales.

Do you shoot crap? gamble? If so, read the
famous gambling expose on throwing 6 consecutive
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Sing and points East, Mr. P. Oker Face.

All half dead and worn-out sports in

JARPERS ANNUALLY.

DON'T PASS THE GO-GO SIGN.

Is there anything you would like to know? It
can't be found in JARPERS ANNUALLY. Most
pessimistic, cynical, sceptical, and ironical views
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famous men and women from the "Hall of Shame."
Most of our contributors are graduates of that
wonderful institution, St. Elizabeth's Bug House.

Read JARPERS ANNUALLY and grow dumb
to the Nth degree. Put yourself on a par with any
senior at Eastern. Don't let anyone surpass you
in the originality of your dumbness. You can reach
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Some of Our Famous Contributors!

Horatius writes for the Bridge department.

Croquet instructions by Mike O'Toole.

Judge Landis

Gyp the Blood.

Cal Himself

"Peaches" Browning

Sir Isaac Newton

William Shakespeare

Edmund Burke

We are very pleased to announce that our World
Travel Bureau will be in the hands of a well-known
globe trotter, Uriah U. Ulysses of Odyssey fame dur-
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Twelve months' subscription..... FREE

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Don't miss this chance of a lifetime to get some of
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Girls, here's the thing that will
keep the boys from going home with
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bands that seem to possess more than
one pair of "cupid bows." No longer
will the dashing young high school
Don Juan have to go to bed at 12
o'clock without his bottle just be-
cause his mother knew he hadn't
gone to prayer meeting.

Stayput is absolutely the latest
wrinkle in lipstick game. Once ap-
plied it stays—stays because it sticks;
sticks because it is tenacious. That is why a million
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the cops are liable to get us any minute.

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OALALA, MICHIGAN.

ROOKS AND THEIR BOOKS

The Rookie passed the Senior

With very reverent looks,

For the Rookie is a stupid

For carrying so many books.

His math. and all his other books

He carries all the day;

I'll bet he even carries them

When he goes out to play.

—Murray Bernhardt, 2142.

THE EASTERNER

SPORTS

Comments of a Quilldriver

Eastern's basketball team may not be living up to its last year's form, but it is the most aggressive, fighting outfit among the high schools this season. The defeats at the hands of Business and Western were very discouraging to the student body, but the squad never lost heart. The third game was with Eastern's old rival, Central, now leading the series. In the first quarter Central blew off to a 10-0 lead. A saucy group of Centralites commenced calling for a shut-out when the Light Blue and White regained itself and ended the half climbing steadily, but still on the short end of a 13-6 score. Eastern then struck hard in the second half. Depro was now at center and Hoffman at forward. The former stepped right in getting the jump from Tash, Central center, whilst the latter proved a giant defensively. With Hogarth and McAllister leading the attack, Eastern stepped forward to a one-point lead with the third quarter almost over. A two-pointer for the Mt. Pleasant five placed them in the lead as the quarter ended. The final quarter was more thrilling than a Ninth Street movie. Eastern gained a two-point lead only to be overtaken for the last time by Central, the latter team winning 25-23. Such is the history of one of the most exciting, flashy basketball games since that famed final Eastern-Western fray in 1924, in which Eastern won the city championship. The EASTERNER takes pleasure in congratulating the following men who participated in the first Eastern-Central game of the current season:

Faber, lf.	McAllister, rf.
Depro, c.	Doerr, lg.

Introducing Gordon B. Rath, Esquire

Practically every student would like to know more about the personal side of the members of our faculty than is ordinarily gained through daily class-room contact. In this sketch we will attempt to make you more intimately acquainted with our popular track coach, Gordon B. Rath.

When Spain learned of Mr. Rath's birth, July 6, 1898, it gave up, and hostilities in the Spanish-American War ceased. He attended Iowa University in the fall of 1916. When the call to arms came, in April, 1917, he immediately enlisted in the army. After being at Camp Cody, New Mexico, and Fort Sill, Oklahoma, he was shipped to France. On the way over, Mr. Rath's transport, the Kashmir, collided with the Otronto, during a storm at sea. The Otronto sank with the loss of several hundred men, the remainder being saved by a British destroyer. The Kashmir was badly damaged and was forced to port in Scotland. After journeying hither and yon for some time, Mr. Rath at last arrived in France. He served twenty-one months as a sergeant of artillery.

At the close of the war he returned to this country and re-entered Iowa University in the fall of 1919, where he pursued a course in liberal arts and law, graduating in the spring of 1924. For three years he played varsity football, after captaining the Freshman eleven. He was admitted to the Bar, June, 1924; then he came to Washington, where for a year he was affiliated with the Hine Junior High School. In the fall of 1925 Mr. Rath came to Eastern

Eastern Makes Bad Start in First Half of Series

During the first half of the last basketball series, Eastern experienced great trouble in getting settled down. The play was good one day and bad the next, and not comparing with the smooth winning play of last year.

Business captured the first fray from Eastern, 27-22. After losing to Western, 36-22, the Capitol Hill boys put up the battle of their lives against a strong Central team. They were defeated, but not beaten. The last clash of the first half of the series was with Tech; Eastern won a well-earned victory though Tech displayed a rugged fighting spirit.

Hoffman, lf.	Bushong, c.
Hogarth, lg.	Essex, rg.

This column would like to note that the sportsmanship of the high schools during the present basketball series has been far from perfect. This fact is evident when the referee proclaims a foul shot. The crowd supporting the team which the foul shot is against usually boos both the referee and the player who takes the shot. Such action is the poorest kind of sportsmanship. We are glad to note, however, that as a general rule Easternites do not indulge in this unworthy practice.

and everyone knows how zealously he has worked for us. He is track coach, assistant gym instructor and teacher of Commercial Law. With so much accomplished in less than two years, the outlook for the future is, in the common vernacular, "red hot." Good luck, Mr. Rath!

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The girls' basketball class teams have not as yet been organized, but the teams are in the midst of their preliminary series which promises to be a very exciting one. It will be very difficult to select the class teams, as there is plenty of fine material and the competition is keener this year than ever before. The teams have been practicing regularly, the players giving up the pleasure of seeing the boys' games in order to practice. This shows the enthusiasm of the girls for their beloved sport, basketball.

Judging from the remarks that have been heard, the aspirants for the teams haven't forgotten to work hard to keep up their scholastic record.

The girls are following the old Greek ideal of perfection, "A sound mind in a sound body."

Jean Stivers, who plays a splendid game as jumping center, has been chosen manager of the juniors, which means she is assistant manager to Beryle Edmiston.

Up to date the following preliminary games have been played:

Junior and Senior Teams:

January 4

Zemna Hawkins vs. Marian Gardner

Score 10 14

Jean Stivers vs. Alice Law

Score 12 13

January 11

Jean Stivers vs. Marian Gardner

Score 11 24

Zemna Hawkins vs. Alice Law

Score 15 11

Sophomore Teams:

Olympics vs. Nationals

Score 14 11

Giants vs. Mercury

Score 8 7

Olympics vs. Mercury

Score 29 2

Giants vs. Nationals

Score 32 15

Olympics vs. Giants

Score 15 12

Mercury vs. Nationals

Score 20 9

Freshmen Team:

January 10

Julia Fick vs. Elizabeth Bowie

Score 4 12

Virginia Galatzo vs. Mary Wiles

Score 25 2

January 18

Elizabeth Bowie vs. Mary Wiles

Score 33 4

Virginia Galatzo vs. Julia Fick

Score 7 14

The Schedule for the Inter-Class Series:

Tuesday, March 1

Freshmen vs. Juniors

Wednesday, March 2

Sophomores vs. Seniors

Wednesday, March 7

Freshmen vs. Seniors

Wednesday, March 9

Sophomores vs. Juniors

Wednesday, March 14

Freshmen vs. Sophomores

Wednesday, March 16

Juniors vs. Seniors

Free Advice

Never call a traffic cop names.

Never insist on paying a large dinner check unless you really mean it; the other guy may take you at your word.

Never try to beat a taxi across the street. You can't.

Never soak a judge in the eye.

Never try to hook "Childs" unless you know the system. Ask someone who knows it.

* * *

Superior Daughter—Mother, there's a mendicant at the door.

Inferior Mother—Tell him there's nothing to mend.

* * *

Rose—I'm going to dress for Gym.

Leilla—Why take particular pains for him?

* * *

Bits—What are found scattered over the streets?

Bobby—Pedestrians.

* * *

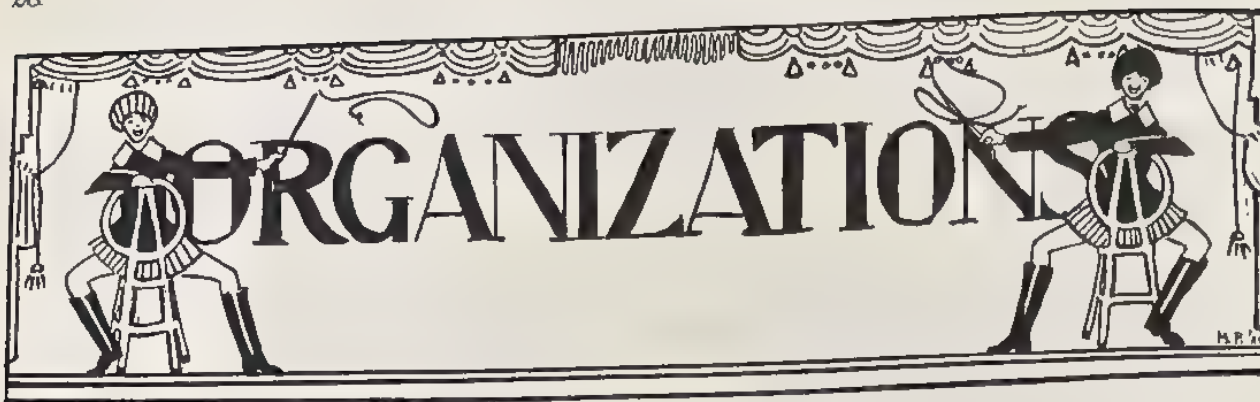
Speaker (talking against smoking)—Is there anything you would like to know?

Voice from the rear—Yes. How do you blow smoke rings through your nose?

* * *

Al—You should say "sir" to a man or rank.

Dick—How should I know that you were rank?



Student Council

The Student Council lost its president, when Karlton Stein graduated. Karlton was an active member of the Council for three years and everyone was sorry to see him leave. The school is fortunate in having Beryle Edmiston as the new president.

Charles Johnson, of the Junior Class has been appointed chairman of the Committee on Behavior around school. This office includes the supervision of the students in the lunch-room, corridors, and at chapel.

Hiking Club

The Hiking Club has been taking long trips every Saturday and a number of girls have achieved the number of miles necessary to obtain an "E." These will be given in February.

To gain an "E," it is necessary to walk at least a hundred miles. The girls who have won an "E" before will receive a star.

Merrill Club

Recently the Merrill Club gave its annual supper for the cadets. Special committees were appointed to act as waitresses. The tables, which were decorated by the girls, looked very attractive. The boys all agreed that the cadets are rewarded in many ways.

On January 1, a New Year's dance was given at the Blue Triangle.

Les Camarades

Les Camarades held a Christmas dance at the Blue Triangle, December 29.

On January 13, a committee of four took to

the Children's Hospital scrap books made by the club.

On January 22, the Girl Reserve Club, of Tech, acted as hostess to all of the Girl Reserves in the High Schools. The girls in Les Camarades attended, and were royally entertained. There was a program afterward.

The faculty was entertained at tea by the girls on January 27.

The club is planning to entertain the boys of the Hi-Y Club on February 11. There will be a party and a dance afterward.

Latin Club

The Latin Club gave a very interesting program, a Latin play included, in the Music Room at the Christmas meeting. The parts of the play were taken by first, second, and third semester Latin pupils. Presents were presented members who gave the correct Latin names for them. The club meets every other Tuesday, at the close of school, in Room 206. Persons wishing to join should see Mrs. Denning.

The Glee Club

The Glee Club has not been idle during the past semester and during the coming one many things are planned for the interest of its members.

On February 18, a unit of twenty members, all girls, is to take part in a concert at the Wilson Normal School, singing in a cantata, "Mon-dah-min," by Paul Bliss. This concert will be given under the auspices of the Federation of Music Clubs, with which our Glee Club is affiliated.

(Continued on page 29)



By the time this issue appears, Eastern will be well aware of its loss of the Chairman of the Military Committee for the past twenty years, Mr. Claus J. Schwartz. Lost? No, not lost, for he will remain always in the hearts of those cadets who knew him! Although we hate to lose such a capable man, we all join together in wishing him as much success in his new undertaking as he has had in his old.

Mr. Schwartz's place on the Military Committee will be taken by Mr. Hallie D. Shorts. Mr. Shorts has been at Eastern but two years; however, he has shown his ability in all the responsible positions to which he has been appointed. He has already tackled his new task with such vim that he is assured of another success.

We also lost Lieutenant Colonel Karlton Stein, in February. Lieutenant Colonel Stein was the Commander of the third regiment, that is, the Eastern and Western battalions. He is forced to resign because of graduation. We are certainly sorry to lose such a good officer.

The drilling is coming along very nicely, according to the latest reports. We have already had several inspections and there are several more ahead. Colonel Alpha, of Central, inspected the Eastern battalion on Monday, January 18; Lieutenant Colonel Karlton Stein inspected it the following drill day, and on Monday, January 24, it was inspected by Colonel Deems of the 3rd Corps Area.

Soon the competitive inspection for the honor company will begin. The company which wins this is the guard of honor at the awarding of commissions at Central High School.

The War Games have progressed. It looks as if Eastern may be very well represented in

the finals. Captain Brown and Captain Butler have so far shown exceptional ability in their work. Some of the games have been quite tragic, for whole companies have been killed by the enemy. It is a good thing these games are not real or Eastern's battalion would certainly be sorely depleted.

The results of the Games are:

January 7—B lost to A—Company in Attack.

January 14—D lost to C—Advance Guard.

January 21—Staff lost to A—Outpost.

January 28—A lost to C—Company in Attack.

We have a good start; now all there is left to do is DRILL and MORE DRILL.

The Glee Club

(Continued from page 28)

Several other things are planned during the near future, not the least of which is the dance to be given on February 21.

The Science Club

The Science Club, one of the newer activities at Eastern, has for its officers this semester: Charles Critchfield, President; Ralph Watt, Vice-President; Robert Shosteck, Secretary; James Dietz, Treasurer; Max Cohen, Librarian; Greer Ellis, Sergeant-at-Arms.

The Club has had some distinguished speakers from the Smithsonian Institute, and from the Biological Survey, and they hope to have some more during the coming semester. The Club has also taken several interesting trips to the laboratories of the Smithsonian Institute.

(Continued on page 36)

Faculty Notes

Gone! But he won't be forgotten! Yes, we are speaking of Mr. Claus J. Schwartz, who has accepted the position of principal at Stuart Junior High School.

On Thursday, January 6, a banquet was given in the lunchroom in honor of our beloved professor. The tables were fixed in the form of an "E." Miss Mary J. Watts, assistant principal, was toastmistress. A program followed the banquet. All participants were members of the dignified faculty. And did they cut-up? Just ask some of the boys and girls who helped with the serving.

We are certain that Mr. Schwartz will be honored and loved at Stuart Junior High School as we honor and love him here at Eastern. All to your best success, Mr. Schwartz!

On Saturday, January 22, the faculty had a bridge party and luncheon at the White Peacock. There were seven tables. The prizes were awarded to the Misses Webb and Culbertson.

Miss Helen C. Anderson, our pretty little auburn-haired and brown-eyed math teacher, has been seen wearing a beautiful pin—sorority pin? No! It's a frat pin! Mr. James Moreland is the lucky man. Miss Anderson has just recently become engaged to him. Ah! Mr. Shorts, another good chance gone!

Mr. Hallie D. Shorts, teacher in charge of the lockers, wants everyone who leaves pencils on top of their lockers to be sure and leave pencils that have erasers on them.

Since Mr. Schwartz, Eastern's famous "Money, money, money man" is leaving, Miss Pauline Lohmann is to be our new treasurer. Miss Lohmann is a very capable money-box keeper and we are sure that she will prove a great success.

Popular Sayings by Popular Teachers at a Popular Time—Lunch

Have you any lettuce salad today? (Miss Dent)

Put three pieces of butter on my salad plate. (Mrs. Howe)

Did you save a bottle of milk for me today? (Miss Johnson)

I want white cake with white icing, a bottle of milk and a bag of potato chips. (Miss Koch)

I'll take coffee but I want it two-thirds water and one-third coffee. (Miss Hazelton)

Is there any more Greer's chocolate cake? (Miss Lohmann)

I'll take a cup of coffee and a piece of pie—the juiciest piece there is. (Miss Monk)

Any potato salad today? (Mr. Flinn)

A hard roll without butter. (Miss McMahon)

(These are daily prayers.)

A Street Car Episode

(Continued from page 15)

He pays no more attention to me than if some member of his family were reminding him to mail the letters on his bureau.

"Eighth Street transfer," I bellow.

He now looks at me absent-mindedly, and asks, "What did you say?"

"Eighth Street transfer," I repeat desperately.

"Which way?" he inquires.

I had never stopped to consider it, but I now begin to ponder the matter.

"North, or South?" he persists.

I had just about straightened it out in my mind when he broke in on my deliberations. I now answer confusedly, "South, I guess; or rather North."

The transfer is duly punched and handed to me, and I take a seat, glad to have a few moments of quiet.

After a seemingly short ride I arrive at Eighth Street, alight from the car, and scan the Eighth Street track. Not a car in sight!

As I have had enough experience in waiting for cars for one morning, I conclude I do not care to repeat it, and that I will walk the remaining distance to my destination. On my arrival at school my ears are greeted with the clamorous sound of a ringing bell.

ALUMNI



Alumni Elect New Officers

At a recent meeting of the Alumni Association, officers for the coming year were elected. They are: president, Edna Burrows; vice-president, John McInerney; secretary, Mildred Boynton; treasurer, Leonidas McDougale.

With the February Class of '27

Jimmy Madison is at George Washington U. Allen Cross has assumed the role of a policeman at the Capitol.

Francis Ladd is working for the Geodetic Survey.

John Reid is working at the Government Printing Office.

Karlton Stein is at the Congressional Library.

Hither and Thither

Donald Bingham, '24, is president of the Forensic Debating Society of Marietta College, Ohio. The debating team recently defeated nineteen American debating teams.

Elise Clements, class of 1913, has recently been received in the Order of the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, Marywood College, Scranton, Pa.

Albert Headley, '26, is studying electrical engineering at Bliss Electrical School.

Julian Prescott, '24, is working at Woodward and Lothrop's.

Durwood Bowersox, who left Eastern in 1925, is director of the Raleigh Hotel Orchestra.

Eleanor P. Curtis, '15, spent the past summer painting among the lakes of Italy. One of her pictures is to be used by Harper and Brothers as a cover for a forthcoming publication. Miss Curtis is now assistant art director of the National Cathedral School for Girls.

Karl G. Pearson, '23, has been selected as a member of the debating team of Princeton University.

Elsie L. Jarvis, former student at Eastern, serving as a nurse of the Near East Relief, writes of her experiences during the earthquake in Armenia.

Elizabeth Wilson, '13, is teaching at the University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

King Prender, Myrtle Posey, George Roth, and Roberta Harrison, all of class of '26, are members of "The Players," a leading dramatic club of George Washington University.

Cupid Calls

Announcements of the following weddings have been made:

Virginia Andrus, ex-'26, to Robert L. Eastman on December 9.

Edith Barnes, '16, to T. Harold Fox of Philadelphia.

Percival Padgett, Jr., son of the late teacher at Eastern, to Eleanor E. Toner, at Pittsburgh.

Deaths

With deep regret we announce the death of Miss Mary Arline Zurhorst, '95, at 301 East Capitol Street.

Karl G. Pearson, '23, is one of four seniors at Princeton who have been chosen by the faculty to undertake the new three-course plan of study instituted this year for exceptional students who desired more time for independent research. These undergraduates are required to take only three curriculum courses during the year, spending the remainder of their time on a research problem of their own choice under the direction of the heads of the departments.



The Normal News, Washington, D. C.—Your paper is always of interest to us. It is full of news of those of our alumni who are attending Normal School.

High Light, Griffin, Georgia.—You certainly have a snappy, well-written paper. Fine school spirit seems to be reflected in your articles on athletics.

Heigh Chime, Frostburg, Maryland.—The paper may be rather new, but its pages are filled by thoughtful and efficient editors. Your humor department is striking in its originality.

The Beacon, Philadelphia, Pa., spends a large part of its space for its club news. That is an excellent way of getting the activities of the entire student body before the school. More schools should follow its example.

The Iroquois, Glen Falls, N. Y., is the best magazine we have received for a long time. From its cover page on the front to its humor department in the back, it is thoroughly and excellently worked out.

The Jefferson Junior Journal, Washington, D. C., has a department devoted to section room news. This is a novel way of presenting school news and it stirs up a beneficial competitive spirit which tends toward the advancement of the school as a whole.

The Langley Pilot, Washington, D. C.—Your literary department is good. The story of "A Ride on a Coaster Dip" is especially noteworthy. It is realistic and holds the reader in absorbing suspense to the end.

The originality shown in the cartoons and drawings of *The Comet*, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, is nearly professional. Such things as

these make the paper an advantageous advertisement for the school it represents.

Here are a few of the witty remarks from some of the schools we exchange with:

"Will your parents be surprised when you graduate?"

"No; they've been expecting it for several years."

* * *

Sr.: "Did you ever take chloroform?"

Frosh: "No; who teaches it?"

Horses

(Continued from page 12)

sooner had we started upon the road than he slowed up to such an extent that the others were soon ahead. Then, calmly, paying no heed to my gentle remonstrances, he stalked into a pretty little field and whole-heartedly devoured as much of the foliage as was convenient. When he had satisfied his hunger, he consented to continue on our way.

But "Try, try, again," they say. I did—once again. This time I chose a horse which had no compromisingly colorful name. He was Lucky. It sounded hopeful, anyway. He, too, nevertheless, read my open mind at a glance. I bored him, to say the least. His step lagged, and at length he turned around and started for home. This was one thing I would not allow. He was hurt and indignant when I reproached him. I became intolerable to his noble spirit. Then occurred the unforgivable act. My mount lowered himself to the dusty road, folded his legs, and seated himself carelessly on the ground.

Enough is enough. I am glad this is the "gasoline age."

The Sun of Austerlitz*(Continued from page 11)*

The shots of the enemy were now telling heavily on the men of Soult and Bernadotte. Behind them came the grenadiers of Oudinot and part of the Imperial Guard as support. With shouts of "Vive L'Empereur," the French charged the Russian works. Smoke, noise, and fire prevailed for here the devil was king. Soon came hand-to-hand combat. The old sergeant, although far from cool, had much more presence of mind than the younger men. Bayonetting and clubbing his way through the enemy lines, he shouted to his friends, "Come, Denis, come Jules! We've taken the works."

For some moments the carnage was grim, but at last the French columns gained possession of the heights and succeeded in cutting the enemy in twain. However, little time was spent in rejoicing, as new lines had to be formed to hold the ground at any cost. As the old sergeant was swearing around, getting the men into action, he espied two figures well known to him. Denis was lying on his back and Jules was wounded, but crawled painfully to reach his friend. Francois approached them. Jules, badly wounded in his right leg, had crept to the side of his dying friend. As the life of Denis quickly ebbed away he was heard to sing in delirium, "My life it is my country's right, my heart——"

"Come, Jules," said the sergeant with a tenderness unexpected of him, "'tis the fortune of war, my boy."

* * * * *

Years later, when the smoke and din of battle had cleared away and the deeds of the Emperor were history, the children of a one-legged French soldier gathered about his only knee to listen with attentive ears to his tales of glory and heroism. His wife, whose features, though worn by years of war and hardship, still retained some of their youthful elegance, came in with the news that Sergeant Francois had come to visit the children. For a truth that seasoned old veteran had formed an eternal friendship with his more youthful associate.

"Bonjour, Francois," said Jules, treading heavily with his wooden leg. "What news?"

"Parbleu! Bad enough. Word has just reached me that the Emperor died at St. Helena."

Jules bowed his head and said: "The Sun of Austerlitz rose on Napoleon in all his glory. Now his Sun has set."

"What was the Sun of Austerlitz, father?" asked a blue-eyed little fellow.

Jules and Francois, between them, repeated the tale of Austerlitz so that nothing was lacking in the account. In concluding, Jules said: "After the battle, Napoleon issued an order reading 'My people will see you back with joy,' and it will suffice you to say, 'I was at Austerlitz;'" people will answer, "There stands a brave man." But people have long forgotten Austerlitz. Denis and I left Châtillon to serve France, and you see only three-fourths of one of us returned."

"And Charlotte gratefully accepted what was left, Pardieu!" facetiously interjected Francois.

"And poor Denis—his memory, like that of many soldiers, will pass into Eternity to be marked only by the monuments of battles and the bloody annals of Napoleonic history."

Editorial*(Continued from page 18)*

to the temptation to boo the referee when that gentleman most needs support. Eastern undergraduates do, however, refrain from rioting. When they have a basketball contest to win, they do so by the rules of the game and not by the Marquis of Queensbury rules.

The late Walter Camp often quoted this little selection from Thackeray, concerning fair play:

"Who misses or who wins the prize?

Go lose or conquer as you can,

But if you fail or if you rise,

Be each, pray God, a gentleman."

H. G. I.

You Seniors may razz the underclassmen, but what we want to know is why you fellows can't find enough Senior Girls to take to the Frat Dances, without choosing several of the underclassmen instead? ? ?

Blackmail*(Continued from page 13)*

"Indeed, you'll do nothing of the sort, and what's more——"

At this moment fate intervened in the form of a telephone call for the son, as if to prevent any more drastic steps on his part to convince his parent. Simultaneously with his exit came the entrance of the young reporter.

Upon mailing the letters, Bob had returned to the office, gathered his pads and pencils, and donned his new overcoat. He had given "Toots," the bootblack, the shock of his life by tipping fifty cents in return for a very ordinary shine. With the completion of these preparations he had hailed a taxi and alighted at Sixteenth and Allegheny. His assumption of the air of a "duchess looking at bugs" finally resulted in his being admitted into Mr. McCormick's library.

The next five minutes were spent in what might be termed a perfect interview. Mr. McCormick talked fast and copiously. Bob wrote equally so. Each sentence brought clearer visions of a magazine story, feature stories, extras, scoops, and front page news before Bob's eyes. Suddenly, as if he had run down, the old gentleman stopped and smiled. Bob turned to see the cause of the calm in the storm.

The younger McCormick was standing in the door. His face was white. The expression of doubt gradually changed to fear.

"Father!" he cried. "In heaven's name, what have you done?"

"What! May an old gentleman not even have an interview with a reporter about his own business, in his own home, without subjecting it to the censorship of his son?" replied the object of the interview.

"But what have you told him? You don't understand how easily publication would ruin all these plans!"

"And nothing would please me more than to see them ruined! However, if you can keep them out of the papers now I'll promise to keep my mouth shut."

With this he rose, and stalked out of the

room with the air of a man completely satisfied as to the conditions of the world about him. At his exit Bob also rose to go; during the renewal of the father and son battle he had been gathering his belongings in anticipation of this moment.

"Just a minute," called the young man; "come back here."

Bob resumed his seat.

"How much did the old boy tell you?"

"Enough to make a wonderfully complete story on the plans of the McCormick Sock Mills," replied Bob truthfully.

The hopeless expression on the young manager's face became more so. Bob thought it resembled his idea of a man going down for the last time.

"Why, man, this can't be published," he faltered. "It's the greatest step the corporation has taken in years."

Bob deliberated a moment.

"Mr. McCormick," he began, "I received this story from a thoroughly legitimate source. I therefore have full right to print it. By doing so I will not only receive a bonus, but must necessarily rise in the estimation of my paper. You must readily see my answer."

"If it's money, sir, I'll pay anything."

Again Bob went into silent conference with himself. Even if he did turn in the story, he could not hope to purchase the watch. No watch would mean no Flossie. No Flossie was the absence of life itself. Suddenly he came to life again. Someone was talking. Oh, yes, Mr. McCormick—

"How much do you want for those notes?" he was saying.

"Sixty-eight dollars and thirty-five cents," sighed Bob, his brain again filled with fair hair and blue eyes.

"Done!" exclaimed the young millionaire.

A lapse of five minutes found Bob seated in a taxi, his hand holding a check for \$70, bearing the signature of Willard McCormick, Jr.; and his hand holding a vision of a delicate white arm bearing a bee-oo-tiful wrist watch.

* * * * *

Flossie thought the watch "actually ador-

able." For a while all was well. But she soon tired of her admirer (as blue-eyed blondes do), and when, one night in the moonlight, Bob described his first and only adventure with Sunday stories, she concluded the romance.

"—because, of course, I couldn't marry a blackmailer, you know."

THE END

What's that? Did I hear a voice? Oh, it's you, gentle reader! What? OH, WHY, YOU'RE DERN RIGHT; SHE KEPT THE WATCH!

The Boy Next Door

(Continued from page 9)

with white cloth, just as it had been finished. Helen had never worn it. But now, she took it down, and carefully packed it in her suitcase. It would serve its purpose better now.

As the train sped along, Helen wondered how Bill would react to her plans. Someone dropped down on the seat beside her; she turned around to see—Betty! "Well, of all the lovely surprises! I just hopped on at New York—and now to find *you*!" About an hour later, when they had both exhausted their supply of news, Helen was curious to know who had invited Betty. "Oh—you don't know him—I—I met him last Christmas—when I had my house party, you know," she replied, rather hastily; and the subject was dropped. At last, the train pulled into the little station, and soon the platform was crowded with feminine bags and little groups of excited friends. Somehow, Helen got separated from Betty, but Tom, after greeting her demonstratively, assured her that they would all turn up at the frat house. A gay crowd was already assembled in the reception hall of the frat house. "There's Betty!" and Tom dashed off and brought her back with him. "Listen, my roommate didn't invite anyone, so you can share my room with Helen, if you want to, Betty." Both girls, of course, assented heartily, and were ushered in short order into their room. It had all the ear-marks of being very recently and hastily vacated. The upper drawer of the bureau had

been thoughtfully emptied, and consequently, the lower ones were stuffed and bursting forth with suspicious shirt sleeves and twisted neckties. A tipsy alarm clock, with only one leg, and a deflated football were thrust under the head of the bed. The girls looked at each and burst out laughing—"Just like 'em, isn't it?" The first thing was to get the dresses tucked away in the closet where they would be safe until that evening. Then the whole "bunch" went out and had dinner in a quaint little tea room on the campus.

There was an hour before it was time to dress for the "big" evening. Helen was half asleep, and dreaming that Bill was frantically begging her to forgive him; Betty was browsing through some old issues of the college magazine that she had discovered in a pile behind the door. Suddenly, Helen felt as if a ton of bricks had been suddenly dropped on her stomach, and something like an explosion nearly split her eardrums. It was only Betty, though, who was now grinning at her like a freakish gargoyle, on the edge of the bed. With more excitement than coherence, she poked the magazine under Helen's nose, telling her something that *seemed* very humorous, indeed. Still a little dazed, Helen stared at the very homely and comical picture of a young man, who looked for all the world like these advertisements for patent hair-growers—"before and after using" stage. His whole head was devoid of hair—but if one looked closely, a soft little fuzz was beginning to appear. Then her eyes dropped to the printed line beneath the picture; and Helen gasped and looked again. No mistaking it this time: "BILL HARRIS, THE HANDSOME FRESHIE." And then, somehow, she managed to read the little article accompanying the picture:

"It is a well known freshman law that no Green One is permitted to have a date for a year, except during spring house-party time, of course. One of our young hopefuls recently thought that he could escape the watchful arm of the law. However, the result is quite evident from the above picture.

We feel certain that this particular Freshie's next date will depend on how fast his hair grows!!

"Oh—oh—isn't he too funny!" wailed Betty. "I'm weak from laughing." And then Helen and Betty laughed together, until they both had tears in their eyes.

Poor old Bill! Helen felt really sorry for him. She looked at the date on the cover; it was the holiday number, the week before Bill had been too ashamed to come home—probably spent the holidays in lonesome misery.

Helen dressed with a lighter heart than she had had for some time. She would tell Bill she was sorry that she had never read his letters which probably explained the incident. When she took a last glimpse at herself in the mirror before going down, she knew that Bill *would* forgive her; Bill never could resist her in blue.

At the end of the first group, Bill had not shown up. Oh, suppose he wouldn't come—Tom led her out to the marble bench beneath a great tree, and then went back to get her some punch. Helen was conscious that someone had sat down by her on the bench. She turned to see who it was. "Bill! Oh! Bill—I——" But the sentence went unfinished. "You see, honey, it's like this," Bill was saying, "Tom is my roommate. Tom and Betty have been engaged, well, ever since her house party last Christmas."

"But—he—" interrupted Helen.

"Little innocence," laughed Bill. "Tom had told Betty why I didn't come home Christmas, and they decided to fix it up. I knew you wouldn't come up if I invited you, but I knew, too, that everything would be all right when you found out."

"Egotistic!"

"I know—but you see, it *did* work, and it took some courage to let Betty show you that picture." And then they both laughed heartily.

"But—Bill, dear—I just *love* your new haircut! And, oh, Bill, do you like my new dress?"

Bill didn't reply, but it was a time when "actions spoke louder than words."

Organizations

(Continued from page 29)

The Science Club meets in room 212, during the seventh period, and all newcomers are welcome at the meetings.

Hi-Y

This year, as last year, a Hi-Y Club was formed at Eastern, for the purpose of promoting Christian spirit, high moral standards, and clean living. This year, however, the Club intends to show the school just what such a club can do. The officers of this rejuvenated Hi-Y are: Fred Randall, President; Thomas Neff, Vice-President; Ralph Watt, Treasurer; and Albert Muelhaus, Secretary. The members have had some very good times, and bigger and better things are being planned for the future.

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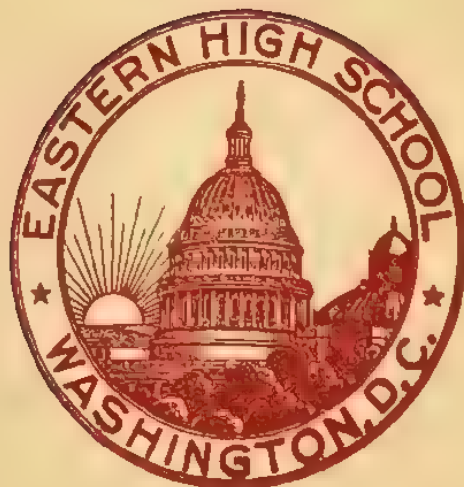
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The Easterner

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Dance Music

RUTH E. BELL, '28

"C'mon, Buddy, if you want to go out with me," called the old man, snapping his fingers at his dog.

The little brown, wiry terrier came bounding down two steps at a time, and joined his master at the gate. Together they walked down the wide, shady street, the old man with a regular, firm step and Buddy with a gay little trot.

Under his arm the old soldier carried his most treasured possession—his old violin, which, in the days of their mutual youth, he had christened William Tell. A sweet-toned instrument, it had been a wonder in its day. It needed only the skillful fingers of old Sandy, its owner, to draw the bow across the strings, and all the rich, full music slumbering there was awakened. And how old Sandy could play it! In the old days, social affairs without him and William Tell for the dancing were incomplete.

Now William Tell sang only in a small top-floor bedroom of Mrs. Williams' High-Class Boarding House, with Buddy for audience, or, in summer, in the empty schoolhouse, to which Sandy was going now.

After a short walk, Sandy and Buddy reached their destination. The old man opened the unsteady, creaking door and went in, Buddy trotting in after him.

The schoolhouse was filled with warm breezes, faintly suggestive of the fragrance of the roses and honeysuckle which looked in the open windows. Out of these windows one could see, stretched around, the fields on which the July sun beat down fiercely. It was so silent in the schoolhouse that one could hear the "locusts" singing their monotonous, droning song.

"Buddy," began the old man, "I'm going to play some dancing music. Life's all a dance, Bud, or it's a piece of music you play for the dancing. If you're in the dance, or the orchestra that plays for it, you're safe. If

you're out of it, as I am—well—I hope I can get a job soon, even though I am old. I can still play, Buddy, can't I?"

To this Buddy replied with a little toss of his saucy head, and a flap of his ears.

Sandy drew the bow across the strings of William Tell, and began to play. The room was filled with light, airy notes that seemed to set the place dancing with their merry tunes. Under the magic of their spell, dancers were gliding and swaying. All the young folks who had hopped gaily to young Sandy's music were there again, moving in time to old Sandy's playing. And Molly was there with the rest, Molly of the black curls and brown eyes, the teasing laughter and the sunny smile—Molly, his sweetheart, over whose grave in the churchyard the flowers had bloomed for many years. She was dancing with Jack Lawton, Sandy's rival, but over his shoulder she threw Sandy her loveliest smile.

Now the dancers were gone, and the last lively trill had died away on the air.

Old Sandy played another tune, a stirring marching tune, the song of soldiers tramping behind their leader, the great Lincoln. Young Sandy was with them. They were marching to battle. On and on they came, scores upon scores of them, a phantom army.

But no dreams of the past disturbed Buddy's young mind. Lured by the sunshine, he wandered out of the schoolhouse into the road. It was a lazy, warm day—and Buddy had nothing to do. These things might account for the way in which the adventurous Buddy conducted himself that afternoon.

He then went down the road for a little way, halting where the road and the main street intersected. Owing to the heat there was little traffic on the thoroughfare, but the stores were open, and several automobiles were parked at the curb. So far, so good, thought Buddy. Perhaps he might meet a dog friend

today with whom he could play. There might be a tramp to bark at, boys to follow, some other dogs to join in the fun, or a cat to chase.

No, he was not mistaken! One surely was right there in that limousine! Buddy jumped excitedly.

Inside sat a dignified, middle-aged gentleman, and a very slender, pretty young girl. Yet Buddy was barking at neither of these, but at the beautiful, fluffy, gray Persian cat in the girl's lap.

Seeing Buddy, the cat bristled up in fear and rage.

"Oh!" screamed the young lady, "chase that horrid dog away, Dad! Quick!"

"Bow-wow-wow!" exulted Buddy, viewing the cat's agitation with delight.

"Oh, Dad, get him!" cried the girl, as her pet, with a terrified mew, bounded from her lap to the sidewalk and tore up the street, invoking all the demons on her pursuer.

"Be quiet, Alice!" exclaimed the gentleman, as he rose. "I'll get your cat. Wait here until I return," and with that he was on the sidewalk.

"Oh!" moaned Alice, "Poor kitty! That awful dog! Oh!"

Throwing his dignity to the winds, Mr. J. Stanley Worthing, president of the Worthington National Bank, prominent social leader, and elder of his church, ran at high speed down the street chasing Buddy, who was chasing his daughter's cat.

As the cat reached the corner, she turned down a side road, but her tormentor, having quickened his pace, was pursuing her at a distance of three feet behind when she reached the schoolhouse. With a bound kitty was on the roof and stood snarling triumphantly down at Buddy.

"Whew, but that was a run!" exclaimed J. Stanley Worthington, pulling out his handkerchief.

And then he paused and listened. Some one was playing on a violin inside. Tiny notes flitted and floated on the air—notes that set one's feet a-dancing with the pleasing, "catchy"

tunes of them, and set one's soul a-singing with the sweet, wild gladness of them.

Worthington opened the creaking door and went in. There sat an old man on one of the benches, drawing the bow across the strings lightly and skillfully. At sight of Worthington, he stopped.

"That's a good violin," began Worthington, somewhat embarrassed.

"Yes, William Tell is a wonder!" answered Sandy, proudly.

"And you play it well," continued the other.

"Thank you," murmured Sandy, reddening.

"Have you played much?" was the next question.

"I used to play at dances," Sandy responded, "and then the war came. After that there weren't many dances——"

"I know," Worthington nodded.

"——and then I got sick——"

"Yes?"

"Now I'm old, and so——" Sandy broke off abruptly and bent over William Tell.

"Will you play something for me?" asked Worthington, to break an awkward silence.

Standing straight and tall, Sandy began to play. Gay and pleasant was the tune he played, a tune that made Worthington long to dance there in the little dusty schoolhouse. As the music went on Worthington began to feel that he was listening to an artist.

"That was fine!" he exclaimed, as Sandy finished.

"Thank you."

"Let me see," began Worthington slowly. "I think our club could use a violinist for its dance hall. I'll speak to the president about it. Would you come?"

Would he come? Sandy drew a quick, sharp breath. Back in the orchestra to play for the dancing! Back in the world where he could play, and play, and play!

In Sandy's heart welled up a great joy. With a mighty effort he controlled himself.

"I'll be glad to come," he said.

The Spider

H. GIFFORD IRION, '28



Los Pecos, the seat of government of Coronado County, was a typical Southwestern town. It was the political and social center of the region, boasting a newspaper, a bank, and the other similar establishments usually found in a town of three thousand people. Geographically, it was located in the heart of a great valley where cotton, alfalfa, cantaloupes, and vegetables could be grown abundantly if the farmers could regularly get enough water to irrigate their lands. Unfortunately, however, this part of the country has very little and an exceedingly irregular rainfall. Often in July and August there are cloudbursts which flood the valley and play havoc with the crops, livestock and other property. Then come droughts, with the river dried up, and the crops die from lack of moisture. These conditions could be effectively remedied only by damming the river in Santa Rita Canyon, above the valley, thus holding the water in reserve and gradually releasing it.

A stigma on the state in which Los Pecos was located, was the fact that many of its public officials were controlled by a mysterious influence commonly called "The Spider." This unknown person, who it was believed represented eastern capital, made plans which

those in authority faithfully carried out. The actual identity of the Spider was known only to a few who could be trusted with the secret. The ugly epithet had been fastened to him by some of the free-thinking citizens who knew, in a general way, that at times an unscrupulous hand ruled their state.

The Los Pecos *Tribune* had from the date of its founding been owned and edited by Jim Butler. Upon his death early in 1913, the paper, in accordance with Butler's will, passed into the hands of his nephew, Harold Standish, a keen young man with high ideals, who had recently graduated from the School of Journalism at the University of Wisconsin. On coming into possession of the *Tribune* young Standish determined to make it a real benefactor to the community.

During the closing hours of the 1913 session of the state legislature, just prior to Harold's arrival in Los Pecos, a bill empowering the governor to grant some corporation a charter for the construction of a dam in the Santa Rita Canyon was defeated in the Senate. It had passed the House of Representatives by a good majority, but through the efforts of Senator Wallace Terry, of Coronado County, the bill perished in the upper house. The legislature then adjourned.

The general election of 1914 was approaching, and political discussion was heard at breakfast tables throughout the state. Pat Faggott, the conservative political boss of the southern part of the state, strolled into the Spider's office and leisurely seated himself in the most comfortable chair. "Well, Chief, I reckon you're going to fight Terry," he said.

"With all my heart and spirit," shot back the Spider.

"And spondulics, too, eh Chief?" grinned Faggott, displaying a handsome row of gold teeth.

"Listen, Pat," said the Spider, "I've been thinking that we might win the old boy over.

It would be a darn sight easier than fighting him."

"Impossible," snapped Faggott.

"Not so sure," continued the Spider. "We could remind him that there's a governor to be elected two years from now, and maybe, if he's a good boy, we could assist him into that office. Better yet, we could dangle before his eyes a seat in the Senate at Washington. How d'ya think he'd like that?"

Faggott shook his head, with the retort, "You can't buy Terry."

"We might try it."

"Nope. That cayuse is strong on ideals but damned weak on deals."

"Well, what would *you* do?" quizzed the Spider.

"I think we might turn liberal for a while. Terry is a conservative, you know, but he's a mighty independent one. Now, if the conservative convention does what I look for, it will renominate Terry. So we've got to get the liberal candidate lined up with us."

"Who are you thinking of?"

"How about this young editor from Wisconsin," responded Faggott, lifting his bushy eyebrows. "You know who I mean, the kid that's had the *Tribune* for the last year."

"Oh! Harold Standish." The Spider became very interested.

"That's him. He's young and innocent, so we might fix it up with him to accept the liberal nomination for state senator, with the understanding of course that he will play the game as we dictate."

"You're always thinking up fancy schemes," cynically remarked the Spider.

But Faggott, ignoring him, continued: "Now, if you agree, I'll see Standish. What do you say that I sound him out at once?"

At the conclusion of his talk with the Spider, Faggott went directly to Harold's office where he found him alone. They were fairly well acquainted, as men in small towns are bound to be, although there had been no business relations between them. After a few commonplace remarks Faggott opened up rather bluntly by asking Harold to what party he belonged.

"Well, sir, the few votes I have cast," readily explained Harold, "were, with few exceptions, for such liberal-minded candidates as I found on the conservative ticket. I am a sort of liberal-conservative. Doubtless you would classify me as a political paradox."

"You're right," said Faggott. "I'm somewhat of an independent myself. Mr. Standish, I believe you're the very man we need to oppose Terry, who, I'm confident, will fight the Dam Bill next session. With assurance that you will keep to yourself what I have to say, I will lay before you a proposal of vital importance to yourself and the people whom I believe you want to help."

Harold quickly resolved in his own mind that by giving the assurance requested nothing would be lost and possibly something gained. He therefore told Faggott that he would be glad to hear what he wished to propose.

"It is simply this," resumed Faggott; "if you will consent to run against Terry I will see to it, with the help of my friends, that you are nominated by the liberal party at its county convention next month and then elected the following November. But your nomination and election will cost your active supporters handsomely, and naturally they will expect you to remember their efforts when you have an opportunity to help them—in a proper way, of course. It is hardly necessary to add that we will expect you to come out strongly in favor of the Santa Rita Dam Bill which Terry defeated in the last legislature."

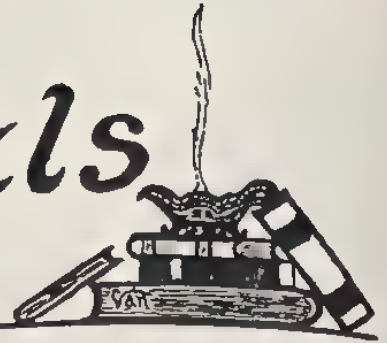
"My dear sir," said Harold, "I am afraid you want to lead me to the political execution block. Terry, as you are aware, is acquainted with every man, woman and child in the county, and I doubt if more than a score outside this town know that I exist."

"Well, why not join the Loyal Knights of the Golden West," suggested Faggott. "Practically every farmer and ranchman in this county is a member, and if you join they will support you to a man. Those fellows would vote for a cigar store Indian if he belonged to the L. K. G. W."

Continued on page 29



Editorials



THE SPRING PLAY

The Spring Play a few weeks ago marked the realization of another worthy accomplishment of the capable Eastern Dramatic Association.

Dramatics, like all other activities, must embody the willing cooperation of each individual unit in order to function at its maximum ability. The production of "Green Stockings" was a stellar example of such a co-working, wherein countless hours of willing aid were spent by individuals, a majority of whom never appeared before the footlights on the night of presentation. It is true and evident that the thespians receive the applause but the laurels must be divided among the various departments which were so helpful in the completion of the final product.

The cooperative spirit has always been characteristic of the school in all its enterprises and was likewise evident in this last one, in which Eastern made its commendable bid for the coveted Brown University Cup.

P. L. S.

ORDER, PLEASE!

Lately there have been many complaints from the teachers in charge of the Assembly Hall during the lunch periods concerning the poor order there. If this continues the noon hour entertainments may have to be abolished. These movies and various dramatic sketches are for your benefit and enjoyment. Show your appreciation and make the complaints unnecessary. You will find the programs a great deal more enjoyable in a quiet and orderly auditorium.

M. H. K.

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST

Over a million students throughout the nation are anxiously awaiting the finals in the National Oratorical Contest conducted by the *Washington Star* and a host of the country's leading newspapers. It is no wonder that the contest is commanding such an interest for it is the first movement of its kind, wherein the brains of the country's high school students are brought together in competition.

Here at Eastern we have a more than average interest in this competition of orators as we have been singularly honored in capturing the local honors consecutively for two years and it is our deepest desire to duplicate the distinction, by bringing home "the bacon" again this year.

P. L. S.

The White House on the Hill

There is a house in my town,
A white house—on a hill.
I've never seen inside the gates;
I guess I never will;
For all the way around that yard
There is a wall so high
That no one could climb over—
We daren't even try!

I wonder if there is a child—
A boy or girl like me,
Who lives up in that great white house
On the street by the willow tree?
Oh, if there is, I'm pretty sure
He never has much fun,
For no one could who lived up there
And saw not anyone.

—G. Lois Nelson, '29.

The Poets' Corner

BY-AND-BY

Suppose a raindrop in the cloud
Should stay up in the sky,
And say, "I will not fall today,
But go down by-and-by."
O then some weak and tiny bud
Would lift in vain its cup,
A-thirst for rain, and faint with pain
Would slowly shrivel up.

Suppose a sun-beam up on high
Should hide itself, and say,
"What harm, pray, will it do if I
Refuse to shine today?"
Then on earth some plant or flower
Would miss the sun's warm breath,
And in the world, so dark and cold,
Would slowly freeze to death.

And what if you had planned to do
Some deed, both good and kind,
And then should say from day to day,
"'Tis late; but never mind!
Tomorrow will be time enough;"
And so the moments fly,
And bear your schemes, and noble dreams
To the sea of by-and-by.

And then some heart you might have healed
Will look for you in vain,
And lift a cup of longing up
As flower a-thirst for rain:
Or pining for a word of cheer,
The sunshine you deny.
So do your deeds of kindness now,
Nor wait 'till by-and-by.

—Ruth Abelman, '29.

Old Beads

They are tangled and woven
Into a curious pattern,
With a thread of tinseled gold
Running through them,
And a web-like locket chain
Appearing in odd places.
They have gathered to them
Stray powder and discarded perfume
And dust, of a woodsy odor.
To the clasp hangs an old pin
With a faded pearl,
And it pins with it to the string old memories
And childish fancies.

—Ruth Bell, '28.

To a Potted Daisy

Just now,
With no blossoms,
And only a cluster of small green feathers at the top,
And a long, lank stalk pricked with green dots,
You are like a tall woman with short, golden hair
In a brown coat, with bright buttons
All the way down.

—Ruth Bell, '28.

To Colin

It's May again, it's May again—
Sweet May, in lilacs drest;
The weary world is gay again,
And at its loveliest.

It's May again, it's May again—
Oh, Colin, do you hear?
It's time for joy—for play—again;
It's time for lovers, dear.

It's May again, it's May again—
How can you stay away?
You would not go away again,
If you were here today.

—Elsie Scharf, '27.

Conte

There hung, in the eastern sky,
The moon and a single star;
"You are the atom," said I,
"Radiant, serene, and far."
"I am the star," I cried,
"Tiny, remote, and low;
Lusterless, pale, beside
The flame of your chaste white glow."

You murmured, "I wonder whether
You ever have thought of this—
That the moon and the star together
Make Heaven?" and met my kiss.
—Elsie Scharf, '27.

Spring's Heralds

A hint of Spring is in the air—
A hint of warmth in blustering wind;
A promise of bright flowers fair,
Of violets for one to find.
A bit of bird-song filters through
The busy sound of street and square;
And in the sky a bit of blue
Gleams through the clouds that gather there.
—Elsie Scharf, '27.

A Revelation

By HELEN SWICK, 3274

It was a brisk, glowing day in February. I was walking to school as usual and very unusually chanced to walk with a friendly chatty Senior (just imagine), who informed me with an important air that the *EASTERNER* was to come out that very day. At once a feeling of anticipated pride swept over me as I thought of the articles that I had written for that issue and I informed the Senior in a timid little defiant way of my hope. Just then the "5 of" rang and so we separated to go to our respective sections. All day long I contemplated on my secret chances of having an article appear in the *EASTERNER*. As the seventh period drew near, I began to get very excited and viewed the clock at about an average of three times a minute, although I discovered to my dismay that the clock continued to go at a very normal pace. At last the seventh period was over and I returned to my section room and immediately upon arriving in the room besieged the *EASTERNER* agent with enquiries for my *EASTERNER*, but he was one of these unexcitable people who cheerfully announced that he had forgotten to get them, and in a short (?) time departed for the *EASTERNER* room. A leisurely saunter to the *EASTERNER* room and back consumed about ten minutes, during which time I sat on pins and needles (but this is carrying it rather too far for small-desked 327) when the carrier of good or ill news arrived. I rushed and grabbed for my *EASTERNER* and began to search for an article over my illustrious name, indeed looking at every name to make sure that it was not of the possible translations which, by the way, are like Caesar, a great many of them but only one of them right. Indeed I searched until 10 o'clock that night and at times, even now, while in an optimistic mood I renew my search. But all in vain! "You can't find anything where it ain't!" as Emerson once said, or was it Poe?

* * *

It was the next morning on the street car,

which I was forced to take as it was raining. My Caesar was open and as I vainly tried to pursue that great man's footsteps (he must have had small feet; his maneuvers are so hard to follow). At length, however, I followed the conversation which was taking place in the seat ahead of me. A large pompous looking gentleman was telling his companion about his benevolences which had consisted the day before in designating \$5,000 to be used for coal to heat a crazy asylum and I thought with a sigh how wonderful it must be to be a benefactor like that. These high and mighty thoughts followed me all the way to school, or rather I should say I followed them until I came in sight of dear Eastern. "But the smoke curled up the chimney just the same," was the noble sentiment I thought of at once. In an instant a reality dawned on me. I wondered what they did with rejected copy for the *EASTERNER*, and I suddenly realized that since the *EASTERNER* room was on the ground floor, the copy must be used for fuel. Since that revelation I cease to mourn, but busily move my pen over blank pieces of paper and deposit them in the *EASTERNER* box and in my dreams I can visualize the day when they will have my picture on the door of the furnace with the inscription—

"She supplied fuel for the school furnace during the time she was at Eastern."

Imagine:

Mr. Kochka without a smile.

The Dramatic Association giving "What Price Glory."

"Skipper" Faber without Thelma Courtney.

Ronald Brown without a date.

Sam McGlathery in a bad humor.

Harold Curran with a blonde.

Mr. Flury as Romeo.

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE

DONALD CRAIG, '29

Always up-to-date, the *EASTERNER* presents its list of test questions. The answers will be found on page 27.

1. When was Eastern established as a separate high school?
2. What was its original name?
3. Where was the first home of Eastern?
4. When did Eastern win the Competitive Drill for the first time?
5. How did blue and white come to be Eastern's colors?
6. Did Eastern students ever march in lines to and from classes?
7. What was the name of the original Eastern High School paper?
8. What famous principal of Eastern is a graduate of the school?
9. How many times has Eastern won the football championship?
10. Who is the author of the standard history of Eastern?

And now the *EASTERNER* supplements this feature with a new and unique type of brain teaser! The following are answers to which questions are to be supplied. Should the task prove too difficult, the correct questions may be found below.

1. A construction company.
2. Yes.
3. H.
4. 22nd.
5. Because Eastern is in the eastern section of the city.

* * *

1. Who built the fourth apartment from the left of the center if you stand in the main entrance of Eastern and look across the street?
2. Can Miss Taylor spell "cat"?
3. What would be the first letter of both of Miss Henderson's names if her first name was Hester?
4. Counting from the bottom, what number is the third step from the top in the main stairway?

5. Why would a tall, dark man be shot or hanged, if he stood at Ninth and F and said to a student, who had asked him where the best high school was, "Go west, young man, go west."

INTRODUCING MR. SHORTS

"Sometime in the last century," H. Daniel Shorts, Eastern's new and popular faculty adviser on cadets, was born on a farm in western Pennsylvania. Like a number of our other men teachers, he answered his country's call during the World War, serving altogether fourteen months, twelve of which were spent in France as a member of the "Sightseeing" Sixth Division.

"I belonged to a machine gun company," said Mr. Shorts, "but my rank is a secret. If you are curious you'll have to ask the War Department." There was no urge to satisfy our curiosity on this point as we well know that, regardless of rank, Mr. Shorts served with distinction. However, it is known that he was in action on two battle fronts, namely, the Meuse-Argonne and the Alsace, a so-called "quiet sector."

Mr. Shorts received his A.B. degree from Allegheny College in Pennsylvania. Later he studied for three months at a French university and is doing graduate work at Columbia. Before coming to Eastern he was for three years an instructor in the senior high school of New Castle, Pennsylvania. At Eastern he has been teaching Latin and has charge of lockers (as everyone who has lost a key knows). He is now the faculty adviser of cadets.

"The cadets are one of the best activities, if not *the* best, open to boys, in the school," remarked Mr. Shorts. It is easy to predict that the companies will fare well under his guidance, as his interest and enthusiasm have already been encouraging to both officers and men. Our school is indeed exceptionally fortunate in having a successor to Mr. Schwartz in the role of cadet head, as capable and energetic as H. Daniel Shorts.



The Cadet Competitions have already begun. On Monday, April 4, the Annual Platoon Drill was held on our stadium. The program was one of the most difficult ones which we have ever had. Lieut. John W. Roper, commanding the 1st Platoon of B Company, won the drill with a very high score and by a very large margin. His average was 97.7, that of his closest competitor was 93.3. Lieutenant Roper received a medal. The judge for this competition was Maj. Raymond G. Payne.

On April 14, at the "Home and School" meeting, competitions were held to find the best inexperienced, the best experienced, and the best sergeant in the Eastern Battalion. The winner from each of these three groups was presented with a medal. The men who competed had been picked from their Company by elimination contests. This is an entirely new idea at Eastern.

The Annual Battalion Competitive Drill will be held on April 25, 1927, as usual at the Wilson Stadium at 2:30 p. m. Our Battalion seems to be this year one of the best battalions we have ever had. Major Vivian is looking forward to a successful drill.

The Annual Regimental Drill will be held on May 2, 1927, at 3 p. m. in the Wilson Stadium. The commander of the 3rd Regiment is Lieutenant Colonel Terrell of Western High School.

Eastern now has another F Company. There have been more drills won by F Companies at Eastern than any other company. Let's hope that this company will carry on the good work. F Company is the one which was formed in February, entirely from rookies, that is, of course all except the officers. Harold Curran,

former first lieutenant of B Company, is its captain. The roster of officers is as follows:

Captain, Harold Curran; first lieutenant, Meigs Brearly; second lieutenant, George Clark. Sergeants: First, Eugene Moreland; second, William Mathews; third, Lawrence Weaver; fourth, Roy Thompson; fifth, Robert Reedy. Corporals: Clarence Timmons, John Reick Coogan, Hubbard Quantrille, Richard Tennyly, Robert Willis.

The good work of these officers has already shown itself. In the Platoon Drill the F Company Platoons came second and fourth. A very good showing indeed!

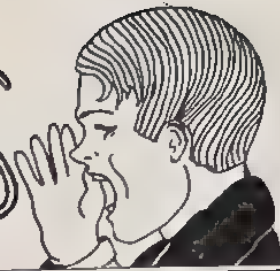
The numbers were all thrown in the hat the other day, and all of the company commanders drew for positions in the Final Drill which is to be held on May 24 and 25. B Company made a good start by drawing first place on the first day; they go on the field at 8:30 on the morning of May 24. They will be followed by F Company at 9, D Company at 9:30, A Company at 11, and C Company is to be the Exhibition Company and will go on at 3 p. m. in the evening of the second day, May 25.

AT ORATORICAL DANCE

Eastern seemed to have a monopoly on the crowd at the Oratorical Contest Dance at the Carlton Hotel April 18. Those attending were: Alvin Graves, James Dietz, Charles Critchfield, Theodore Bischoff, Helen Hughes, Virginia Barrett, Beryle Edmiston, Ethel Mae Frame, Paul Spalding, Carl Martin and Sam McGlathery.



PERSONALS



"Sheikie" West has caused many a boy to cast envious glances at his little sport roadster and Anna Gates has caused many a girl to cast envious glances at her place beside him in the little sport roadster.

Is it possible that Judson Reeves has fallen at last? The girl must have very winning ways. If you don't believe this, watch Room 24 after school.

Joe Tracy just pleads with Mr. Hart to start a boxing team. He insists that it would be easy for him to place Eastern in first place. Keep up the spirit, Joe, we know you'd die for the old school.

Edwin Holland—this young (rookie) gentleman bids fair to become Eastern's latest sheik.

Irene Angelia—take a tip from a good source and look up this young lady in Room 111. Oh! Yes! You've guessed it. She's a "Rookie."

Helen Magee may be small but "Oh my!" Already she has started taking many of her sister's suitors away. You may get a glimpse of her if you watch the Library door closely during the sixth period.

Dorothy Donohue has been a very kind and considerate young lady. She allows the Seniors to speak to her even though it bores her terribly.

A dark secret lies within the corridors of Eastern. Leila Milstead promised "someone" a reward for finding her watch. "He's" waiting patiently, Leila.

Marjorie Crown has picked her boy friend from the group of taller boys about school. If you know her you should congratulate our stage manager.

Carl Fogel and Grimes Seniff, who have entertained us so well with their clever clog dances, are rapidly gaining fame throughout the city with their lively feet. We knew they

were good and are glad to have them recognized as such.

"Now where has Phyllis Boyer gone?" Jimmie Munro tragically exclaims as he again loses sight of that fair lady. But, alas, Phyllis seems to have outside interests.

"Casey" Clifton lost her heel from her shoe three times last week. However, we're not a bit worried about her sole (soul).

Eaton Chalkley, once ably described as "the young gentleman of the emerald eyes and shell-like ears," has created quite a stir among the fair ones since his return last February. They all seem delighted to have him back.

Theodore Cappelli has been sitting in the Assembly Hall every day with Lois Magee. Lessons from his brother probably account for it, but then those athletes always have a strong appeal.

According to various fair Easternites, "Smoky Joe" Wood certainly lives up to his name. And where there's smoke, there's fire. Be careful, girls, don't get burnt.

"Freddie the Sheik" Stewart and Elizabeth Becquette are seen wandering around the halls together quite often. Fred has all the cow-boys beaten when it comes to throwing a line.

One sunlit Saturday morning, some younger members of the school (rookies), chaperoned by a few older girls, were playing beneath a spreading oaknut tree with Lucille Bixler's shoe. One wild throw sent the shoe into a nearby river. Upon hearing the wild and terrified cries of the little children, a dashing old gallant came galloping up with a life saver over his shoulder. Whiz! went the life saver! Plop! went the shoe as it sank to its watery grave. Alas! Moral to Freshmen: Never forget to respect the dignity of an upperclassman. Throw your own shoes overboard. (A True Story.)

Hold on, Margaret. We've seen Peggy McGarvey gracing more than one fraternity dance lately.

Crash! Bang! That's all right. Don't worry. Charles Johnson is back-stage composing some new lighting effect. What are a few broken bulbs to that inventive genius?

All the Senior girls are jealous of Alice O'Connor, their attractive rival for the hearts of our older male students.

Charles Kohler has greatly improved his French by his recent trip to Canada. He can say lots of nice things now.

A number of the young men of the Junior and Senior classes, weary of the wiles of the more sophisticated girls of the upper classes, have been enraptured by the youth, beauty and grace of our petite dancer, Miss Helen Geiger.

Ronald Van Tine has shown great promise of being one of the future men about town. He should be able to accomplish wonders with his society brand name.

Ask Dot Miller about the tough break she had when her boy friend called for her at school in his coupe. The tough break came when Dorothy found that she had to drive her own Ford home.

Marjorie Keim recently reigned with her "King" at George Washington's Inter Fraternity Prom.

Helen Kearney has pleased us all at past assemblies with her dancing feet and her equally dancing eyes.

Elva Greaver had the honor of attending at recent school dance with the latest sensational dancer, Mr. Rupert. Shades of Swanee!

Alvin Graves has a habit of accidentally meeting Leah Woods as she starts home. Yet every morning he is seen loitering about 332 waiting for a glimpse of Rosalie's golden hair. Fickle boy!

Clyde Richardson is showing great promise as an aspiring journalist. He is filling his new position as associate editor of THE EASTERNER quite successfully. Glad to see you make a scoop, Clyde.

Every lunch period is a happy period for Alma Van Gueder, for that's the time she catches a glimpse of Alvin Carroll.

So many of these little rookies are falling for the upper classmen. The latest is "Rusty" Brown's wild but vain crush on "Cy" Hogarth.

Frances Boss has quite an exciting time in the back of 207 with Ralph Day and Harvey Cogan.

Joe Cosimano has become quite a lady's man as well as a track star. Just watch him some afternoon.

"Them as has—gits." Bill Neuenhahn's car never lacks a fair passenger and usually it is filled to capacity limit.

We're still gasping over how handsome Allan Dryer looks in his new uniform as second lieutenant of Company A. Ruth Johnson thinks so too and that's the long and short of that.

James Dietz has proven to us that he is more than an orator. He's been stepping around to all the school dances lately and stepping high too.

Dorothy Robinette is proving herself to be even more independent by learning how to use a rifle—successfully. Be careful! She is fast becoming a dead shot.

Sammie Hook bids fair to take his brother's place in athletics at Eastern. He was a promising lightweight on the basketball squad and he is now making a good showing on the diamond.

Eastern has another laurel to add to its collection. In Eddie Canter we boast of the smallest candidate for the managership of a baseball team.

Eastern will soon be in the class with Paris, New York, and Miami, for setting styles—that is if Marian Gardner continues to wear those attractive frocks.

We wonder whose initials R. H. are in Betty Bambach's Economics book. Could it be the bank's handsome president?

SCHOOL news



"Green Stockings," by A. E. W. Mason, was Eastern's choice in the effort to retain the Brown University Cup which she won last year. The play was given on March 31 and April 1. There were two different casts. Those on Thursday night were: Helen Tucker, Eldred Wilson, Manuel Rice, Marian Gardner, Paul Spalding, Thelma Courtney, Margaret Cook, Beryle Edmiston, Burton Langhenry, Alan Mockabee, Russell Davis, and John Roper. Those on Friday night were: Dorothy Miller, Robert Himes, Manuel Rice, Ida Hommiller, Marian Gilmore, Robert Thompson, Leah Woods, Virginia Barrett, Alvin Graves, Russell Davis, Edwards Roberts, and John Roper.

Both casts acted the play excellently and the crowd was unusually large this year. Every one seemed to enjoy it. Due credit should be given to those of the faculty and the student body who worked to make it the success it was.

Assemblies

January 26—Dr. D. R. Kress, head of the Anti-Cigarette League, gave a talk on the "Evils of Smoking."

January 26—"The Mammals of the District of Columbia" was the subject of a talk given by Dr. Vernon Bailey of the Biological Survey of the District of Columbia during the seventh period. The talk was sponsored by the Science Club. Mr. Bailey is a well-known writer and he was a personal friend of the late President Theodore Roosevelt.

February 15-16—Mr. Rath and Theodore Entwisle gave a very interesting account of the track team's trip to Richmond University and their participation in the inter-scholastic track meet. On Wednesday Mr. R. C. Barnes conducted his musical half hour.

February 24—Coach Guyon presented basketball E's at an athletic assembly to the following players: Harry McAllister, Lewis Depro, Bernard Essex, Clarence Hogarth, Henry Hoffman, and Harry Bushong. Beryle Edmiston gave a short talk on fire prevention. Burton Langhenry spoke on the Spring Play.

February 25—John Quinn gave a talk on fire prevention and Burton Langhenry spoke again on the Spring Play.

March 15-16—A sketch by the Dramatic Association was given under the direction of Miss Webb of the English Department. On Wednesday Mr. R. C. Barnes gave the lower classmen a musical program.

March 22-23—Captain Harold Curran presented Company F at an assembly. Company F is formed of the rookies who entered Eastern in February. The Junior Glee Club sang the following songs: "In the Heart of the Hill," "In the Land of the Sky Blue Water," and "What Did Tennessee, Boys." A skit was presented to advertise the Spring Play.

March 26-27—The Dramatic Association gave a sketch advertising the Spring Play. On Tuesday Mr. Barnes had his half hour of Music Appreciation. On Wednesday Miss Stockett presented the girls' hiking club and basketball E's. The Woman's Federation presented a book to Virginia Barrett who was chosen as the most prominent girl in the senior class.

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Smith: What's Jones doing these days?

Brothers: Journalistic work.

Smith: Selling papers, I suppose.

* * *

A certain person we have heard of thinks a footpad is a rubber heel.

* * *

1st Golfer: I'm going to join a golf club.

2nd Nut: Which one?

1st: I think it's that new one, the "Niblick."

* * *

Lunch Room Etiquette

1. Soup should be seen and not heard. It should be gargled or yodeled.

2. If you want to imitate an orchestra get a cup of cocoa.

3. Gargle "Listerine" while eating cheese sandwiches.

4. Forks are not souvenirs. Don't take them home.

5. Do not leave tips for the cashiers. They knock down enough.

6. Don't stick chewing gum on the candy counter; it is liable to be sold again.

7. Anything that can not be eaten with the fingers should be daintily dropped upon the floor and stepped on.

8. Don't complain if you find a hair in the soup; one guy was lucky enough to find a wig.

* * *

Green—He comes from a long line of police who have died on the field of battle.

Stockings—I know; his father was half shot in a saloon when he was killed.

* * *

Windy—Why do you call that bum detective the shoemaker's enemy?

Mizer—Because he can't run his heels down.

Henry: How did you become a contortionist?

Drury: By trying to get a seat in the lunch-room.

* * *

Dr. Rothermel (calling roll): Davis!

Voice: Davis is absent.

Dr. Rothermel: Let Davis speak for himself.

* * *

Milk: Why don't you advertise for your lost dog?

Cream: The darn thing can't read.

* * *

Only the most expert marksman in Switzerland are chosen to shoot holes through the cheese.

* * *

"I know the ropes," said the warden as he hung the murderer.

* * *

Munro (in law): A corporation is an artificial creature.

Wise Guy: Do they have one in the Museum?

* * *

Mr. Rath: Rice, what is an estate?

Essex: Don't tell him, Bits; let him guess.

* * *

Seen on a Spanish paper: He was an orphan, the only son of an old bachelor.

* * *

Al Muelhaus is a lucky bird. He took Ethel Mae Frame to the B Staff C dance and actually got four dances with her.

* * *

Heard and Seen: "Spike" Martin's new champagne colored dogs.

Washee: What do you think of the revolution?

Shirtee: I don't like it. It takes too much work to get the blood out of the collars.

* * *

Speedy: I went to a swell party last night.

Spike: How swell?

Speedy: Some of the guys even had collars.

* * *

Mildred: I skipped some lines.

Pearl: Did Mr. Hart catch you?

* * *

Father: Young man, you had my daughter out tonight?

Y. M.: Don't mention it, old top; you can do me a favor sometime.

* * *

Lost

One slicker and a hat belonging to "Speedy" Spalding. The slicker was a bright mustard color and was large enough to hold a circus in. The hat was not quite so large. The finder will be allowed to take him to the Senior Prom.

* * *

Miss Egbert: Sam, did you and Ethel Mae do this work together?

McGlathery: Yes.

Miss Egbert: Then no wonder it's wrong.

* * *

Auto: Is Orpelia cross-eyed?

Science: I'll say. When she cries the tears run down her face in one stream.

* * *

Miss Birtwell: Tomorrow come prepared to take the life of Macaulay.

* * *

Diner: What's this for?

Waiter: Couverts, sir.

Diner: But I didn't order couverts.

An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

Yeh; it's cheaper, too.

* * *

To err is human; to brag about it collegiate.

He: I had a flat tire last night.

She: Give me a chance, will ya?

* * *

First Staff Member: I think I'll write some track news for THE EASTERNER.

Second Staff Member: Thinking is all the further you get, too.

* * *

I'm getting a pimple on my face.

What do you expect, a boil?

* * *

Is your girl hot?

Do you remember that Ford I had last week?

Yes.

Well, it burnt down.

* * *

People We'd Like to Shoot

1. All teachers (including Sunday School).
2. Funny guys who horse around at Childs'.
3. The guy who unties a bow tie.
4. The bird who leaves his cigarettes at home.
5. The bloke who copies your paper and makes more than you do.
6. The bimbo who gets his neck caught in your tires.
7. The party man who comes in late to get an individual reception.
8. The person who has no money for gas when he's riding in your car. (Male.)
9. The big time guy who recounts his experiences.
10. Edmund Burke, saxophone players, your old man, my old man, and any given person.

SPORTS

6-8 WINS

Sections 6-8 and 318-3 won the senior and junior titles, respectively, in Eastern's recent intramural basketball elimination series. The senior champions won three victories, the last being over Section 207-4 by a score of 23-16. Robert Tappan was manager, and Joe Cosimano, captain, of the 6-8 squad. The junior champions, under Benjamin Clark, manager, and Charles Stansbury, captain, won four games. The last and most decisive of these was the drubbing of Section 117-2 by a 32-16 score.

Mr. Rath was certainly optimistic over the track team's prospects at the start of the season. Enthusiastically he declared that he thought Brashears and Langhenry the best shot-putters that Eastern has ever had.

"They have accomplished enough in two weeks to place them in any meet except that with the Navy," added Mr. Rath.

Captain Talbert was forced to take things rather easy at the beginning of the season, owing to a touch of the gripe a short while before the Easter holidays. Coach Rath felt that it would be best to save him, as he will be needed for the bigger meets later on.

Ted Entwisle was changed from a long-distance runner, 880 yards, to a middle-distance runner, at 440 yards.

One mainstay of the track team is Cosimano. Joe has shown great form in the low hurdles. Two youngsters, Wynn and Kearns, are doing remarkably well for beginners in the pole vault. Buck O'Brien has rounded into form gradually. In the early meets Kenneth Clow showed that much may be expected of him in the future.

Keep your eye focused on Camera. That boy will be in the picture with both feet.

BASEBALL UNDER WAY

Bad weather at the start of the training season kept Eastern's baseball squad from engaging in as much outdoor practice as it should have had. In the squad of thirty-five men, there are many whose past performances lead us to believe that a very good year is in store for Eastern.

The battery of Quinn and Rankin seems to be as good as ever, the former being assisted by a string of pitchers such as Oehman, Hanna, and Gossett. Rankin is this year's captain, and if he retains the standard he has set during the past two years, Coach Guyon ought not to worry much about the catching.

Matthews, Massino, Hook, Lisinsky, Munro, Doerr, McDuffie, Cappelli, Shapiro, Kidwell, Whitney, McAllister, and Hoffman, are all very good prospects, according to the Chief.

This year there will be only one round of inter-high school games, but Eastern has eighteen other games on its schedule.

We suppose that most readers of the *EASTERNER* know little about, but are interested in the history of sports. The games which we play today, such as tennis, basketball, golf, and football, had their origins in far bygone ages. For instance, our first record of a ball game is in the *Odyssey*. Nausicaa, after making a wild pitch, trapped Odysseus asleep off base, though he afterwards came home after a long run on the bases.

Sometime later we hear of the English being fascinated by golf and football. The latter sport became so popular as to cause Parliament to enact a statute against it. It was thought by many sovereigns of England that all common people should be proficient in

archery, and that "fut ball" and golf detracted their attention from this sport. However, banning these games only served to increase their popularity. The football of those days differed from either American football or English soccer, in that there were no staid rules, and the number of players participating was unlimited. At times, whole towns would compete with one another. The game was more like soccer, in that the ball was kicked about on the ground, and there was no running with it or passing. City streets served as gridirons, and instead of eleven chosen players on a side, bakers, butchers, and artisans of all sorts would battle each other. Shakespeare in his *Comedy of Errors* mentions "spurning someone as he would a football," which shows that William may have in his youth been a star fullback at the Stratford Grammar School.

Golf seemed particularly attractive to the Scotch. Even today many of the world's best golfers come from Scotland.

Tennis is another of the sports played with a ball, which probably dates back somehow or other to Nausicaa in the *Odyssey*. The French were among the first modern peoples to take to tennis. Even the French royalty indulged in this sport, which they seem to have enjoyed immensely.

YOST TALKS

Here's what Fielding H. "Hurry Up" Yost says to the boys of Eastern through the *EASTERNER*:

"I'm very much impressed with your school and stadium. Here is your opportunity and you must take advantage of it. The stadium won't do you any good unless you use it. The amount of good you derive from it depends on yourselves."

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The Seniors have once again recovered their dignity by capturing the basketball championship, which, much to their surprise, was taken last year by the Freshmen. The Seniors had by no means an easy task, and are justly proud of their undefeated team. The secret of their success lay in the unfailing cooperation and real team work of the girls. Each one played for her class, and not for individual honor.

The Sophomores' unusual speed and their exceptionally good playing made the Senior vs. Sophomore game the most exciting one of the series. It was hotly contested from the beginning to the end. Neither side had a lead of more than a few points at any time during the game. Victory for the Seniors was not assured until the whistle sounded, and the game ended with a score of 33-32.

In the series the Seniors, by scoring 116 points, were not far ahead of the Sophomores, who totaled 109. The Juniors made a score of 78 and the Freshmen one of 62. Zemina Hawkins made the highest individual score.

The manager was heard to compliment the Sophomores on their ability and speed. Juniors, take the warning and be prepared to keep the Senior team always on top.

The crowning event of every season is the presentation of "E's" to those girls who have excelled in the sport and have been satisfactory in their studies. At an assembly on March 30 letters were awarded to the following girls:

Marion Gardner, forward; Zemina Hawkins, forward, captain; Eugenia Thompson, guard; Helen Seitz, forward; Lucille Bixler, forward; Helen Hughes, guard; Alice Elliott, forward; Ethle Alexander, guard; Alice Imlay, guard; Allie Sandridge, center; Mary Kelso, guard.

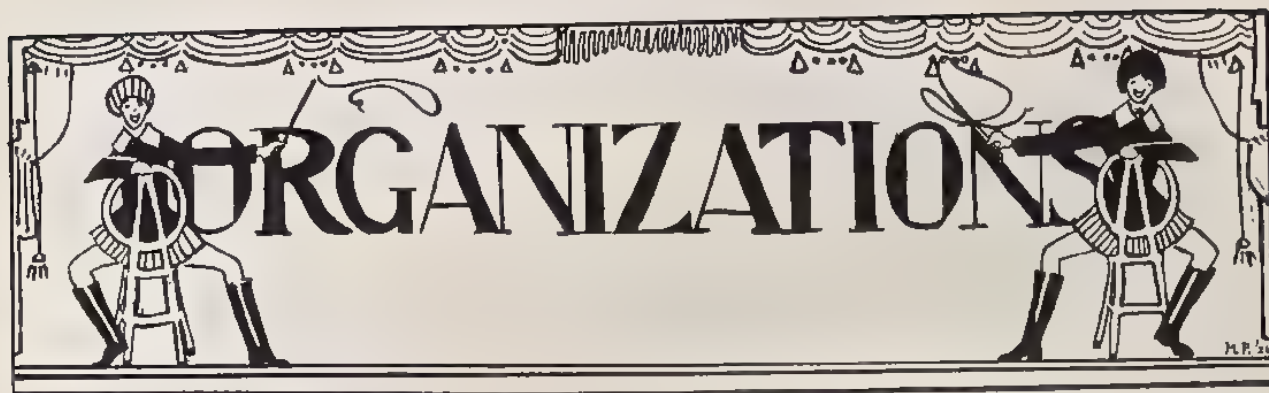
Much interest is felt by the girls at the approach of the tennis season. This modern adaptation of the game of royal or court tennis dates back to the twelfth century. It has been called the most popular of games, for it is

played in every country of the world by both men and women. Those wishing to play tennis here will have the opportunity of doing so under the direction of Miss Fosdick in the single tournament this spring.

Answers to Test Questions on Page 18

1. In 1890, the same year as Business and Western.
2. Capitol Hill High School.
3. On the third and fourth floors of the Peabody School, at Fifth Street and Stanton Park, Northeast.
4. In 1891, the first year of the school's existence, Eastern's first cadet company, under Captain Edwards of Central, won the Competitive Drill, then held indoors in what is now the Strand Theater.
5. In 1891, when Eastern first won the competitive drill, some of the girls of the school presented the winning company, F, with a basket of daisies, which became the company flower. Two years later, when Company G was organized, they adopted the forget-me-not. The white of the daisy and the blue of the forget-me-not were combined to form the school colors of today.
6. Yes; this practice was discontinued in 1908.
7. THE OWL. It was published during the first year. The EASTERNER was begun in 1895, four years later.
8. Charles Hart, '04.
9. Twice. In 1892 and 1897.
10. Miss Bertha Less Gardner, a member of the faculty. When the present building was opened, she wrote "Old Eastern," covering the period from 1890 to 1923.

In the olden days a lover won the heroine by playing a love ditty on his guitar. But in this up-to-date age it takes a jazz piano player such as Sackett Duryee to stir up the emotions of a well-known Senior girl.



Latin Club

The Latin Club has been holding its meetings every two weeks during the past semester. The activities are varied, including such interesting pastimes as the well-known Latin games. At the last meeting, the usual discussion took place, and, after that, plans were discussed for a Latin program to be held in the music room during the last part of May or sometime early in June. One of these Latin programs was held last year, but this year the Latin Club promises something bigger and better.

* * *

Science Club

Of late, the Science Club has been having discussional meetings, in which all the members take part. These meetings will be held in room 6 every two weeks. The club has also been making plans for procuring more speakers from the Geological Survey and from the Smithsonian Institute. Announcements will be made of the dates if the engagements of these speakers can be clinched.

* * *

Merrill Club

The Merrill Club recently gave an entertainment at the Friendship House. "Sauce for the Goslings" was presented. The cast included the following:

Mother.....	Leah Woods
Father	Edward Roberts
Elizabeth, their daughter....	Beryle Edmiston
Robert, their son.....	Robert Thompson
Grandmother.....	Ruth Johnson
James Ward.....	Alivin Graves

Orchestra

On April 6 the Eastern High School Orchestra went to Richmond to play at the Southern Conference of Music Supervisors. It was through the efforts of Mrs. Byram, whose hard work has brought the orchestra up to its present high standard, that this honor was bestowed on the Eastern Orchestra.

There are two orchestras now, a junior and a senior one. The junior orchestra, which is composed of less experienced players, played at the matinee performance of the Spring Play. The senior orchestra furnished the music for the evening performances of "Green Stockings."

* * *

Les Camarades

The members of Les Camarades held an official inspection of the new Y. M. C. A. building on April 1, after which a club supper was attended in the same place. The building is quite a fine one, and all of the girls are delighted with it.

An Easter dance was held on April 18 at the Blue Triangle hut.

During the Easter vacation the girls hiked to Vacation Lodge.

The Girl Reserves from all over the city are combining to give an operetta, "Marenka," on April 29 and April 30, at the new Y. W. C. A. building. Both Les Camarades and the Fidelis Club are taking important parts. The girls are very enthusiastic about it, and are putting their whole hearts into it.

Faculty Notes

Out of the six teachers who attended the Gregg Shorthand National Convention in Philadelphia at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel, four were from Eastern. They are Miss Baldwin, Miss Curtis, Miss Drumn and Miss Brannon.

The convention was held for the purpose of teaching new methods of teaching Gregg shorthand and typewriting. The best method to learn to write shorthand or typewriting, as was brought out by interesting talks by prominent men and women, is by music. With rhythm supplied by certain pieces of music, the students of shorthand and typewriting are more apt to make their touch and writing smoother. The teachers who attended the convention were quite pleased with these new methods and are employing them in their classes with great results. Our teachers were well entertained during their brief stay at the Quaker City, and thoroughly enjoyed the trip.

We see that Miss Dent has bought a brand new Chevrolet. She is learning to drive real well, too. Maybe, when some pupils are late for school and are waiting at a car stop on East Capitol Street, Miss Dent will pick them up.

Mrs. Bennett, formerly Miss Beam, has left Eastern. She went to Geneseo, Illinois, to meet her husband, who has been there for quite a while. Everyone will miss her very much, but she has promised to come back to visit us whenever she has a chance.

On Tuesday, April 12, Mrs. Bennett's section, 328, which is composed of all girls, gave her a farewell party. The desks served as individual tables. Cake, candy and ice cream were served. Mrs. Bennett's girls love her and will miss her. She expressed her appreciation to the girls and they all wished her happiness in her new home.

Miss Jonas and Miss Bell, of our Domestic Science and Art departments, were guests at the dinner of the First National Conference of the Good Housekeeping Magazine at the Mayflower Hotel on Friday, March 25. It was a

very interesting affair and Eastern is honored by having had two of her faculty members attend this important event.

Miss Milliken attended a luncheon at the Cafe Pierre on Saturday, March 26. The luncheon was given by the Teachers' Union.

The new teachers at Eastern, those who have been here only since February, are quite satisfied and contented in our midst. They are Mrs. Yokum, Miss Dunlap, Miss Blanford and Mr. Gambs. Miss Walter is back after spending four months at Central.

We knew it would happen sooner or later. Miss Birtwell, our own dear Miss Birtwell, has bobbed her hair! It is becoming and "so comfortable," adds Miss Birtwell.

Quite a few members of Eastern's faculty went a-traveling during the Easter holidays. Those who did not go away enjoyed the weather of Washington during the much appreciated week.

Miss Helen Anderson, of the Mathematics Department, visited in Maine and New Hampshire. Miss Anderson's engagement to Mr. James Moreland was announced several weeks ago.

The lovely weather in Atlantic City was enjoyed by Miss Birtwell. She spent the whole of Easter week there and reported a most enjoyable vacation.

Miss Johnson and Miss Dent went to Asheville, North Carolina. Although they did not go together, they most probably met each other there.

Miss Lohmann and Mr. Shorts chaperoned the Hiking Club on Wednesday, April 20. The hikers went to the Robinette home in Lanham, Maryland, where they were most royally entertained. The two chaperons did their duty and it was through no fault of theirs that hikers and chaperons got lost in the woods.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. Kochka took a few days' trip on their yacht. They had lovely weather for the trip and thoroughly enjoyed it, as yachting is their favorite sport.



I have received so many exchanges that my locker looks like a newsstand. There are papers from schools and colleges all over the country. Really, it is an awfully hard job to decide which papers should be mentioned on our page.

We are very pleased to acknowledge the receipt of the *Journal of Engineering* of the University of Virginia. It affords a great deal of interest to our students who wish to study engineering.

The University Hatchet, G. W. U., is of special interest to our student body as its staff contains several of our well known graduates.

High Lights, Griffin, Ga. You have a real live paper with an interesting assortment of news articles. The paper is of a convenient size.

The Aegis, Beverly, Mass., is a very attractive and enterprising magazine. Your literature is to be complimented. It is very interesting and well done.

The High School Sabethan, Sabetha, Kans. From some of the articles in your paper, your student body seems to be one to be proud of. It is really live, from start to finish, and one does not have to know the school to find things interesting to read.

* * *

Exchanges

Pop: What makes the world go 'round?

Bill: How often have I told you to keep out of the cellar?

* * *

"Now, I've got royal blood in me," said the mosquito as he bit Queen Marie.

* * *

Hey, there's a fly in my ice cream.

Good, teach him a lesson and let him freeze.

Bo: My girl has musical feet.

Zo: Whazzat?

Bo: Two flats.

* * *

"Yes," said the storekeeper, "I want a good bright boy to be partly indoors and partly outdoors."

"Good," said Felix, "but what becomes of me when the door slams shut?"

George Charnley, who honors the Print Shop with his presence during the sixth and seventh periods, insists on carrying printed matter to the business office. After careful consideration, Mr. Flynn concludes that the young ladies in the office have an influence over George's innocent nature.

The Tough Guy

Continued from page 11

"Why can't you? I've got to have a picture of a Coast Guardsman in action, and you've got to be it. What's the matter with you? Come on now, Brick, you promised. I've just got to have a picture to rewrite that story of the Coast Guardsman who was killed last night off the Jersey Coast."

Brick was energetically hustled into the distasteful uniform despite his somewhat incoherent protests. What would the "street" say? He, Brick Magee, in a uniform! Maybe they wouldn't recognize him. He'd turn his head and crouch down some. If Jimmy ever told, he'd murder him. It was an awkward, ill-at-ease young giant who confronted the camera. But his uniform fitted like a glove, and he was really handsome. There was a look in his eye that harbored no good for anyone who

crossed his path. Unconsciously, he looked most like that he pretended to despise.

But down in his heart a change was taking place. The spirit of the uniform, the spirit that moves us all when we listen to martial music and watch the uniformed men gallantly swing by, was working in him. The spirit of service, of duty, of self-sacrifice came over Brick Magee's being as he waited for his friend to adjust his camera. Unconsciously he crouched down and aimed his gun at an imaginary foe; maybe he visualized that foe as such a rum runner as had shot down his friend, Billy Hamlin. To complete the metamorphosis, he caught a glimpse of himself in a mirror. That reflection was convincing.

Then he thought of Billy Hamlin. Billy had died fighting like a man. And he remembered that Billy had gone down by the hand of a rum runner, such a one as he was on the road to becoming. Inwardly he reviewed his own career. What good was he, anyway? What good would he ever be?

More and more the spirit of that uniform gripped him, until he almost ceased to breathe at the possibilities that unfolded themselves to his eyes. He visualized himself as a Coast Guardsman, fighting for something worth while. What if he did get killed? Just as the old barkeep had said, it was better to die that way than by a rope or in the chair. And maybe he might get to be a captain or something. Who knew?

He woke as from a dream when he heard Jimmy say, "All right, Brick. That's all I want. Why, what's the matter? You look like you had seen a ghost. Look out there; don't run over me. Where are you going?"

"I'm going down and see about joining the Coast Guard," Brick flung back over his shoulder as he took the stairs three at a time.

The Spider

Continued from page 13

"I am sorry, Mr. Faggott, but I don't like that sort of politics. If ever I run for an office I shall expect votes only from those who believe in me and my platform."

"Well," said Faggott, "think it over, anyhow. Allow me to suggest that you consult some prominent citizen—Mr. Isaac Weber, president of the bank, for instance. Suppose I call for your decision next Saturday at this hour."

"Very good. That suits me," said Harold.

It was all so sudden and seemed so straightforward that Harold proceeded without delay to the office of Isaac Weber, with whom he had often had business dealings. The conversation with Weber was brief and to the point, and that gentleman flatteringly told Harold that he believed him to be one of the rising statesmen of the southwest. "Accept by all means," he said, in a tone which implied success.

Harold was pleased to know that such important men of the community, particularly Mr. Weber, should think so highly of him. Yet there must be "method in their madness," he thought, else why should they single out him as their choice for the liberal nomination? Before finally accepting, he decided to ask Johnny Walker, his most reliable reporter, if he could manage the *Tribune* during the campaign. Johnny, as he was affectionately known, had long been familiar with state politics and newspaper work. He could, therefore, easily handle the *Tribune* while Harold was campaigning.

"My young friend," said Johnny, when he heard of the proposal, "take the advice of an oldtimer and don't tie yourself up with Faggott. He's a political boss of the worst type and I wouldn't be surprised if he's hooked up with the Spider." Johnny then narrated to

Harold for the first time how Faggott, knowing beforehand that the Santa Rita Dam Bill was to be introduced in the legislature, got options at a low price on the lands of the disheartened valley farmers, intending to buy it if the bill passed. "But the eye of Senator Terry was quick to see this trick," continued Johnny, "so he blocked the passage of the bill. He's an honest one, Terry is."

Harold's mind was now made up. When Faggott called the next day he politely but firmly declined the proffered nomination. In reporting to the Spider, Faggott sullenly remarked that Standish was "one of those guys with a high sense of honor, who chews his own tobacco and spits where he pleases."

The campaign that year was marked by heated debates and fiery political addresses. Pat Faggott, after failing to interest Harold, lost no time in securing the liberal nomination for a citizen of reputable standing, but whose political beliefs were unknown. "Just what he wanted me for," thought Harold.

The Faggott crowd persistently preached to the people the benefits of the Santa Rita Dam Bill; how private capital could furnish the El Rita valley farmers with water at a cheaper rate than they could get it by any other system; and how the dam would insure against floods. Terry, on the other hand, showed the people that any corporation controlling such a dam would have the farmers at its mercy. He was favorable to the dam, by all means, but believed that it should be a public utility, owned and controlled by the state. The latter argument seemed more plausible to Harold, and he decided to visit Senator Terry.

The Senator was a fine old gentleman of about fifty, who lived with his beautiful daughter, Ethel. Harold received a cordial welcome, and discussed the political situation with Terry, whose sincerity and candor impressed him greatly.

"Mr. Standish, for years I've battled the Spider and men like Faggott. When this state was only a territory I fought them." The Senator paused as he noticed that Harold's interest had been suddenly diverted in another

direction. Turning about he saw his daughter, and immediately introduced them.

Harold prolonged his visit, and when he finally took his departure, it was with the promise to see them more frequently. He wanted to see the Senator about the campaign, and to see Ethel about—well—other things.

The counsel of old Johnny Walker and his visit to Senator Terry led Harold to support the conservative party, especially Terry, in the columns of the *Tribune*. Terry found the assistance of the *Tribune* of immeasurable value in his campaign. He was elected with many others who opposed the dam bill.

For once the Spider's machine had run amiss, and that individual was exceedingly wroth over the course of events. He remembered that Faggott had been the one to persuade him from his scheme of winning Terry over. It had also been Faggott who conceived the plan of supporting the liberal candidate. Now Terry had crushed them and Standish was their enemy. It might even be possible that Terry's followers would have the state build the dam. So exasperated was the Spider at results that he cut Faggott from his pay roll. The dethroned boss became enraged at this treatment and swore vengeance.

Although Terry could defeat the old Santa Rita bill in the new legislature he found that votes were at present lacking to pass his own bill. Public sentiment favorable to the latter must be aroused, and this he believed could be accomplished by bringing about a senatorial investigation of the alleged corruption in connection with the first Santa Rita bill. Faggott, seeing his chance for revenge, offered, through Terry, to tell the committee everything. With commendable promptness the investigation was held and for the first time the public learned from Faggott's testimony that Isaac Weber, president of the Los Pecos Trust Company, was the Spider; also, that if his plans had succeeded the farmers and ranchers of El Rita valley would have been compelled perpetually to pay an exorbitant rate for water rights. This startling revelation drew hundreds to

Terry's banner, and with the resulting added support in the legislature he was able to pass his own Santa Rita bill.

All this while the friendship of Ethel Terry and Harold Standish was increasing by leaps and bounds. It grew to such an extent that on the day Senator Terry's bill was passed their engagement was announced. Thus, while the Senator was untangling the Spider's web, Harold was weaving one of a much more delicate nature.

When Faggott had retired from politics and returned to his native home in the east, and the Spider, fearing prosecution, had departed for unknown shores, Terry's name became so conspicuous throughout the state that his election to the United States Senate was assured.

And thus was concluded an eventful chapter in the political history of the southwest.

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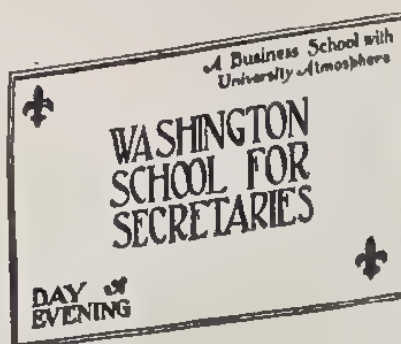
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Here is something for your thoughtful consideration: The higher you rise in the scale of education, the more you limit your competition. The hod carrier, for instance, is in competition with every man who can carry mortar, while the bricklayer competes only with men who have learned his trade. The skillful surgeon has only limited competition, while the great magazine writer has still less.

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If you have the aptitude and the real love for study and the ability to digest and get the full benefit of a higher education—together with the means to go to a college or University—we say, by all means make the best of your opportunity. However, if you lack the above requirements—we say finish your high school course first at any cost—no sacrifice is too great. The young person who does not finish high school is

greatly handicapped in whatever he may undertake in actual life.

After high school—we urge strongly a course of thorough business training like that offered by Southern Brothers Stewart Business University. Hundreds of Southern Brothers students and graduates took their business course with us between high school and college—hundreds of others came to us after they had finished their college or university courses.

A knowledge of shorthand and fundamentals of business will help you greatly during your college course—or will prove a fitting touch to a higher educational course.

We cordially invite you to see our school in our splendidly equipped quarters on the third and fourth floors of the New Adams building, on F Street, N. W.—between 13th and 14th street, right opposite the New Fox Theater. We court a thorough investigation—Our new 48 page catalogue is now on the press—send for it—it is free—gladly send it to you when it is finished.

The Easterner

EASTERN HIGH SCHOOL, WASHINGTON, D.C.

Motto: *Do Well, Do Better, Do Best.*

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NO. 1

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"He Travels Fast Who Travels Alone"



"He Travels Fast Who Travels Alone" is a rule well illustrated by Charles Augustus Lindbergh.

"Slim," as his friends call him, was born in Detroit, Michigan, twenty-five years ago to parents of Swedish descent. Charles, while very young, showed an interest in flying. He studied aviation, and could fly well by the time his father died in 1924. His father, who, through his son, had taken an interest in aviation too, asked, while dying, that his ashes be scattered over his farm from Lindy's plane. This Lindy did skilfully, but sorrowfully.

One of Lindbergh's outstanding physical characteristics is his clear blue eyes. His complexion is fair; his cheeks are rosy. His demeanor is modest to a point of shyness. For the latter reason, when in society, he generally waits to be spoken to before speaking.

On one occasion, however, he told of a bit of mischief which he and his comrades did. It reads thus:

A little after the St. Louis-Chicago Air Line was opened, the Department of Commerce sent an inspector to see about it. Since Charley and his friends did not like him very well, they went secretly to the room in a certain little Illinois hotel where the inspector was to sleep, and made him an "Apple Pie Bed." The inspector that night slipped in, as he thought, between the sheets; but his feet hit the fold in the sheet, and no matter how hard he pushed, he could not stretch out. The tighter he held the top hem, and the harder he kicked, the tighter the folded sheet became. He got out, and took the entire bed apart, trying to discover where the trouble lay. It was said afterwards that he made a report to the Department on the inadequate bedding of some Illinois hotels.

This story makes our hero seem more like us since we most likely have committed similar pranks ourselves. Every Easternite should feel a closer relationship to Lindy than others feel since we are not only of the same country and the same city, but also of the same school.

He went to Eastern from the fall of 1915 to the spring of 1916. So we are delighted to think that Lindy went to Eastern and was proud of its name and as interested in its doings as we are.

Perhaps Eastern helped to develop in Lindy the courage that urged him forward on his perilous journey to victory.

Lindy brought honor to our nation, to our city, and to our Eastern.

VIRGINIA COOKE, '28

BOYS—read the first editorial on page 14! It's addressed to you.



The Handsomest Man in Plattsville

BY DONALD CRAIG, '29

"Bob Deane, you're the handsomest man in Plattsville!" Thus Grace Wilkinson expressed an opinion to her fiancé, on an evening late in the summer of 1917.

To the rest of the world that evening was but one of many during the World War. To Plattsville it always will stand out as the occasion of the greatest sacrifice man can make, leaving his home to offer his life for his country. On the eve of departure the little town had turned out full strength to bid its youth farewell.

It is useless to describe the parting of Grace and Bob. The same had occurred with every war before, in every town and village, and will occur in every case to come where men are called to make the supreme sacrifice. Yet Grace felt, as she looked up at her soldier friend, that none could have been so hard a parting as theirs, and Bob, as he gazed at the little Red-Cross nurse before him, swore to be true to her ideal, a strong, upright "handsomest man in Plattsville." Thus they parted both to place their all on the altar of democracy.

Training camp, transport, France! Thus we find the young soldier alighting on the soil which was to be the burial ground of so many of his comrades. The seemingly interminable weeks that followed he spent in another training camp. This time he became acquainted with the sound of actual warfare, where only a few miles away the civilized nations of the earth were slaughtering one another. Then came the order—he afterward wondered why he cheered it. "Move to the Front!"

The life which followed may be summed up thus in their sequence: mud and cold coffee, a bit of living hell, and an endless journey in a Red Cross ambulance. As the hospital became full he was discharged and the sequence began again—mud and coffee, more hell, a longer ride in an ambulance. This last if he was lucky; if not, he lay in a shell-hole without assistance. It was in one of these shell-holes that Bob Deane, "the handsomest man in Plattsville" died, and Bob Deane, "the freak of the War," emerged.

The figurative death took place in what was

chronologically speaking about one minute. To the victim it was a month of nights and days, burned on his memory as shell after shell burst and scattered in the heavens above him. A sudden sharp pain in one leg, which crumpled under the weight of his body, and he was on his face in the mud. Someone laughed, "Never mind, buddy, I'll kill two of 'em so you—" the voice was drowned in a shell which burst between them. Bob attempted to rise and was thrown back into the shell-hole amid a shower of flame, shrapnel and smoke. How many hours he lay there he never knew. Nor did he this time impatiently endure the endless ride in the ambulance.

When he awoke he was in a hospital near Paris, far from the scenes of battle. Here he remained till that memorable day when the armistice was signed and the world re-echoed the cry—Peace! Most of the soldiers in the hospital laughed and cried at the thought of seeing their loved ones again. The "Freak" only cried. He who had met shot and shell unflinchingly refused to meet the outstretched arms of a girl. For what she awaited was not he, the man with one leg, one side of his face shot away, the freak of the War. Thus reasoned Bob, without taking into consideration that the strings might yet be pulled with compassion and justice.

One day about three weeks later he received a letter from Grace. She stated that she would remain in France to complete her work in the hospitals on the Belgian front. It would be easy, she said, to run over to Paris and see him once in a while.

"See me!" laughed Bob. "Who wants to see me? In a side show perhaps."

Then his face became sober.

"Grace Wilkinson," he exclaimed as he crumpled the letter, "here's where I tell you the first lie of my life."

He sat down at the little table in the corner of the room to answer the letter. Again his emotions did what the horror of battle and blood had fail-

(Continued on page 26)

In Praise of a Trap Drummer

By H. GIFFORD IRION. '28

Somewhat wearied by a meaningless movie, I allow myself to wander idly to other things, and lose myself in unconnected thought. While in this state of mental retreat, my ears are startled by a blazing fanfare of trumpets, augmented by a savage rub-a-dub-dub from the soul-stirring drums. Immediately I picture a scene at eventide in an African village; the tribal tom-toms beating out a weird but well conceived rhythm. Then I recall my thoughts and remember that I am in a theatre, for the great, smooth curtains recoil to either side of the stage, where are seated twelve musical gentlemen and a trap-drummer.

After the first resounding chord the saxophones groan, the trumpets blare, and the orchestra, audience,—everything is in motion. The first part of the number melts away in the air, and now the drummer of the sheep skins, who as yet has taken things easy, awaiting the supreme moment, starts to sing. (In a charitable spirit we give him the benefit of the doubt.) After two lines of the chorus he fiercely dashes at the cymbals. These resist with much clamor, but he is undaunted. Two more lines, then a well planned flank attack on a battery of gongs, bells, dish-pans, and whatnot. The fight is now telling on him, and the folks in the ringside—I beg pardon—the orchestra circle, are yelling, probably for a knockout. Three more lines—a groan and a salvo from the tom-toms. It now looks as though he might last through the chorus. But the strenuous gymnastics which he has been performing along with the song are tiring him mightily. Suddenly he is down! He is knocked out! No, he is only assulting some drum hidden away from my view. It's the last four lines. He becomes enraged and swings rights and lefts with fast fury at the cymbals, drums, and his entire equipment. The last line—he struggles, chokes, and with desperate wriggling effort, he gargles it. The audience about the arena—pardon me again; I forget that I'm in an F 'treet movie house—enthusiastically applauds this feat of super-belligerency, when to our surprise we find that it is not over. The heroic drummer has vanquished everything but one huge cymbal. This

he deals a jaw-breaking uppercut, and with a spin-piercing howl, it admits its defeat.

The audience does not wait for the orchestra to complete the number. Promptly recognizing this valiant deed, it applauds wildly and deafeningly. Finally the orchestra stops its noise and the director takes the applause. (He in the meantime has performed gyrations for which a normal man would need an operation.) But the crowd calls for the trap-drummer. With the assistance of the tuba player that individual regains his equilibrium and stands. Now it is evidently the audience's turn to go mad, as they clap and howl strange cries which sound very like "Black Bottom"—"Down with Mussolini." This continues through several succeeding numbers. In the midst of the roar and confusion, the organist enters unnoticed and gracefully drifts into the melody of the good old home song "There's a Cottage Small by a Waterfall," and the curtain descends as Colleen LaPlante or Adolphe Chaplin, or some other celebrity, is flashed on the screen.

A COMMON TRAGEDY

It happened one day on the "down" stairway during the rush between the sixth and seventh periods. The heroine was coming, oh, so slowly, down the steps, followed by the hero. Both were travelling calmly along to class, at peace with all the world.

They parted amiably at the foot of the stairs, the girl going in the direction of the gym, happily unconscious of the impending tragedy.

Enter the villain. Someone appeared from somewhere, passed the young lady, and disappeared again into somewhere. The heroine turned quickly, with an unladylike exclamation and pressed her fingers against her arm. When she drew them away—ugh! What a horrid purple streak! And how it hurt!

Oh, if the members of the Brotherhood of Long Pen Carriers would only carry their pens with the inky points in their books!

R. F. B.

Major Maish Comes To Eastern

The Ordnance Department furnishes the big guns of the army with ammunition; Major A. W. Maish, a former ordnance officer, will furnish the big guns of Eastern's cadet regiment with advice. Those acquainted with the major's career will agree that Eastern is exceedingly fortunate in having as military instructor a man of his training and ability.

Major Maish spent his boyhood days in this city. After attending the public schools and Friends' School, he went to Western. Here, in company H, he learned what cadet life is, what it means to a boy, and what cadet spirit is — for cadet spirit exists, in a greater or lesser degree, in every high school.

A year at Washington and Lee University, and Major Maish became a cadet at West Point. His cadet days at the Academy prepared him for a distinguish military career and inculcated in him that traditional West Point patriotism which the layman knows to be one of the finest features of military training. After he was commissioned a second-lieutenant of infantry, his first post was at Governor's Island, New York. After a time he was detailed to the Ordnance Department and served at most of the arsenals of the United States.

"Join the army and see the world." This is a true slogan, 'or Major Maish has, in a military capacity, seen service not only in the United States, but in the Philippines, Europe, Asia and Central America.

During the summer of 1912, the Major went abroad and visited England, France, Germany, and Italy, in a tour which he himself describes as "a glorious summer". While in England, he attended the British maneuvers at Salisbury Plain and for ten days was attached as a subaltern to the Royal Scots.

"It was one of the greatest experiences of my life," said the Major, "to be with this regiment. It was founded several hundred years ago and, as you may well imagine, was rich in tradition. I was particularly impressed by the way the British knew our own Civil War history. If I had not ridden up and down the Shenandoah Valley myself, I should have been at a disadvantage in

talking with them of Jackson's valley campaign.

In Germany he witnessed the last Kaiser maneuvers.

"I was surprised," he said, "to hear so much talk of war, and that was in the summer of 1912."

When the United States took arms against Germany, Major Maish, again in the Ordnance Department, was first assigned to the office of the Chief of Ordnance. Later he was ordered to France as assistant to the Chief Ordnance Officer, and here was promoted to the rank of Colonel, and decorated. After his retirement from the army for disabilities incurred in the war, he was detailed as military instructor at Central, from which he resigned in 1925 to accept a position in civil life. Now he is back, this time with Eastern's own regiment.

You can't get the men who served in France to talk very much about their experiences. But if you are interested, go to room 211 and see Major Maish himself. As he is one of us now he will be glad to know you and talk with you. Let him see his interest in us is appreciated, show him the old Eastern spirit that won in '16, '21, '23. About our start, he says:

"We have our own regiment and five full companies that have started splendidly. Their spirit is high and the officers excellent. With the students and teachers behind us we should have a winning year".

H.G.I.

Rookies

Rookies are such funny folks
Mentioned in so many jokes
Many are so very small
They're seldom ever seen at all,

While others with improper mien
Are rightly judged wherever seen,
Making such a great ado
Are recognized whate'er they do.

But taking rookies 'neath our wing,
They will be taught 'most everything
By patient upper-classmen dear
And will love Eastern more each year.

AGNES GAILLAGHER, '29

SO THEY SAY

Want a hot tip on a sure thing? Just bet on Eastern to win the competitive drill. According to their captains, each company has the drill cinched. We asked them to say a word or two for publication as to what ideas they had concerning the drill, and here's what they said:

Chester Pyles, of Co. A

"About A Company I would tell many things. There is a real spirit in the Company, a spirit that we feel sure will carry our Company to victory, not only in the competitive drill, but in the other competitions of the year."

James Dietz, of Co. B

"The old question is 'What are you going to do with your Company?' There is only one worthwhile thing to do with a company, and the members of Company B, the officers, non-coms, and the privates are really going to work to make it a real military organization and to fit themselves to ably represent Eastern in the various competitions during the year, and then to win the drill."

Gifford Irion, of Co. C

"The contender who gets a good start has an excellent chance to win the race. Company C has made an exceptionally good start. I have never worked with better lieutenants and non-commissioned officers. With reasonable support from the students and teachers we should bring Eastern honors."

Ralph Watt, of Co. D

"For the first time in years more than half of the privates are experienced men. In view of the fact that Company D of former years has done commendable work with an overwhelming majority of rookies, there is but one conclusion. It is that with steady work by officers, non-commissioned officers, and privates, the majority of whom are experienced, there can be but one result."

Theodore Bishoff, of Co. F

"At the time this is written I have had only one drill day with F Company. Nevertheless, in spite of this short acquaintance, I gladly admit that I am pleased with the discipline and spirit shown by the members of that company. We hope to make a good showing in the Competitive Drill and wish the best of luck to our Eastern competitors."

ABROAD WITH A GYM TEACHER

Interview By Marlon Fick, '29

While most of us were violating the laws of the District of Columbia last summer by shooting fire-crackers, Miss Imogene Stockett, girls' gymnasium teacher at Eastern, was tramping the hills of old England.

She was hiking in the country (hiking seems to have quite an appeal for Miss Stockett!). On her right was the Bristol Channel with the opposite shores a hazy blue on the horizon. To her left was a wood in which grew the wild fuchsia typical of England.

She had gone but a little way when she met an Englishman and his wife, who were traveling also. As soon as they heard her talk they exclaimed, "American?" Then followed the inevitable question of most Englishmen, "Have you had tea?"

Miss Stockett said that she had not, so the Englishman suggested that they have it together and celebrate the anniversary of American Independence. As they talked over tea-cups Miss Stockett felt "quite at home" with the friendly English couple. They explained that the English are anxious to promote a clearer understanding and a warmer friendship between the United States and England. Here also was one of the several times that she heard it prophesied that English-speaking people should, in the future, rule the world.

While in this land she also visited Eton College, where many noted authors have studied. The students there wear high silk hats, broad white collars, and long white trousers. She noticed that they all seemed very serious—not at all like the students at Eastern.

During her stay across the Atlantic she visited Norway, where she went on a thirteen-day tour as far north as North Cape. At this point the sun is visible at midnight. While inside the Arctic Circle, she experienced the clearest, balmiest weather of the trip. This phenomenon is explained by the presence of the Gulf Stream in these northern waters.

She must have felt at home when she reached Paris where the Lindbergh doll was quite a fad. It is a typical, long, thin French doll dressed as

(Continued on page 26)

GREAT OAKS FROM LITTLE ACORNS GROW—AND HOW!

By Donald A. Craig, '29

The next time you pass the old Peabody School at 4th and Staunton Place, N.E., cast your eyes up to the top floor. Picture the old windows and walls minus the dust of thirty-seven years.

Within your gaze lies Eastern High School!

Little hard to swallow, isn't it, especially when the image of the present school is fresh in your memory?

And yet one needs only to refer to a copy of the OWL, the forerunner of the EASTERNER, to recognize that even then there was in evidence the spirit which still marks Eastern among the schools of the city.

What if they did have an enrollment of only one hundred and seventy, an immense faculty of eight? What if they did have to have football practice and cadet drill in the middle of the street? Such trials encouraged rather than discouraged the pioneers of Eastern.

An example of this spirit? I refer you to the cadet records. Out of a total male student enrollment of sixty-four in that first year Eastern formed a company (rookies, of course), and under officers from Central WON the Competitive Drill. The OWL has quite an account of this drill. This selection sums up the spirit of the article: "—Company F, the company that so nobly carried off the honors in the competitive drill of the High School Cadet Battalion at the Academy of Music (now the Strand Theater) and then 'painted the town red and white.'"

After two years in Peabody, the building we now affectionately speak of as "Old Eastern" was opened. The enthusiasm of the students over the then new and spacious school was unbounded. The following excerpts from the EASTERNER, which was begun with the opening of the new building, show what the present little Hine Junior High meant to the entering students:

"How we revel in our large well-equipped laboratories, in our pretty sunny library, — and in the exhibition hall with its raised floor and real opera chairs, and dressing rooms on either

THE EASTERN HIGH BRANCH LIBRARY

Those Easternites who have been in the new Eastern High branch public library, which opened October 1, must have noticed a radical change in its appearance. The shelves, which were formerly occupied only by dust, are now lined with books. There are red books, green books, blue books, gray books, fiction and non-fiction, biography, romance, travel, and adventure.

The collection of children's books is excellent. These volumes are bound attractively, and many of them have numerous full-page, full-color illustrations. Any kid could forget his woes in the midst of such a collection as there is here. A special part of the room is set off for the children.

A very fine collection of current magazines is another feature of the branch.

Behind this library are the resources of the central library. One may apply in advance for books here, and they will be procured from the main building. Deliveries are made twice a week.

The hours of this branch are as follows: Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, 9 A.M.-5 P.M.; Tuesdays and Thursdays, 1:30-9 P.M.; Saturdays, 9 A.M.-noon.

Miss Margaret Shipley, the librarian, and her able assistant, Miss Elizabeth B. Mills, have everything ship-shape and are ready to serve the general public in an accomodating way.

side of the stage,----- and without any boasting it may be said that this is the finest high school drill hall in the District."

The first year in the new school was filled with victory and glory. The football team won the championship, and judging from some of the pictures of the winning team, it must have been some game in those days. Not satisfied with this victory a second rookie company won the Drill, this time at Poli's, then Albaugh's Opera House.

The close of this year also witnessed the first graduation. This was held in conjunction with all the other high schools at Convention Hall.

The thirty long years Eastern occupied the old building were sprinkled with victories and honor in every line. (Football included).

School News

Eastern Cadets Start Year With Hopes

At the close of the day on the twenty-fifth of last May, the cadets of Eastern were gloomy; they were blue. Eastern had lost another competitive drill. But that was not all; she had lost Major Payne, who was henceforth to spend all his time at Western. We wondered what the effect of our defeat and the loss of our instructor would be; how many companies we would have in 1927-28; whether we would have any.

Now our fears are dispelled. Eastern has come back strong. And though no memories of victory cheered them on, five full companies have been recruited. At least one more company will be added. We now have our own regiment, with Lieutenant Colonel Matthews in command; the First and Second Battalions being commanded by Majors Johnson and Lawson.

Furthermore, we now have a military instructor of our own, Major Alexander U. Maish, a graduate of West Point, and a veteran of the World War. From the very first day of drill he has inspired us with enthusiasm and confidence.

So things look rosy for Eastern cadets. Our five promising captains Pyles, Dietz, Irion, Watt, and Bischoff add to our confidence. With our support they are bound to win honor for us.

CONTEMPORARIES

At the same time Eastern was realizing one of its longest cherished ambitions by organizing its much discussed cadet band, Western also got busy, and now has some twenty musicians drilling under the joint supervision of Major Payne, late of Eastern, and Sergeant Hess. Mr. Manoly will, of course, teach the boys how to play, if necessary.

Central and Tech, as usual, have bands. Need more be said?

THE SODALITAS MEET

The Sodalitas held its first meeting Tuesday, October 11, when the following new officers were elected: President, Genevieve Spence; Vice-President, Wiley Magee; Recording-secretary, Jean Hoch; and Corresponding-secretary, Louise Burgess. The club will meet on alternating Tuesdays during this year. Those members who have dropped Latin from their programs have been voted honorary members.

Great things are expected of the club in its third year of existence. Several Latin plays and talks will be given during the year, in keeping with the policy adopted last year.

Locker Boy!

The locker room has been moved from room 4 to room 127. This transfer has not hampered the flourishing business in any way, and although a new system has been inaugurated, everything is smooth sailing so far.

The lockers were cleaned, repaired, renovated, and rejuvenated this summer, by Mr. Shorts and his first lieutenant, John Riecks. Marshall Grinder, Edwin Ross, and Clarence Hartman assist in the locker room.

Journalism Class In Fourth Year

The journalistic writing class is starting its fourth year with an exceptionally large enrollment. This course is for aspiring newspaper workers, and is very appealing to those interested in this field of endeavor. Miss Egbert has several tours and some interesting talks by prominent newspaper men planned for the class. The "noses for news" should be well developed when they finish this year.

Footlights again

Last year Eastern presented a hit in the musical comedy, "The Gypsy Rover." This year a vaudeville show is announced for November 17 and 18 as the annual fall presentation.

ADVANCED COURSE IN BIOLOGY REVIVED

This year we find third and fourth semester biology revived with a class of fifteen, after a lapse of only a year. Again the study begins with birds, and continues with mammals. In that it deals with these two classes of vertebrates, it might almost be termed zoology.

Incidentally, this advanced biology is an exceptionally well-arranged course, which fits in perfectly with the first year, and covers sufficient ground to satisfy any college requirements for the credit.

Physics Course Changes

Some changes have taken place in the course of study for the advanced physics and this year a class of seven is studying Lodges' Mechanics instead of commercial electricity, heretofore studied. The consensus of opinion among the students concerned is that it is "a change for the better."

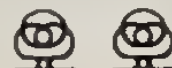
No Advanced Chemistry

This year finds Mr. Suter without an advanced chemistry class for the first time in several years. He looks so lonesome and blue that some of his close friends ought to volunteer to come down to the lab a couple of afternoons after school and break two or three test tubes to make him feel more at home.

Rifle Club Optimistic

Louis Hayes and "Al" Bean will be greatly missed by the Boys' Rifle Team, but the boys are optimistic as they still have James Dietz and Frank Rodgers. There are quite a few boys out for the Team this year, as Mr. Haworth, the faculty adviser, will testify.

Frank Rodgers was elected captain, and James Dietz, assistant-captain.





The Orchestra

Not to be outdone by the band, the orchestra stepped out and increased its membership by the acquisition of several new wind and string instruments, to say nothing of a new drum. For the first time in several years Eastern boasts a scientific drummer.

But one instrument is needed, and needed badly, and that is a 'cello. Alvin Carroll's departure has left a hole in the string section that is going to be mighty hard to fill. Mrs. Byram has two rookie 'cellists but she doesn't feel that they are quite ripe for the big time music gang.

Debating

The Debating Society's plans for this year include the formation of a team, and if the proposal to this effect is carried out Eastern will be represented in another form, and will have something else to win. Miss Bucknam feels that if enough enthusiasm is manifested there is a possibility of obtaining an "E" in this connection.

The Girls' Rifle Club

Although the Girls' Rifle Club was somewhat weakened by graduation, there are still some hopes for it since Helen Terrel, Dorothy Thume, and Marie Angelico are captain, manager, and secretary, respectively.

The Clogging Class

Mr. Simons' Clogging Class is doing regular work every morning at 8:15. Although the class has not been very well advertised, twenty-eight boys answered the call. Through no special effort on Mr. Simon's part, the class is gathering renown. The Post desired a picture of the class for publication.

There are rumors of a class for girls, but of this nothing very definite has been heard.

Hiking Club

The problem of the traffic is daily becoming more serious to the hiking club. The hikers usually ride out beyond the traffic before starting their hike; but since the traffic extends so far out, the rides take longer than the actual hike. Any possible solutions would be greatly welcomed by Miss Stockett.

The officers chosen at the recent election were: Virginia Daker, President; Julia Fick, Vice-President; Rhoda Hatton, Secretary.

The Hi-Y

The Hi-Y has grown amazingly in its few short years of existence at Eastern. So much, in fact, that the "Y" has generously provided a larger club-room to accommodate the increasing membership. The members, by the way, intend to make the club much better and more active this year than heretofore.

"We want to make this a real, active club," said President Grant Van Demark; and he is nobly backed up by Vice-President James Dietz and Secretary Ralph Watt.

The first event of importance on the year's program was a dance given on October 28 at the Spanish Gardens of the Washington Hotel. Bran Hughes furnished the rhythm.

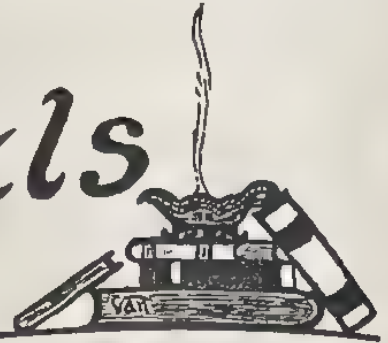
All of the fellows like Frank Bancroft, the new "Y" adviser and Earle B. Fuller's young successor.

Spare the Towels

Go easy on the towels, please!! After having to fight tooth and nail to get them, we find that they fit the containers as Shoemaker's football uniform fits him. So just because they are lying around within easy reach, don't use two where one would do.



Editorials



BETTER LATE THAN NEVER

The cadet call to arms has sounded. Already about three hundred earnest and loyal Eastern boys have responded and are making a greater effort than ever before to win the competitive drill. Are you among that number? If not, you are passing up an excellent opportunity to fulfill your obligation to the school activities. Consider whether you should serve or avoid serving Eastern in this respect, and please remember that at school as in life you are expected to give as well as to receive.

Of course we do not suspect that any Easternite will wish to shirk his duty; we merely want to remind each non-cadet that he is losing a chance, and a golden one. You undoubtedly intend to serve your school in one or more ways. Perhaps your time is so limited so that you may not participate in dramatics, oratory, athletics, or the Easterner staff. Cadet service requires but two drill periods a week, and in return for your effort, builds your mind and body. And if every Eastern cadet really does his duty by working faithfully throughout the year, there surely will be added to the winning flag a Light Blue and White ribbon. And to win the drill is high school's greatest thrill. You'll find it out yourself, boy; just ask Mr. Shorts for an enlistment blank. It's like getting a free ticket to the Path of Glory, and it doesn't lead to the grave either.

HITCH YOUR WAGON TO A STAR

This is a bit of advice addressed to the rookies, who, Heaven be praised, are always with us. Each year the *EASTERNER* has emphasized the importance of starting at once to fulfill your duties to yourself and to the school. It would indeed be an oversight if the *EASTERNER* failed to reiterate this customary counsel.

Your high school career will be one of the fore-

most periods of your life. You have before you four or two years, as the case may be, which is not as long a time as it may seem. If you commence now to put your best efforts into your studies and into your school activities, your task later on will be lighter and you will have more chance to score a success. If you dally with your work one year, — one semester, you will slip so much behind your more alert classmates. Later in your school life you will deeply regret your indifference. Spend your hours wisely and you'll find plenty of time for recreation.

You are enrolled in a fine school. Start at once to build yourself an enviable place in its membership. The chances you now have will never come again. Get the most out of your classes or, as they say, "get your money's worth." Enter some activity, one which particularly appeals to you, and stick to it. Work in your classes and out of them and you're bound to get on. Follow the lead of the upper-classmen — they've had experience — and some day you'll be a leader yourself. Go to it, rookie, — we're with you!

WE'RE LISTENING

Most everyone with opinions likes to air them. Easternites are not exceptions. Therefore, the *Easterner* has decided to open a page to those wishing to give expressions to their views. This applies to faculty, alumni, and parents, as well as students. You may have in mind some novel feature to enhance the *Easterner*. Or in a moment of exultation you may care to praise something or someone. Again you may be in a reflective mood and wish to give vent to well-pondered criticism. At any rate, you may do any or all of these things and many more if you will take the slight time and trouble to write a letter to the editor. Do it now or at any time during the school year. We're listening.



PERSONALS



Miss Wood (to Boys' Glee Club): Now sing the first part unaccompanied and for the second part I'll come in with the piano.

Voice: You'll need some help.

Now that Audrey Bernhardt is a senior, we suppose that she won't glance in the direction of a certain rookie boy friend. However, time will tell!

Ask me another! what's in a jelly-roll? The way to Coach's heart is through such. So, girls, take heed!

Eastern has one "Dashing Romeo," anyway. Or how would Capelli know so much about "winking" to write an essay on it?

Hazen Shey plans to corner the market on the selling of smoked glasses during the next eclipse of the sun.

John (Buddy) May, the blond sheik of 3184, is "coming along" in the estimations of Eastern's weaker sex.

Charles Critchfield, our alchemist, has found a beauty process which does away with face lifting.

Her many friends welcome Ida Cannon back to Eastern to finish her course.

To Helen Magee, Millard Sniffen is a weighty subject.

Latona is so absent-minded that when Miss Taylor asked him if he had the first hour free, he answered, "No, ma'am, I have study."

"Shrimp" Schulman had better look to his laurels. If that cute little freshman, Barry Cook, joins the Cadets, Schulman can't profess to be the smallest cadet.

Besides our sharpshooter, Eastern was well represented at camp by the versatile lover, Ralph Watt, "Mr. Eastern;" Chester Pyles, the "blonde saint;" Herbie Cooper, the camp' windjammer; and Teddy Bishoff, the curly-haired Don Juan.

Dan Hartranft thinks that George Washington University is the home for aged high school boys.

Although Donald Craig considers himself a gentleman, he has decided that he prefers brunettes. Watch for Dot Houser's dark locks.

Have you noticed how sharp Violet Miller is looking now? And we thought her heart would be broken because Roscoe didn't come back to school.

As Eaton Chalkley dashed down the field to his memorable touch-down, in the game with Culvert Hall, another admirer was added to his already lengthy string. Helen Kearney became infatuated and now everything is "Eaton!"

Again we use the old adage, "Gentlemen prefer blondes," but in this case it proves that either Grant Van Denmark is no gentleman or—Anyhow he and Gladys Kramer are having it hot and heavy.

Curtis Curtin was driving about the Speedway with the lady of his dreams when "hang!" went the tire. Having no spare, they rode very prosaically home on the clanking rim.

Rumors say that Helen Byers is staying over because Edwin Ross is still at Eastern. Eddie, is it so???

Kenneth Burgess is the lone, lone boy in a roomfull of girls in Major Drawing! And how!

Darkness, like charity, covereth a multitude of sins. But even darkness was not obscure enough to cover the sins of a certain senior, who, throwing all dignity to the winds, skated down Pennsylvania Avenue. Then he capped the climax the following evening when he was seen emerging from a store blissfully licking an ice cream cone.

We wonder whose ring Janice Atherton is wearing!

"Sap" Allman was at Eastern the other day having his fond farewell before he left for college. As he turned to go, Rachel Neidomanski cried tearfully yet coyly, "Good bye, Sap!" And thus ends another romance.

Didn't you pity the freshmen on the first day of school? Even members of the office force gently told them that there was a registration fee to the amount of five dollars.

Note: Several actually fell.

Ralph Day's little brother has moved into his section but instead of being shocked at Ralph's antics, he is merely rather bored. Evidently he's used to him by now.

Jimmy Dietz upheld the traditions of the rifle team by winning a marksman medal at cadet camp this summer.

The girls just wouldn't let Billie Boswell alone so he's left us for Devitt Prep where men are men and women are a nuisance.

"Breezy" Fabrizio is still the beloved little sheik and wit of 207.

Mr. Shorts certainly has a flaming class in Cicero the 6th period. Those red dresses of Jane Menefee, Marion Fick, and Elizabeth Bequette give fiery color to the scene.



FOOTBALL

Coach Guyon called his gridiron or would-be Red Grangers out a week before school started. This shows that the clever mentor means real business. There are about forty boys working daily in the stadium. The members of last fall's aggregation who are still with us are Capt. Holland, Tom Nally, Al Cole, Paul Lawson, Ches Pyles, Court Hayden and Harold Witherite. Jimmy Munro is also in our midst but he will be unavailable for the first game. Eastern was hard hit by graduation and the failure of some players to return to school. The entire backfield, namely, Zambreny, Langhenry, Allman and O'Brien, were lost via the sheepskin route. Dawson, Brashears, Cosimano, and Shipstead are those absent from the forward wall. In spite of this loss the outlook is more than bright. Many new faces are seen on the field. The handsome Eaton Chalkley, who has been in and out of Eastern a few times, is being banked on as a mainstay. Mike McCarthey, Joe Healy, and Eddie Hoff are other outstanding newcomers. Juddy Reeves, erstwhile sandlot performer, will probably call signals for the Guyon eleven. Reeves played a little last year but has produced so impressively here of late that he looms as an important cog in the Eastern outfit. Court Hayden and Ches Pyles have improved a great deal. They will bear watching this fall. Tom Nally is the same wizz as of old and if you care to know just how good that is, ask anyone who has played against him or come and see him perform. Ray Fisher, "Possum" Holland, Skip Faber, Hartstall, "Babe" Sniffin, and Joe Healy are battling for positions in

the center of the line. On the end positions we will see either "Smoky Joe" Wood, Harold Witherite, or Eaton Chalkley. Wood was around last year but he sustained a broken toe in practice and was incapacitated. He will probably take care of the punting. Kenny Clow, Walter Fry, and Paul Lawson are likely candidates for backfield positions. Lawson looked good last year until he turned his ankle.

There is a wealth of material in the squad. The team has fared favorably in practice engagements and it should develop into a very formidable one.

Medal Awtrds

The Gonzaga High School is going to give a gold medal to the winner of a two mile race to be held in Eastern's stadium, October 26. The race will take place just before the game between Gonzaga and Eastern. Such men as Ben McCullough, Neal O'Brien, Chester Miles, Frank Miles, and Ted Entwisle will enter from Eastern.

Captain Holland

This year's captain is Frank Holland, better known as "Possum" Holland. The fall of 1925 saw "Possum" in an Eastern football uniform for the first time. He did not play that year, but last year he played in all of the scholastic games. Frank plays tackle.

When questioned upon the prospects of the season, "Possum" said: "The team looks better than it did last year and seems to have more confidence. We assure you a fight for the championship".

TECH-EASTERN GAME October 21, 1927

It seems as though Tech is a kind of jinx to Eastern, the former defeating Eastern's football team again this year, 27-0. This is a smaller score than handed the Lincoln Parkers last year. There was a crowd of about 2,000 attending the game, a good part of which was composed of Easternites.

Tech scored early in the game through a pass from Lawson intercepted by Florence who raced 75 yards to a touch down. A forty yard pass from Mills to Edelbert resulted in a second touchdown. During the third quarter Tech was not effective against the Eastern defensive. The fourth quarter, however, carried the fatal blow. Guy intercepted a pass and carried the ball within scoring distance. It was then carried over by Kriemelmeyer. The final score was made by Mills who turned a kick from Billy Wood into a touch down by means of a brilliant 50 yard run. It was the talented toe of Kriemelmeyer that kicked three out of the four attempts to score the extra point.

Captain "Possum" Holland and Billy Wood were the outstanding players in Eastern's defense. Big "Tom" Nally, however, played a sparkling game at tackle. The big fellow was knocked out twice, neither time, however, prohibiting his playing the entire game. Billy Wood's sterling punting, shown throughout the game, was sensational.

The third quarter seemed to give the Eastern warriors new spirit. With Eddie Hoff carrying the ball, Eastern made several substantial

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Track Team Starts Work Under Rath

The year's track team will miss excellent services rendered by its old stars, Sam McGlathery, "Buck" O'Brien, and Henry Talbert. The captain for this year has not been officially announced but Ted Entwisle has been acting captain since the beginning of practice. Coach Rath is very much pleased with the response to his call for track candidates. Three days a week thirty seven boys, clad in track suits, are working out on the city path.

Mr. Rath is fairly well supplied with men for short dashes. "Skinny" Rogerson is expected to fill the place of Henry Talbert by persistent practice. Aubrey Martin, Kennie Clow, Albert Tolson and Wallace Hughes are also exceptionally fast.

For the longer runs, such as the 440 and 880 yard dashes and the mile run, Eastern may well depend upon Ted Entwisle, champion half-miler in the city; the Miles twins, Chester and Frank; Frank Whitney; George Shorb; and Neal O'Brien, brother of the famous "Buck."

The high hurdles, probably the most picturesque of the races, will be cleared by Bushong. The low hurdles will run by Arthur Hayes, "Buddy" May, and Ted Cappelli.

Kennie Clow and "Heinie" Hoffman will attempt to bring the honors to Eastern in the broad jump.

Eastern has the most need for men who have ability in the field events. Eastern almost won the track meet last year. Coach Rath urges all men who have any of the needed talent to report to him in his office after school.

In the field meets Eastern has Chester Pyles and Courtney Hayden for the shot put. The loss of Langhenry will be felt most in this particular field.

The javelin will be thrown by "Heinie" Hoffman and Warren Anderson. Anderson is also a good discuss thrower.

Bushong, Capelli, and Hutchinson will attempt to set new high jump records this year.

Eastern's hopes for the pole vault are centered upon Herman Riley and Joe Wynn.

Eastern Shows Grit Against Calvert Hall

Although Calvert Hall acquired a 7 to 0 lead soon after the kick off, the gritty Easternites tied the score in the second quarter. This was made possible by Chalkley's sensational recovery of a Calvert Hall fumble which he converted into an Eastern touchdown. The extra point was easily made. Eastern's line showed very creditable form throughout the game. A field goal, followed by another touchdown and kick during the final period, decided the game 17-7 in Calvert Hall's favor.

Big Chief Tumbles

The Winton Athletic Club defeated Coach Guyon's Easternites, 13-0 in a practice game held in our stadium. The game was close and well played, the visitors having a slight edge upon Eastern.

Chief Guyon, while coaching the team, got in the way of an end run being made by the Wintons. "The Chief" went down and the entire team piled on top of him. He was up in a minute, however, and escaped without any injuries with the exception of a bruised thumb. This may have reminded Coach of his old days at Carlisle.

Girls' Sports

Apparently the one and only topic of conversation for some of our seniors is Kamp Kahlert. According to all reports, the girls who went there this summer have had a splendid time. They have come back at the end of their vacation in fine fettle for making this year a successful one for girls' sports at Eastern.

The program this fall for organized girls' sport is evenly divided between tennis, hockey, and that best loved of all games, basket-ball.

The first half of the tennis season which was played last spring consisted of a singles tournament, won by Theresa Breen, and her runner-up, Mary Kelso. These girls received their letters for their fine playing.

This fall plans have been made for a doubles tournament under the supervision of Miss Fosdick. Twenty-four girls have entered and have already started work. Their invincible

Breen-Kelso team, which has carried off all the honors for the past three years, is playing again.

The following are the partners who are to take part in this tournament.

Allie Sandridge, 2233
Mary Pruitt, 2233
Jane Monette, 2184
Helen Terrell, 2200
Margaret Wilkinson, 2065
Grace Haley, 2065
Elizabeth Thorn, 2205
Helen Thomas, 2205
Helen Nordstrom, 2183
Mary Connor, 2246
Frances Boss, 2065
Gwendolyn Rusk, 2075
Dorothy Kelso, 1153
Helen Breen, 2246
Ella Reznick, 2217
Mary Wiles, 2075

The first round is an elimination contest, part of which has already been played. When this is over the four teams left will play in a round robin, each team playing the other once. The finalists will be awarded the letter. Great things are expected from these girls, as there is some splendid material among them.

Field hockey, which won so much favor last year and the year before, will probably be the next event on the sports program. In spite of bruised shins and other more or less important injuries, the so-called gentler sex takes to this game with surprising zest.

The Hiking Club is in full swing again. In order to win the athletic "E" in the Hiking club, a member must walk one hundred miles in the school year. For each hundred miles over that amount she is awarded a blue star to wear with her "E."

The ambition of these girls is colossal. They want to walk the one hundred miles in one hike.

All notices for hikes will be posted on official sports bulletin board outside Room 130.

Tech-Eastern Game October 21, 1927

(Continued from page 16)

gains but failed to get within scoring distance.

Although Eastern lost her first game, there is no use in giving up the fight. One may recall that last year the season ended in a deadlock.

The Poets' Corner

To the Non-Enlisted

Truly an organization that any school might be proud
of.
This thing the cadets,
Where one is taught to obey and to hold up the honor
of Eastern.
Is there a boy in the school unwilling to call this a
duty?
Surely you will not delay
To enlist in the cause of your high school.
Think of the honor you bring to yourself as to your
classmates.
Think of the training you get
To help you in growing to manhood.
Not a girl in the school
Whose heart does not thrill when she sees you
Marching erect on parade
Standing most rigid inspection.
Why do you overlook the opportunity given?
Only a few years of school and you will be earning a
living.
Now is the time to enlist.
Success upon you is dependent.
Eastern must come to the front;
The honor is ours!
We can make it!

DOROTHY SECREST, '29.

The Dancers

"Just for tonight—
"We are the universe!" their souls sing,
As they are caught in a whirlpool of rhythm.
"Time stands still for us, delaying the dawn.
"Until we are through, there is no tomorrow—
"Life was made for us; we are life
"Tonight!"
The clock says one-thirty and the dark hall hears it.
The shadows have gathered
Under a blanket of dark.
Where are the dancers? No matter!
They have taken with them
Life, in a rhythmic waltz tune;
Life, for which time stands still.

—Ruth Bell, '28

Gladys

Her eyes are blue as summer skies,
Her lashes long and black,
She has a smile you'd walk mile
To see, now, that's a fact.
Her raven hair is soft as silk;
Her voice, like music, lingers.
In form she is divinely fair
As if touched by fairy fingers.

CATHERINE BIXLER, '29

The Sea

Can you see a sandy seashore,
Yellow 'neath the glistening sun?
Can you feel a soft breeze stirring,
And listen while the beach birds hum?
Can you hear a lapping, lapping
Of a sea upon its shore,
On its sands forever rolling,
On its sands forever more?

What can this mighty ocean tell us?
Things that we would dread to hear:
Ships, sunk now beneath its waves,
Filled with men that knew no fear.
'Tis this tale it mournfully whispers,
Of a sea upon its shore,
On its sands forever rolling,
On its sands forever more.

Now the golden sun is setting,
A ball of fire into the sea.
And I hear a moaning, moaning
As the wind sweeps 'cross the lea.
Still I hear that lapping, lapping
Of a sea upon its shore,
On its sands forever rolling,
On its sands forever more.

DOROTHY DUNMIRE, '28

A Parody on "The Skelton in Armor"

Speak, speak, than fearful preacher,
Known as a major teacher,
See not this frightened creature,
And come to daunt me,
At once your eyes do glare,
And me you will not spare,
Look as if asking where

My lessons might be,
All up and down my row
Your eyes dart to and fro,
Please look for one who knows
That which you taught me.
She spied my guilty look
Heard how my poor heart shook.
Then I took up my book,

For the monster caught me.
Up I rise from my seat
Sag upon my shaky feet
Try to calm my heart's wild beat
Pretending to know it.
I started the lesson well,
But in the middle fell,
Came then, my friend the bell,
But did I show it?

CECILIA ROSSNER, '29

Faculty Page

"The Faculty will tell;
The Faculty won't tell;
Blessed be the name of the Faculty."

Such is the experience I have gained the last few weeks. Some of the faculty are responsive to my timid questioning! Most of them are not! But still, "Blessed be the name of the Faculty."

All of us are naturally interested in the vacations of the faculty. Especially are we interested in the vacations of Mr. Hart, our principal, and Miss Watts, our assistant principal. Mr. Hart spent the summer in his "shack" at Bluemont, Va., while Miss Watts had a pleasant time at Atlantic City.

Many of the teachers this past summer have attended university summerschool. For instance, Mr. Shorts attained his master's degree at Columbia University, Mrs. Denning studied at George Washington, and Miss Lohmann at Colorado University. But Miss Johnson and Miss Boyd went to the same school that Mary's little lamb did. To be exact, they went touring through the New England states in "Guiselda Tudor," as Miss Johnson calls her patient Ford. "Guiselda" deserves her name as she traveled 2300 miles without any flat tires, or any nervous breakdowns. I should imagine Miss Boyd would be continually saying to the poor thing:

"Push in your chair and keep quiet."

Three others of the faculty went to Maine. They were: Miss Moore, Miss Gardner, and Miss Wilkins. Each is enthusiastic over the beauties of Maine -- the lovely scenery along its rocky coast, and its delightfully picturesque cottages. To put it in the words of Miss Gardner, "Maine is just about as near Heaven as you can get."

Miss Arnold went to Canada this summer but she doesn't seem to remember anything interesting she did. Now doesn't that seem queer for Miss Arnold? If we had the nerve we might ask her just what she had over in Canada that so retarded her memory.

The science department starts its year with renewed vigor as Mr. Haworth returns after a year at Johns Hopkins working for a degree.

We are glad that Mr. Collins is back from Business even if his appearance is very embarrassing since he is continually asking for the "dollar which ain't."

Miss Dent and Mrs. Staples each spent a part of the summer in the "Land of the Sky" near Asheville, N. C.

Have you seen Miss Wines' new Chevrolet? It is one of the shining wonders around school. Of course she spent the summer learning how to drive it so that she would be in no danger of injuring its artistic lines and values.

One day playing golf with the thermometer at 105 degrees! The next day standing on Pikes Peak with the glory of pearly snow surrounding you! Such is the graphic story of Miss Culbertson's summer spent in the West. But still she says, "East is nicest!"

Miss Egbert spent a part of the summer near the foothills of the Blue Ridge in Virginia.

Miss Stockett, Miss Birtwell, and Miss Blanford each spent a delightful summer abroad. We hope to be able to discuss in detail their experiences in the next issue.

Miss Henderson was at Lake Saranac, New York.

Miss Bucknam spent a restful summer on beautiful Lake George, with the rest of her family.

There were two social functions for the faculty this summer. The first, a bridge party, was given by Miss Holmes on July the third. At this Mrs. Denning captured first prize. On the twentieth of July, Miss Bell gave an afternoon tea for the faculty.

Five New Teachers at Eastern!

This year, Eastern has the addition of five new members to its faculty. Take my word, they are each real additions, too.

Mrs. A. B. Hedges, a Middlewesterner, last year attended Columbia University. The year before that she was a substitute in Washington High Schools and so, as she says, she can judge our school in comparison with other Washington High Schools. According to her, Eastern has

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A Smile

Ask Me Another

The following conversation took place during a physical examination of freshmen:

Mr. Simon: Calf?

Frosh: Fourteen inches.

Mr. Simon: Thigh?

Frosh: Twenty-six inches.

Mr. Simon: Neck?

Frosh: Yes.

Hubby Limited

Hubby: Have you ever loved before?

Wife: No, dear, I have often admired men for their strength, courage, good-looks, or intelligence, but with you, dear it is all love, nothing else.

No Spring Chicken

"How old is Edith?"

"Don't know, but everybody was overcome by the heat from the candles at her last birthday party."

Daughter's Costume

Mother: What did you do with that darling costume you wore to the ball?

Lois McGee: I glued it in my scrap book.

"It looks like rain today," said the milkman, as he poured the customary quart of milk

"It always does," replied the housewife, significantly.

The good are the poor; the poor are pedestrians; the good die young.

Try and Get It

The Rookie had just deposited a nickel in a public telephone.

Operator: Number, please.

Rookie: Number, nothin', I want my chewing gum.

A story is going the rounds to the effect that Mr. Rick installed a new-fangled carburetor invented by Courtney Hayden, that saves twenty per cent in gas. Then he put in special spark plugs designed by Walter Fry, that save twenty per cent of the same precious fluid; and an intake super-heater that was made by Frank Ebaugh to save twenty per cent. He next put in a rear axle constructed by Henry Tripp to save twenty per cent; and he retired with a new set of tires manufactured by Paul Lawson, guaranteed to save another twenty per cent. Finally, he drained his crank case and refilled it with a new oil furnished by Mouse Milder to increase his mileage twenty per cent.

Now with a fuel economy of 120%, Mr. Rick has to stop every 100 miles and bail out the gas tank to keep it from running over.

Attention, Miss Boyd!

Charlie Miller: What is that, that smells so funny in the library?

Ira Ryan: It must be the dead silence they keep in here all the time.

No Hydrant Near

"At last a place to park," cried Columbus as he discovered the new world.

Totally Blind

Boss: Mike, how did the accident happen?

Mike: Well, boss, ye see, 'twas like this, I was drivin' me truck up Fifteenth Street, when I had to stop suddenly, and a fellow in a big Packard crashed into the rear end of me truck. Shure, it didn't hurt his machine very much, but he jumped off and ran up to me shakin' his fist, sir. "Hey, you little Harp, why didn't you stick out your hand?" "Stick out me hand," says I? "Ye dang fool, if ye couldn't see the truck how the devil could ye see me hand?"

EASTERN'S BOOK LIST

Always individual, THE EASTERNER herewith presents its own book list. As yet it has not received the approval of the English Department, but if a selection is made from this list for a report you are at liberty to persuade your teacher of its value.

"How to Make the Football Team"—By Charlie Miller

"Women I have Known"—By Herbert Cooper

"The Art and Science of Skipping," or "Personal Reminiscences of Eastern"—(Name withheld)

"Pupils I Have Flunked in History," or "The Four Million"—By Mr. Guilford

"My Wild Irish Rose"—By Sam Zola

"Cheating The Barber"—By Robert McCormick

"IT" (Including a chapter on Practical Application)—By James Dietz

"Doohickies," or "Wiffles and Wangdoodles"—By Willard Beatzner

Mrs. Staples (in Algebra class): Suppose you went to a store and wanted to buy three yards of muslin, with what would the storekeeper divide it? Wise student: Scissors.

Silently one by one, in the infinite stretches of class books, blossom the lovely "D's," the forget-me-nots of the students.

Seen on an English 4 paper: James Russell Lowell died in 1891, a finished gentleman.

In Math. Class:

Miss Taylor: Never call zero nothing, because no one knows what it really is.

Donald Craig: Teacher, I know! It's ice cream

Miss Walter told her class in English 3 to put the title of their compositions on the first line of their paper.

Two sheets bore the following headings:

"English 3, or A Nightmare."

"English 3, —At the mercy of a bear."

Red Paint—No Parking

Dale Snell: Say, Al, how did you get that red on your lips?

Al Cole: That's my tag for parking too long in ne place.

"Does your husband play golf, Mrs. Jones?"

"No indeed, that was the parrot."

Allee Samee

Porter: How would you like to sleep—head first or feet first?

Traveling Salesman: Well, if it's all the same to you. I'll sleep all at the same time.

Roxy, over radio: We certainly had a distinguished audience at the opening of our new theater in Washington last week.

Bishoff: Why, I didn't know he saw me there.

Historical Echoes

A rusty, decrepit, stooped, and ailing 1915 Hivver was seen going down Pennsylvania Avenue with a smooty sign reading: "I DO NOT CHOOSE TO RUN IN 1928."

Probably the weaker sex would like silk stockings that would say the same thing.

Any girl can be gay
in a class coupe
In a taxi they all can be
jolly
But the firl worth while is
the one who can smile
When you take her home
in a trolley.

Ches Pyles: A little bird told me what kind of a l wyer your father is.

Paul Lawson: What did he say?

Ches: Cheep, cheep.

Paul: Well, a duck told me what kind of a doctor your old man is.

Fools rush into traffic and are angels when they're dead, we hope.

Sweet Young Thing

He (teaching her to drive): In case of emergency, the first thing you want to do is put on the brake.

She: Why, I though, it came with the car.

Customer: You sold me a car about two weeks ago.

Salesman: How do you like it?

First Ditto: I want you to tell me everything you said about the car all over again. I'm getting discouraged.

Both Missed

Husband: I miss the old spittoon since it's gone.

Wife: You missed it before. That's why it's gone.

White Light Notes

SCREEN

STAGE

Washington drama lovers through all of their days will sing the praise of the National Theater Players' production, "Seventh Heaven." In fact, we do not expect to see many performances such as that given by John Warner as Chico. Speaking of "Seventh Heaven," it might be mentioned that Clifford Kettler, a former Easternite, did a commendable bit of acting as the "sewer rat". It seems that they have such things in Paris. But we shall forget "Seventh Heaven" soon for there are promising things on the horizon.

"The Desert Song" will come here when New York gets through with it. But the difficulty is that when a show finishes its New York run the actors and actresses are ready for the old folks at home. Nevertheless, "The Desert Song" will come as will "Rito Rita," "The Spider," "Pick wick," "Hit the Deck," and others.

"The Desert Song" would be very mediocre if not for its excellent musical score. For this, the credit goes to Sigmund Romberg. We saw the production this last summer in New York, and were immensely pleased. Eddie Buzzell is a clever comedian, and Robert Halliday is a severe test to a maiden's heart with his princely appearance and enticing voice, but the *la belle dame*, Ethel Louise Wright, was most pleasing to our eyes and ears. "The Desert Song" is worth your attendance.

We notice that Winthrop Ames' opera company is presenting "The Mikado" in the "Big town." To quote the author of this masterpiece, Gilbert and Sullivan "wear well."

The first production of the "Pirates of Penzance" was in 1878, yet the same opera last spring thrilled audiences at Poli's theater. We certainly expect no less than a thrill from the immortal "Mikado." Its closing lines may be applied to the present run in New York:

"With joyous shout and ringing cheer,
Inaugurate our new career!"

"Did the speaker electrify his audience?"

"No, he merely gassed it."

--Voice of South High--

Once upon a time, as we shall tell our grandchildren, there was a form of entertainment known as the "silent drama."

Then a man named Rothafel began offering divertissements to supplement his films. This presentation policy of the now famous Roxy spread like wildfire, and has been adopted by nearly all the photoplay houses of the country. This statement is qualified by "nearly all" since here and there may be found a first-run house that has resisted the invasion. But these thoroughbreds are few.

In Washington the latest half-breed is the new Fox, under the personal direction of Roxy. As is printed on the elaborate programs, it is "truly an Achievement." In fact, it is almost a realization of what seems to be Roxy's goal: a movie theater without movies.

This humble scribe was among the heaven-blessed few that attended the formal opening of this fairyland. Settling in the magnificent seat, to which we were shown by a magnificent usher in a magnificent uniform, I began to think that at last the nation's capital possessed a really magnificent movie theater.

But alas, it was not so.

At the close of every number I pressed the girl friend's hand. "The next must be a movie," I whispered. Yet no, out of fourteen units on the program three were screen numbers!

However, it matters not to me. What movie can compare with a Roxy prologue?

The other newcomers in the Washington movie world are the Little Theater and its older brother, Wardman Park, both operated by the Motion Picture Guild.

In direct defiance to the presentation policy the programs at the Little are, with the exception of the overture, devoid of any entertainment other than that on the screen. But no stone is left unturned by the Guild to find the cream of film production, new or old, domestic or foreign,

(Continued on page 27)

Book Reviews

MARCHING ON

By James Boyd
Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.
Reviewed by H. Gifford Irion

If the historical novel ever returns to popularity it will probably be through the pen of James Boyd. *Drums* brought him renown; *Marching On* brought him fame. As in most modern character studies, the author never leaves the hero during the course of the book. James Fraser, a lad of good family but small means, is the central figure. His parents are on a financial level with the so-called "poor white trash," but his mother's sensitive pride and his own inborn refinement place them in a class between the rich planters and the poverty-stricken "cracker" element.

James falls in love with a planter's daughter. Like his mother, he is sensitive about his social position and foolishly allows himself to be offended by a remark of the girl of his heart. His troubles start here, and he goes from bad to worse, but the Civil War breaks out in time to save him from moral ruin. He enlists in the Confederate Army and after many trying experiences is taken prisoner. Toward the end of the war he is exchanged and returns home.

The character development of James Fraser from the timid, self-conscious boy to the strong, admirable man, is the keynote of the book. A beautiful romance runs through the story....not the usual modern sentimentality, but an inspiring devotion. The maneuvers of Jackson's army are well described from the common soldier's standpoint, and the word-picture of Antietam is excellent. Although a note of sadness mingled with touches of southern humor runs throughout the volume, the ending is satisfying to the reader.

All in all, it is head and shoulders above most current novels and is a classic among historical fiction. Read it and be carried back to the romantic South of pre-Civil War days.

THE ASTOUNDING CRIME ON TORRINGTON ROAD

by William Gillette
Harper Bros., New York.
Reviewed by Charles Jarrett

In writing this clever tale of adventure and crime, Mr. Gillette has several qualities entirely absent from the professional detective story author in the first place, he uses his own style, and an original one. Secondly, he invents complications in his plot as he goes along. Thirdly, he shows at moments a deep interest in making his characters real people. In this story they are not puppets with active revolvers and high-powered motor cars. They are alert, human, and in several instances inspiring.

He begins the story calmly, quite as you and I might chance upon some dramatic episode. One man tells a story; another man, overhearing a conversation in a restaurant, adds much that is important. By the time the somewhat complicated material begins to take shape, the readers of Mr. Gillette's novel will have their full measure of suspense, excitement, and thrills. Torrington road is near Boston. Perhaps it is in Jamaica Plains, or possibly it is in West Roxbury. In either case we see a large, imposing, old-fashioned house, the residence of Michael Cripps, who liked to spend his large income on his relatives and younger friends. Haworth, a fine young man interested in mechanical inventions, is left sole heir to the Torrington road property on the death of Mr. Cripps. Soon a relative, hitherto unwelcome, arrives, with his wife, Edith. Findlay is a drunkard and a liar. But he is cleverly drawn, and the subsequent love story told by Mr. Gillette has beauty and tragedy. In fact, taken out of the setting of intrigue and mystery, the romance between the young inventor and the unhappy wife is beautiful and moving.

The crime when it occurs is both astounding and baffling. In his leisurely way the author goes on with each thread which might perhaps lead to a discovery of the criminal, giving attention to

(Continued on page 27)

ALUMNI

STOP! FRESHMAN!

The epithet "green" is frequently applied to high school freshmen, as many of us have learned from sad experience. One of the subjects on which freshmen are particularly "green" is the Alumni Association.

The dictionary defines "alumnus" as a graduate. The Eastern High School Alumni Association is an association of Eastern High graduates.

Our alumni have done many things for Eastern. They have presented the school with a large white and blue bus used principally to carry the athletic teams to the games. Eastern has the distinction of being the only high school in Washington owning its own bus. The greatest project of the Association has been the erection of a bronze flag-staff memorial to the alumni who died in the Spanish-American and World Wars. This staff is the one which stands directly in front of the main entrance. Alumni also contributed to the memory of Miss Margaret Merrill, a former teacher. These are big things but there are scores of others the organization has done for the school.

We Easternites have a great many things to be proud of and the Alumni Association is not the least of them.

Our alumni are liable to turn up almost any and everywhere. The number of different walks of life they represent is really astonishing.

Here are a few examples:

Dr. C. C. Fletcher, 1899, a scientist in the employ of the Department of Agriculture, was a member of the First International Soil Congress which toured the United States and Canada last summer. Dr. Fletcher is a member of the American Chemical Society, the American Society of Agronomy, the American Genetic Society, and the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He is also the author of several scientific articles.

Christopher S. Tenley, '17, has spent the summer studying music in Paris.

Mr. Edwin Moore, '22, is taking the music

courses at Harvard University this winter. Mr. Moore is a pianist of great ability. He played in Major Music Assemblies while at Eastern and was for a time the pianist for the orchestra.

Evelyn Scott, '27, is establishing a branch department for violin teaching at the Washington College of Music.

Minnie Hoxsey, '24, who is so well-remembered at Eastern for her fine piano playing, has matriculated at George Washington University and is entering her second year there.

Then for scholar and author we have Karl G. Pearson, '23, who graduated from Princeton in June. Mr. Pearson was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. He has been awarded a \$1,000 fellowship in English at the Graduate School of Princeton. He was an habitual winner of prizes for his literary efforts during his high school career.

Paul Butz, '27, and his friend Leigh Ronning, '27, went to Sweden last summer where they spent two months. "A wonderful time was had by all." Leigh is a student at George Washington this year and Paul goes to Maryland.

Lyman Brashears, '27, is also a student of George Washington.

Helen Brashears, '27, and Laura Barrett, '26, are attending American University.

The following clipping appeared in a recent issue of the Sunday Star:

"Paul Doerr, '24, of Washington, president of the senior class at the University of Maryland, has been selected to command the Reserve Officers' Training Corps, it has been announced by Major R. S. Lytle, head of the military department. Doerr's rank is lieutenant-colonel. In addition to his other activities, he is a member of the varsity La Crosse team."

An account of the services of James A. Burns, 1897, in behalf of the Spanish War Veterans appeared in a recent issue of the Washington Star.

Mr. Burns is at present department judge advocate of the District Spanish War Veterans.

Paul Spalding, '27, who was editor of the Easterner last year, is working for the District

(Continued on page 25)

Exchange Editor's Annouecement.

The exchange page this year is to be different from those of previous years. We are planning to print the three best exchange articles received during the period between each issue. Exchange jokes and short poems will also be used for fillers. We hope that we shall hear from other schools in regard to our paper. The exchanges may be used to improve our paper, and keep us in touch with other schools. Here goes for a happy and successful year.

Alumui

(Continued from Page 25)

Lawyers' Washington Title Association and taking the law course at George Washington University.

Earl G. Jonscher, '11, was recently awarded the Victor B. Deyber \$25 prize in investments by the Washington Chapter, American Institute of Banking. (A coming financier.)

Certificates of graduation from the elementary course in the Institute were awarded to Norman E. Budenheim, '26, Ivan B. Munch, '26, and Ruth E. Gochenour, '24.

MARRIAGES

Edward E. Pringle, '22, and Miss Imogen Slaughter, June 28, 1927.

David H. Deibler and Margaret R. Guest, '16, on June 27, 1927.

Donnell S. Masson, '16, and Miss Gladys C. Scott, August 17, 1927.

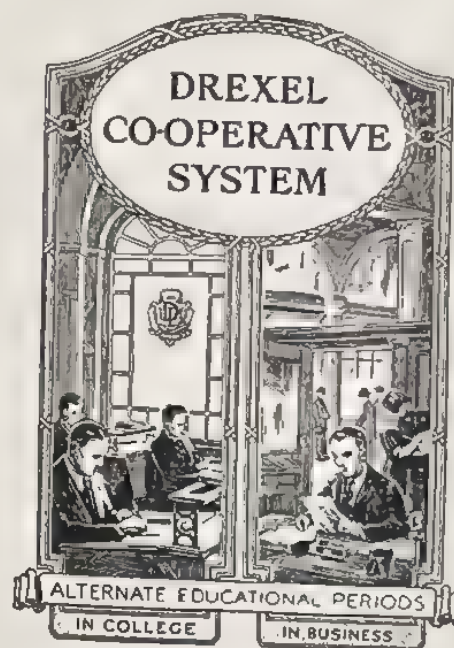
Edgar Merritt Douglas and Miss Hazel Smith, '19, on August 17, 1927.

Otto F. Lehnert, '24, and Miss Mildred L. Boynton, '23, July 9, 1927.

William Robert Miller, '21, and Miss Jane Alta Bodenhamer, '22.

The Psi Delta Omega Fraternity has recently been organized by a group of Eastern alumni. The members are Clark Militzer, '26, Ronald Brown, '27, William Sandridge, '27, Elmer Whitney, '27, Lynn Van Derecook, '27, and Albert Muehlhaus, '27, who is president.

The fraternity is giving a Hallowe'en Party and Dance on October 29 at the Fraternity House near Glen Echo road.



Midyear Classes for February Graduates

The alternate educational periods of the co-operative system offer unusual opportunity for the mid-year high school graduate to enter college in February.

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The Handsomest Man In Plattsville

(Continued from page 7)

ed to do, and he wondered if she would notice stains on the little square of paper.

The letter was not long. Just enough to say that he was going to stay in Paris indefinitely, that she was doing the right thing by staying to help in the hospitals, and that she was the most wonderful girl in the world. He mailed it as he boarded one of the big French liners for New York.

For the first few days he remained in his cabin, rather than face the curious stares of the passengers. On the fourth day, when the ship was riding the long easy swells though a fine, misty rain, he ventured forth. The decks were deserted except for occasional figures moving carefully over the slippery, wet deck-floors, or seated in steamer chairs under a projection of cabins. As he wandered aimlessly along the rail he heard a sharp cry at his side. He turned to see a steamer chair sliding toward him with the tipping of the vessel.

It took but a moment to moor it to the brace from which it had sprung.

"Next time you trust to a chair be sure it is fastened," said Bob when he had completed the rescue.

The rescued gave a little start and for the first time he saw her face.

"Grace!" he exclaimed.

"Bob?" she asked.

"Bob? Oh, Grace, don't you know—" Then he stopped. He had forgotten; of course she would not recognize him. He was not Bob. Bob had died in that shell-hole in No Man's Land. The man in his clothes was the "Freak of the War."

The girl apparently did not notice that he withdrew a few feet.

"Bob," she faltered, "I wonder if the handsomest man in Plattsville would kiss a poor girl like me?"

For a moment Bob's face became flushed with anger, but it softened as quickly as it had colored.

"Grace, as this is our first meeting in two years I suppose it may as well be the last. I'm sorry. I had hoped that you, at least, would not ridicule

me. God help Plattsville, if I, with one leg, no face, am the handsomest of its gallants!"

For a moment both were silent.

Then Grace spoke slowly and almost inaudibly, "Bob, you will always be the handsomest man in Plattsville to me."

And then he saw—she was blind.

Abroad With A Gym Teacher

(Continued from page 10)

an aviator. She found the French much more amicable toward Americans now than they were last year, due to the visit of Lindbergh.

Altogether, Miss Stockett had a glorious time in Europe but we are glad she considers Eastern superior to the "rickety old school buildings" of England.

Faculty Notes

(Continued from page 19)

absolutely the best student body in Washington. (We hope you don't feel hurt, Central.)

Miss M. J. O'Connell hails from Wisconsin. If many more of these charming Westerners come to Eastern, I'm afraid we will become very Western in spirit in order to be, ourselves, charming. I dare not start on her many infatuating qualities else I can never stop.

Miss C. G. Mehagan comes from Hine Junior High School. She seems very competent and very pleased with our school. But back of the merry twinkle in her eye I can see she has not yet quite forgotten Hine. Be careful, Easternites. Keep on the good side of her or she may shatter all tradition by saying that Hine is better than Eastern.

Mr. Cline has not taught, he claims, for fifteen years. We welcome him to our school.

Miss M. F. Clifford comes from Hine. She says that she feels quite at home at Eastern since she knows so many of the "Easternites" who formerly attended Hine.

(Note: Miss Russell has left Eastern! As this goes to press, we do not know as yet who will take her place permanently.)

White Light Notes

(Continued from page 22)

shunning the spectacular and searching for the truly worthy.

It is fascinatingly different—this house of the intelligensia. The serving of free coffee and cigarettes in the miniature lounge adds a Bohemian touch that charms the provincial and rather thrifty Washington audiences. One of its outstanding virtues is the distance between the rows of seats. At last the plea of the long-legged gents has been recognized!

But opinion differs.

"Gosh, Mable," said one disgusted flapper to another at the recent showing of Paramount's "Stark Love" at the Little, "this ain't even hot!"

And there you have it, pro et con.

The Science Club

This year the head of the Science Club is Mr. Haworth. A committee was organized Tuesday, October 4. The meetings started Friday, October 7 and are held every other Friday.

Book Review

(Continued from page 23)

every clue. So convincingly is the story told that we also follow these various surmises with concentration. The ultimate discovery which we make, together with the author, comes as a tremendous surprise. There are no loose ends of plot to be gathered, because Mr. Gillette has told his story chapter by chapter quite freely without any of the usual pretenses common to mystery fiction. He shows himself ingenuous, gifted with a feeling for romance as well as drama, and is now the author of one of the best detective novels of the year. This novel has exceptional value. It is the kind that may be read aloud to a family circle. It lends itself to that kind of entertainment. It is a delightful and exciting story of West Roxbury, Jamaica Plains and the Cape Cod Canal.

The Lunch Room

The "daily dozen" gallons of ice cream, 30 gallons of soup, 300 sandwiches, and 400 bottles of chocolate milk consumed daily in the lunchroom made possible the purchase of a new slicing machine and a new kelvinator; t e better to serve you, my dears. Let's hope our teams prosper as greatly.

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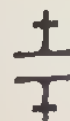
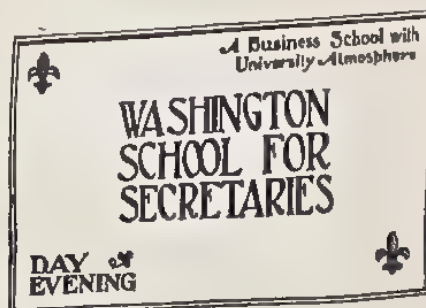
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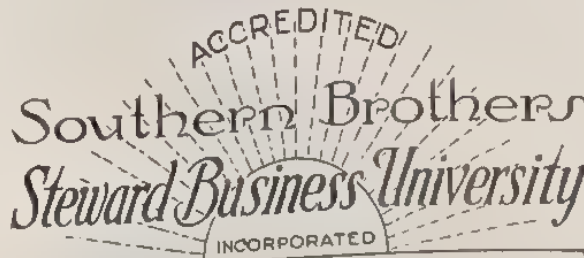
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the Noted Author

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Aristotle, the great philosopher, was once asked the question, "What is the difference between a live person and an uneducated one? He replied, "Exactly the difference between a live person and a dead one." And really friends, conditions in America are such that the uneducated person is of but little more value than the dead person.

Your parent realized this, and you yourselves realize it to—that is the reason you are going to Eastern High.

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The parents of every student in Eastern High realize the above facts—you realized them yourselves. That is why you are in High School today.

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A Christmas Story



"And what does 'burn' mean?"
 "A small stream," the girl recited glibly.
 Miss Spenser turned a page. "Sair?"
 "Sore or troublesome."
 "Ken?"
 "To shut up."

Miss Spenser shut the book. "No, she said wearily, 'that isn't it at all, Miss Waller. You certainly should know these Scotch words by now. How can you ever pass in a test on 'Kidnaped' if you don't? I've told you what 'ken' means. We took it up in class yesterday. If you had been listening---

Wait. "I have no more time to drill you now. You'll have to make up that test some other way. Suppose you write a composition with these words in it. At least 300 words---

How wearying they were, these English 2 classes! Full of girls like Catherine Waller, who may have studied semi-occasionally, but always the wrong lesson; who missed assignments, cut classes, and simply didn't care.

Miss Spenser leaned back in her chair, and yawned. The wood-framed, business-like clock high up on the side wall swung off another minute equally bored with the silent room, with empty, rigid desks, with four o'clock.

Gathering up her papers, Miss Spenser prepared to leave. Test papers, fresh from the field of battle, slid humbly into her brief case.

The desk in order. The green blotter, monarch of all it surveyed, glared into the half-dark. Miss Spenser glared back at it. She and the blotter were traditional enemies. She hated it - it was so sensible!

Miss Spenser sometimes wondered whether she, too, were sensible. She hoped not. And yet, as she sat in the street car, toes pressed primly to the floor, she was afraid that she seemed sensible.

Well, she needn't worry about that now. She'd just lean up against the window and think of her Idea.

It was a wonderful thing, this Idea----an unwritten story, waiting for the day that should see its formation. It had already waited a long time, ever since Miss Spenser had been a girl,

Doris, they had called her. Doris--seventeen, daughter of a lovely, frivolous little woman, beside whom Doris herself seemed large and clumsy; Doris, who always looked in florists' windows at the fish and turtles, while the others went into raptures over clothes; Doris, who read novels while lying on her bed, feet up in the air, and then lay awake shivering with ecstasy that hurt; Doris, who treasured always her wonderful Idea which would some day be a wonderful story.

And she had vowed to herself that she would never, no, never, be sensible.

But one has a way of drifting into things. One day Doris Spenser became aware that she had taken to wearing Sensible Shoes. Then almost as easily she came to wear Sensible Dresses with collars that were strictly business. One step more and she carried her black brief case, Antony. Still--

"I'm going to try to write my Idea tonight," she promised herself. "I've tried it so often! Tonight I may be able to do it, though. I must—I must! And it's going to be about Christmas—a Christmas story. Tonight, or—never!"

Teachers can make short work of test papers. Each trembling little testimonial comes up for judgment and is dismissed in five minutes. Thus, before a pupil has had a chance to "sleep off" the test, his fate is decided.

Thus Miss Spenser settled down at 7:30 to a long evening with her Idea. With her desk properly mused, and a newly sharpened pencil, she began. But—

(Continued on page 31)

CHRISTMAS IN A SICILIAN TOWN

OR,

THE CORONER'S REVENGE

By H. GIFFORD IRION

(As W.S. Gilbert would have it, with a few touches of Pietro Mascagni)

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Sapolio (the town coroner) tenor
Aminina (his wife) soprano
Saltino (Justice of the peace) basso
Santa Claus (himself) falsetto
Chorus of soldiers, townspeople, jurymen, street-cleaners, robbers, landlords, barmaids, and sea-lions.

Scene - Syracuse, - not New York, Sicily.

Time - Midnight, December 24.

SCENE - A public place in Syracuse. At the back of the stage is a cathedral, and nearby, a macaroni factory. The stage is dark except for eight flood-lights. Chimes and fire-engine sirens are heard after which the entire chorus trips on the stage.

OPENING CHORUS

'Tis Christmas Eve, 'tis Christmas Eve,
Tra la, tra la, tra la.
Santa Claus received from us
A mail sack of notes,
And if he brings us what we want
We'll admit he knows his oats.
'Tis Christmas Eve, 'tis Christmas Eve,
Tra la, tra la, tra la.

(The chorus is repeated until the audience is impressed with the fact that it is Christmas Eve.)

Enter Saltino

All--Hark, hark! 'Tis Saltino, the man with red whiskers; He's Justice of the Peace and brother of seven sisters.

SOLO--SALTINO

Prepare to shed your tears
For the case, it now appears,
Measures up to all my fears.
At first a rumor spread,
Then the truth came to my head
Our dear Santa Claus is dead.

CHORUS--Santa Claus dead! Impossible!

SALTINO--At least he will be.

CHORUS--Pray, why so?

SALTINO--Listen, I'll tell you all about it.

BALLAD--SALTINO.

As everybody here may understand,
The post I hold has great responsibility;
I enforce the law within our cherished land.
And no one dares to doubt my capability.

CHO.--Yes, yes, no one dares to doubt his capability.

Our statute books are very harsh and strict,
In them everything but murder is decried;
But murder, Sicilians can't restrict,
Though the penalty is death for suicide.

CHO.--Yes, yes, the penalty is death for suicide.

Now owing to a right we've held for years,
A Sicilian, for some reason or another,
May take vengeance, and no penalty he fears,—
It's his civic right to put to death his brother

CHO--Oh yes, it's our right to put to death our brother.

It so happens that this custom is exerting
Its force; for now Sapolio doth rave;
As he found his wife with Santa Claus a-firting,
And now he'll put poor Santa in his grave.

CHO--Oh horrors, he'll put Santa in his grave.

SALTINO--Yes, Aminina, the attractive wife of Sapolio, our coroner, was found flirting with Santa Claus.

CHO--Santa Claus flirting; --- never!

SALTINO--It's the absolute truth, and what's more I saw it with my own eyes. Sapolio will take vengeance when Santa Claus visits our little bambinos tonight.

CHO--Can't you stop him?

SALTINO--No. Our statutes say that a Sicilian may commit murder at his discretion, but if he takes his own life he shall be punished with death.

CHO--Curses!

(Continued on page 9)

The Bitterness of Fate

By DONALD A. CRAIG, '99

Bill Adams decided to devote his life to climbing the ladder of literary fame.

It was while a senior in high school that Bill "discovered" himself. How this came about is a story in itself. A paragraph must suffice here.

It happened when Bill was a senior and seventeen. At this stage anything is possible, and a good many things probable. With Bill the most probable had occurred. To make a long story short, Bill, after looking at Betty across the lunchroom aisle for two weeks, finally went over and sat down beside her. She hadn't exactly asked him to either, but—

Our story begins three months later.

In accordance with the natural course of human events, Bill now carried Betty's books to and from math class, and had ceased to frequent his accustomed noon time haunts. He had taken her to Fall Show and a frat dance, and had dates for every affair up to and including the Spring Play. To say more would be unnecessary. Anyone to whom this story has any appeal whatsoever will understand the situation without any further digression.

This state of affairs had a very definite effect on Bill. His teachers knew it. Mr. and Mrs. Adams realized it also. Something was decidedly wrong. But what? They didn't know. He didn't misbehave in class. In fact he was unusually quiet. He seemed to be working hard, yet he came near failing in several subjects. And in previous years he had been an honor student.

It may all be summed up in one word—poetry. Bill had turned poet!

He had always liked to write. The school

magazine had already printed several of his efforts. Just last month his name had headed a short story. But poetry—Well, it surprised Bill as much as it would have startled his parents. Nevertheless, when he began penning sonnets there was no stopping him.

How he kept them from his numerous friends is a mystery. They were written anywhere, anytime, and on anything. Lines were even to be found in the back of his Latin book. These were really not at all suitable Latin for a book either, because history tells us that the Romans

"Pools, dark and blue,
Always luring me to you."

This however, is a very mild sample of an exceptionally passionate and eloquent style.

Bill was at the height of his secret poetic career on the tenth of December. Naturally, Bill at this time was also filled with the spirit of Christmas. Most particularly did his mind lend itself to thoughts of Betty. Suddenly he decided that the inspiration for his works should receive some material benefit from them. He would sell a poem and buy her a real Christmas present!

It took him a week to make up his mind which publication merited the fruits of his genius. He then mailed his finest work, being careful to keep a copy in case of loss or misplacement. He sent his best to be sure of its publication. The rest he could use at his discretion once his name was established.

Since all genius is temperamental Bill may be excused for so impatiently awaiting a reply. However, he was rewarded the following Monday. The answer came in a big blue envelope.

Continued on page 22

The Bitterness of Fate. (continued)

It was a check for fifteen dollars!

He was now recognized as a writer of "emotional verse," as he termed it. He expected success of course, but the shock of its reality startled him.

Al was the first one Bill told of his achievement. Al had suspected Bill in a vague way of writing an occasional poem, but this sudden confirmation of his suspicions and the remarkable success were too much for him and soon he had spread the news all through the section, as well as the lunchroom gang.

It doesn't matter how Betty found it out, but she was even more profuse in her congratulations than Bill had hoped for.

"And, Bill, will my name be in a real poem?" she gasped.

Bill sighed a truly poetic sigh,

"Ah, Betty, it was you who really wrote it, not me," he murmured.

All that was left now was to wait for the next issue of the magazine. Soon the name, Bill Adams, would be before the eyes of thousands.

On the day before the Christmas holidays it came out.

While walking to school, Bill stopped in Joe's newsstand. He scanned the pages. One after another he turned fruitlessly. Could it be that — a lump arose in his throat. Still he kept on.

Suddenly he stopped. He clutched the book his eyes on the page. At first there was a smile on his lips, but gradually, almost imperceptibly so, it faded away. Joe was never surprised at anything, but he wondered.

Slowly, so slowly, the magazine fell from Bill's hand. He turned and walked out of the store. Joe thought he could discern a trace of tear in his eyes as he passed him.

He went to replace the magazine in the display rack. Purely from curiosity he glanced at the open page, now dirty and torn where it had fallen on the floor. It read:

"A PROMISING HUMORIST"

"There is humor to be found in everything. William Adams, hitherto entirely unknown to the reading public, has attained the heights of the supremely ridiculous in the following work——"

Joe read no further. With a shrug he replaced the book and began to mix a coke for a waiting customer.

The True Light

It was a cold, clear night and the snow lay over the world like a great white blanket. Along the main street of East Aurora last minute shoppers were hustling along, getting ready for the good old Saint's visit that night. High on a hill at the far end of the town stood the town church with its lofty steeple pointing up to the shining stars above. A little boy was being carried along by the hurrying crowd. Occasionally he extricated himself from the mass of humanity to gaze longingly in the baker's window filled with raisin buns and big, fat, round fruit-cakes. Then again perhaps a shiny red, toy automobile or a scooter caught his eye. He heaved a deep sigh and was swept on again by the crowd. Finally, as a river washes its excess upon the river bank, he was thrown off into a little side street, a block from the big church. That church had always held a fascination for the boy. He had always seemed to see a tiny light gleam through each of the eye-like windows on either side of the great wooden door.

He had always wondered what this light was and where it came from, but he had never before had the opportunity of exploring it, because he worked so late in the nearby factory and because the heavy shadows that hung around the church frightened him. But to-night the factory workers had been dismissed earlier to make their meagre preparations for the joyful morrow. They were meagre, indeed, in some cases.

The light somehow seemed to draw him to-night, so instead of turning his footsteps down the narrow little side-street to the little house where he and his half-invalid mother dwelt alone, he kept straight up the hill to the great dark church that seemed to stand like a huge giant silently regarding the town and its inhabitants.

Finally, the boy reached the top of the hill and shyly pushed against the great wooden door. It was unbolted and gave way at his touch. The church was always left open in hopes that someone might come in to pray, but those hopes were for the most part in vain, for the church was usually empty on week days. On Sundays the

neighborhood donned its best and came to discuss the new Bennington baby or the prospective marriage of Maria Evans and Augustus Dennis.

The boy, as he pushed the great door open, was filled with expectation. Surely, now, he would find from whence came those tiny lights! Before his eyes at either side of the altar stood two high silver candlesticks, each in the wind that came through the opened door.

"How silly!" thought he; "it was only those candles. I might have known that they were the cause of the gleam."

The boy was more tired than he realized and so he gently closed the door and slowly advanced down the aisle, dropping on the cushions in front of the altar. For a long time he remained thus, just staring at the flame and the rays of light from it, which pierced the surrounding gloom. As he was thus watching the flame his eye caught sight of a tiny ray of light that seemed to take shape. The figure in the rose-window seemed filled with life. Why, the lips were actually moving, and the most beautiful light shone from the eyes.

Then, a voice like the sweet, mellow notes of the big organ poured forth these words as the boy stood filled with awe at the beauty of it all: "Go, Maurice. You have found from whence comes the light. It is not from the candles, for they are too feeble. They will flutter and die out in the wind. I am the light. I endure forever. Go tell your people what you have seen, for they trust too much in the candles."

Margaret S. Payne, '28

Christmas in a Sicilian Town

(Continued from Page 7)

Enter Sapolio, enraged.

RECITATIVE—SAPOLIO

Stand back, ye dogs of Syracuse.

No man, my good name shall abuse.

As Santa Claus has flirted with my wife

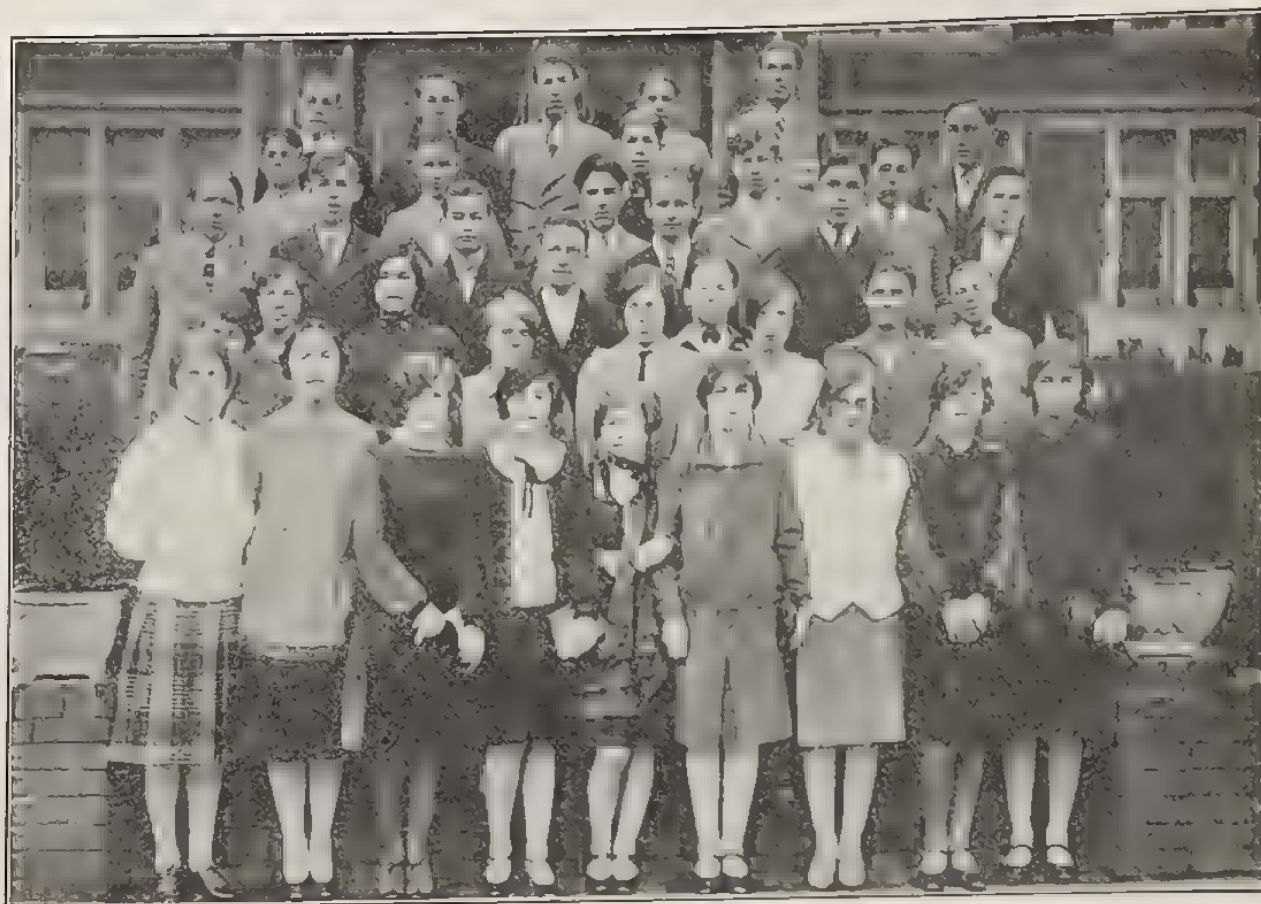
It is my inborn right to take his life.

Sleigh bells are heard approaching

(Continued on page 27)



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A Fine Musician and A Friend of Eastern

From an interview with Ludwig Manoly
by Herbert Cooper.

Many questions have been asked about the gentleman with the cheery air who directs Eastern's band and teaches music to the orchestra. He is Mr. Ludwig Manoly, a very famous man in the musical circles of America.

He was born September 14, 1878, in Boston, Massachusetts, and received his education in the public schools New York of and New Jersey. When a very young man, he had the good fortune to win a scholarship to the National Conservatory of Music of America. Later he studied under such masters as Anton Dvorak, Paul Mierisch, Victor Herbert, Edward McDowell, and Herman Hans Wetzler. After this excellent musical education, he began to teach string ensemble playing at Syracuse University. He later played in the Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, New York, and American Symphony Orchestras.

He directed the orchestra with the original Floradora opera company for three years. Following this, he directed for three years the orchestra which accompanied Sothorn and Marlowe, the famous Shakespearian artists.

Who hasn't heard of "Way Down East" and "The Four Horsemen," the latter starring Rudolph Valentino? Mr. Manoly, for eight months, directed the orchestras travelling with each of these shows, after which he was appointed general musical director of the Metro-Goldwyn-May-

er picture corporation, and later, of the Paramount corporation. He was then made musical director of the popular operatic presentations, "Blossom Time" and "The Student."

It was at this time this Mr. Manoly experienced what he describes as "a call" from the public schools of Washington. He declined an offer to lead the Seattle Symphony Orchestra in order to direct the instrumental music of the Washington high schools.

To the students of Eastern Mr. Manoly sends this message: "The day is fast approaching when a school without a band and orchestra will be as out of date as channel swimmer, and with the coming of that day, the man who depends upon music for a livelihood will find multiplied markets for his services. Music - especially instrumental music - is just as important as any other subject in our curriculum. Boys will not take to vocal music, but place a band instrument in their hands, and all the pent-up energy of an over-sensitive mind will find an outlet, because music - especially instrumental - seizes the soul of the child when it is most susceptible and moulds it into forms of beauty and sincerity."

Despite his full program, Mr. Manoly still finds time to teach at the Washington College of Music, and to direct his attentions upon other schools than those of Washington.

The Light Blue and White

Oh, it's a clear and steady blue,
Symbolizing the love, deep and true,
That shows in all we do
For dear old Eastern.

Oh, it's a firm, pure white,
Shedding faith and truth and right
Like an ever guiding light
From old Eastern.

Oh, the light blue and white,
We'll work with all our might
To keep you clean and bright
For our dear Eastern.

HARRIET M. RYDER, '29

Can You Imagine?

Ronald Van Tine--without women around him?
Charlie Millar--getting first honors?

Millard Sniffen--in short pants and a buster
brown collar?

Dale Snell--twelve inches shorter?

Ralph Watt--without Elizabeth Jenkins?

Miss Boyd--sending no one back to study hall?

And

Coach Guyon--smoking cigarettes?

VIVE LA VULGARIA!

So many requests have reached us to tell more about the romantic principality of Vulgaria, that we feel a word or so should be written for the general information of the whole student body. The play which Easternites lately witnessed was based on an incident in Vulgarian history---an almost disastrous war, when our beloved publication lent its helpful assistance and brought victory to the armies of Crown Prince Rupert Rudolph Rudgore. The Crown Prince is an amiable chap, personally, who has a weakness for high school and college co-eds. He is also passionately fond of red shoes as is his right-hand-man, Duke Pritz of Pretzel. Count Kale, Count Klutch, Baron Sponge, and the other dignitaries whom you saw portrayed at Eastern are regarded as the hottest---I should say most graceful---dancers on the Balkan Peninsula.

Vulgaria a short while ago became embroiled in a war with Jukoslovia. The rival armies avoided each other as long as possible but a conflict was inevitable. The Jukoslopians stormed the city of Pretzel and after a brutal struggle, captured it. Vulgaria not only lost its only cannon, but on the same day its fleet was destroyed by the Jukoslopiian sea forces. It was at this juncture that Duke Pritz of Pretzel placed a 2 by 4 advertisement in the *EASTERNER*, as Miss Holmes will testify. This event turned the tide of the war and a greatly inspired Vulgarian army put the enemy to rout in the battle of Vienna-on-Switzer. The Jukoslopiian government came to terms and ceded a large section of Caviar to the victors.

Crown Prince Rudgore married Marie Jeanne, the inn girl, and they now rule together happily at Vodka. Count Kale runs a five and ten cent store in Pretzel. Duke Pritz is touring America, where he will visit his alma mater, Eastern High School. All Vulgaria is enjoying a period of peace and prosperity.

H. G. I.

In D.S. Class

Student: Why do they sew meat, Miss Jonas?

Miss Jonas: I didn't know they did. I never heard of sewing it.

Student: Well, I heard my mother say something about basting it once.

Tale A La Beowulf

By ALEX GOODKOWITZ, '29

Long had the guiding arm of the fly-attractor exacted toll of the sleeping residents of our neighborhood. In the middle of the sun's rest, about seven a. m. to be exact, the wily, foxy, sneaky garbage-man crept up on silent haunches and unleashed his terrible war-trumpet, the call to put out the hog-fodder for his bottomless receptacle. We had no objection to his calling for the pails of waste; we knew it was necessary, otherwise the housewives would be in a dilemma indeed. We did, however, protest against the raucous, nerve-racking, unharmonic, off-key summons to the home-kings, disturbing us brethren of the sterner sex. We endeavored to remonstrate with the vile son-of-foul-smells; it was to no avail. We fought against him only to be vanquished by greater clamor next day. Despair came upon us. We acknowledged our defeat. One by one, two by two, three by three, four by --- we gave up our second sojourn in slumberland. We rose earlier and departed quickly lest we be overcome by the hideous voice of the king of the dregs.

And then came the dawn, as 'tis said in the subtitles. A stranger took up his abode in our midst. We warned him of his great peril. Little cared he. Our efforts to save at least one from the terrible ogre, from the black-cloud that always tortured us, were useless. The stranger proved our salvation. He called a council of the house-fathers. He called for plans. He called for his pipe. He called for his bowl. He called for ---. None were available. At last he struck the thought that saved our sleep. Next morning as we were all ensconced in bed --- dimly through the fleecy clouds of pleasant sleep could be heard the gentle strains of a cornet. We had bought the dark keeper-of-the-garbage a cornet and taught him to play but a single harmonious, pleasant, nerve-soothing call. And our pitch-way slumbers gently through the night to a natural awakening.

Detective?

Miss Boyd to Student: Tell me what you want or leave this library immediately.

Student: I want the guy that killed Garfield.

SILHOUETTES

Mrs. Metzler.

One of the most popular of our English teachers is Mrs. Metzler. Born in Findlay, Ohio, in the latter part of the nineteenth century, she attended Findlay High School and later went to Wittenberg College in Springfield, Ohio. She had previously intended going into the business world, but after graduating from college she decided to teach.

In the year 1913 Cupid added another victory to his list, for the maiden high school teacher became Mrs. Metzler. For six years she stayed out of school, but then during the World War, she decided to return to the profession of teaching as there was a shortage of instructors. Ten years ago Mrs. Metzler came to Washington. Central High had her services for three years when Eastern was fortunate in adding her to its faculty.

Mrs. Metzler is very fond of boys and understands them well, having two of her own. She is very much interested in athletics and the theatre. She says that, as a whole, her life has been quite uneventful, but nevertheless it has been a happy one.

E.S.

Miss Taylor

Miss Olivia Taylor, Eastern's petite math teacher, was born in Virginia and is still a resident of that state. In Miss Taylor's opinion, that is enough to satisfy any human being. Another evidence of the luck of Central High School was brought to light when Miss Taylor confided that she was graduated from there. After completing her course at Central, she studied at George Washington University. She graduated from Geo. Washington with a B. A. degree. Miss Taylor thinks that she is a very uninteresting person but we are sure that most of us will disagree with her on that point. Her hobbies have all been shattered from over-use. May you all be lucky enough to get Miss Taylor for math next semester!

M. F.

Miss Lohmann

The willowy lady who inhabits room 108 is one of our most interesting teachers; she is Pauline Lohmann. Miss Lohmann is a Washingtonian and a graduate of Eastern High School, Wilson Normal School, and George Washington University.

She started her career as a teacher in the first grade, but she left this in February, 1924, to take her place in Eastern High. It is interesting to know that she is now teaching some of the pupils she had in the first grade.

Miss Lohmann's favorite pursuit is attending summer school. Her list now covers Harvard, Cornell, University of Virginia, and finally the University of Colorado, which she attended this past summer.

About her Western trip she says—"In the West the educational work, like everything else, has the pioneer spirit of experimentation. There, many more psychological and educational tests are given and used to advance new methods".

We hope there will be enough schools for Miss Lohmann to pursue her hobby for many more years.

D. T.

Mr. Kochka

Among the teachers at Eastern who show the greatest interest in the individual students and their activities is Joseph L. Kochka. He hails from Jersey City, New Jersey. In 1917 he attended Seton Hall College but at the outbreak of war left to enlist in the New York National Guard. Assigned to Military Police in the 27th Division, he went to France. The Division was brigaded with the 2nd and 4th British armies and served in both the Somme region and Flanders.

Mr Kochka holds the opinion entertained by so many others who were in the World War, as he says, "War has no glory. It is simply a dirty job done under constant hardship and danger."

After returning from France, he studied at Georgetown and at the Teachers College of George Washington University. Mr. Kochka is both a camera and sailing fan. You'll always recognize him by his cheery smile.

School News

EASTERN TRULY GOVERNED BY PUPILS

School Achieves Self-rule Through Students' Council

All is serene in Eastern's political ranks! With no "Big Bill" Thompsons or "Do not chooses" to cloud the issue, the students proceeded to select, in what was, with but one exception, a decisive election, a governing council for 1927-28. In its times of prosperity an institution most needs efficient ruling, so it is fortunate that the students were so wise in their choices of representatives.

The sixteen delegates chosen, a boy and girl from each semester, elected by their own semester, are listed below, with officers.

8th semester—

Kathryn McKaffrey, secretary
Parker Faber, president

7th semester—

Virginia Daiker
James Dietz, vice-president

6th semester—

John Doerr
Catherine Heflin

5th semester—

Howard Lady
Esther Hughes

4th semester—

William Benhoff
Pearl Young

3rd semester—

John Hazard
Julia Fick

2nd semester—

Walter Bean
Murriel Smith

1st semester—

Franklin Richards
Lucille Maize

Boys' Clogging Class

The boys' clogging class' cleverness was very well shown at the Fall Show and at the Football Supper where they gave a reproduction of the Eastern - Central game to music.

The Lunch Room Has Refrigeration Plant

Guzzzz! Rinktinkle! Still more Guzzzz! No, it's not Santa Claus choking to death, nor is it the Key-hole Club Exclamos. It's the new electric refrigeration plant installed in the lunch room for the benefit of those students craving frosted deserts. Mr. Guilford says that the machine also saves money, but it is chiefly valuable because of it's utility as a food preserver.

Weamy now buy home made pastries for our epicurean palates. A "bakeress" has started operations here to furnish the populi (ask our dear editor the meaning of this) of Eastern with sustenance.

Girls' Clogging Class

The rattle of feminine slippers may be heard regularly twice a week in the girls' gym, now. Although the girls' clogging class began with 75 aspirants to the terpsichorean art, the dropping of habitual absentees has reduced that number to 30. The girls have already learned three dainty dances, showing themselves apt pupils.

Students Play Good Samaritan

On November 24 four of the domestic science classes prepared baskets, containing everything that could be desired for a gastronomically happy Thanksgiving, to be allotted among the needy, through the Associated Charities. The Fidelity Club helped out also, and as usual, with a basket and money, put in the hands of the Central Union Mission.

Miss Jonas, Miss Krey, and Miss Bell were in charges of the work, and several students, under the supervision of Kenneth Clow, aided in the distribution.

This year a Washington Inter-high Press Club has been formed. As its origin was at Eastern, members of the EASTERNER staff are showing much interest in it.

The Glee Club

Since its magnificent part in the Fall Show, the Glee Club has been working on Christmas music. Work on "Man Without a Country," a cantata by Hosmer, has begun, too. This is to be given in the spring with the other high school Glee Clubs.

Girls' Rifle Club

Warning!! Boys steer clear of all members of the Girls' Rifle Club.

In a match with the Boys' Rifle Club, they completely and easily annihilated the enemy. The lowest feminine score was above the highest masculine score. Boys are advised to wear shoulder holsters at all times.

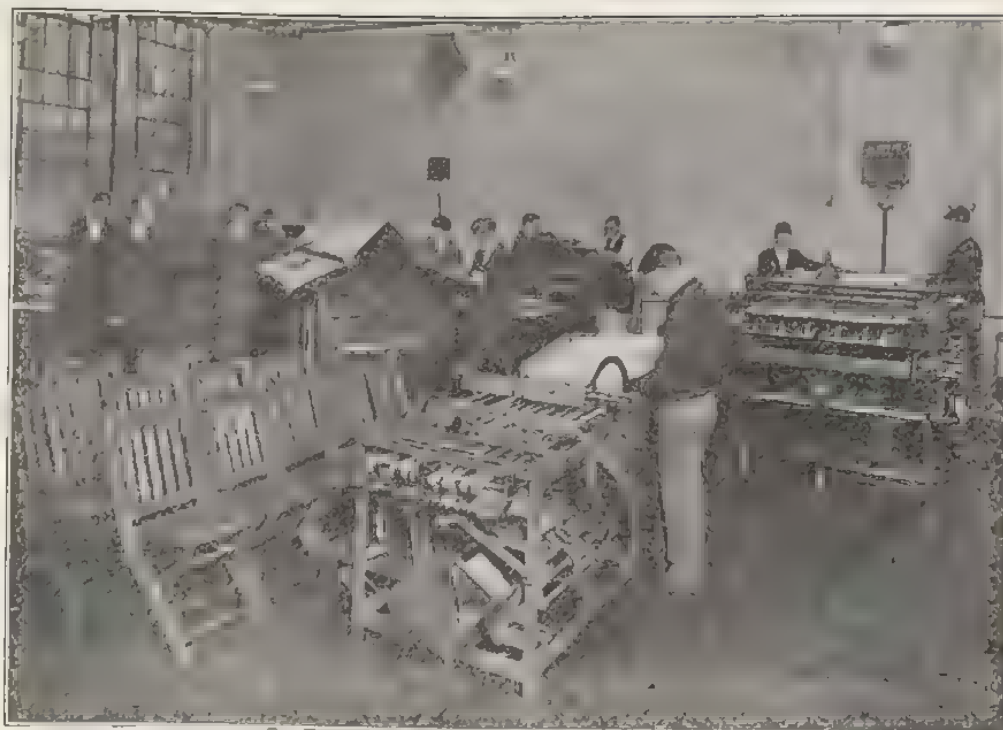
Fine Display of Spirit MarkFall Show

In all the talking that has been done about "school spirit" and "loyalty to the alma mater," et cetera, some of it prattle, some gospel none has so effectively struck home as the story concerning the Fall Show. The Thursday performance was held the evening of the day of the disastrous tornado which struck East Washington, and it seems that some twenty performers were affected by it. Several left partly demolished home, and mothers and grandmothers in a bad state of nerves, right at a time when they were most needed, to insure the show's success.

Hi-Y

Adhering to its usual custom, the Eastern Hi-Y Club made up baskets of food for a few needy families which were brought to its attention the day before Thanksgiving.

Most of the members attended the Interstate Older Boys' Conference held in this city Dec. 2, 3, 4. They claim to have derived great benefits from both the banquet and the discussions.



With boys for the most part new to printing, and without interfering with the usual output of routine work, Mr. Flinn is now having his "devils" print the Easterner. Some \$300 worth of type, principally eight and ten point, and much decorative material was procured to meet the increased demand upon the shop's equipment and supplies.

Mr. Flinn believes that the experience gained

from printing the Easterner is equivalent to that which would be obtained in any regular shop, and as a result is exceedingly pleased with the arrangement.

Laboring under great difficulties, even though possessing much modern equipment, the printing department deserves much recognition for a credible piece of work in the Easterner.

Easterners Proud of Band

The Eastern High School band started off this year literally and figuratively with a bang. When the first call for bandits was issued, no less than seventeen responded, thereby setting a record for Eastern. Of these, a great many are new to the organization, but green or experienced, all are undoubtedly good. These new acquisitions include four cornetists, one very good drummer, two trombonists, two clarinetists, and two B flat tenor saxophonists.

Much is expected of the band, as is testified to by the fact that no less than three junior highs and one senior high are clamoring for concerts. Of these, Western High and Hine Junior are almost certain to be

obliged, and, if time permits, so will McFarland and Jefferson, with pleasure, thank you. Besides upon these occasions, the band will play, as usual, at various games, and will appear before the students every Tuesday and Thursday during lunch periods. One of the outside engagements already kept was on October 7, when a majority of the band was included in the larger affair composed of units from all the high schools, which played at Union Station to welcome the international oratorical contestants home. The band is directed by Mr. Manoly.

What, Again?

The success of our band gives rise once more to the question of a cadet

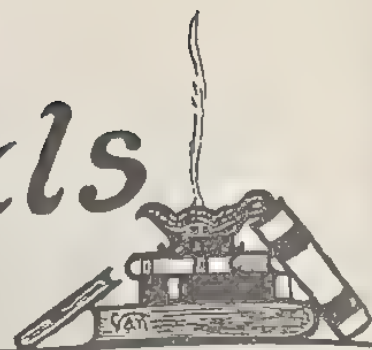
band. With its own regiment, and its own staff, Eastern's crowning glory would be its own band, to march on the field! Imagine it!

Sodalitas

The Sodalitas has been having some very interesting meetings, at one of which forty out of sixty eligibles were initiated. To be eligible one must be an excellent Latin student. Extra credit is given for membership and attendance at meetings. The meetings are not devoted to Latin research alone but are, on the contrary, generally spent in amusing and pleasant Latin games.



Editorials



The Easterner
Wishes its readers a very
Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year

Christmas

"Heap on more wood! the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

—Scott

These few words most aptly describe the *Christmas Spirit*. The Yuletide season is one when we must forget our cares and sorrows and be happy. The spirit at this time has always been the same, but the Christmas celebration at home a century ago was rather different from that of the present day. Picture for a moment Christmas Day as it was many years ago. We see gathered together perhaps three or four generations of one family. The house is alive with the laughter of the young people. The scene is a colorful one with holly, laurel, and mistletoe adorning the halls, which are illuminated by candles. The old folks gaze somewhat enviously, perhaps, upon the gay antics of the young. Nevertheless, they enter into the spirit of the occasion, and for the time, at least, are young again. To the second generation usually falls the task of superintending the Christmas dinner, which work they do most cheerfully.

And the young people—Christmas is really their day. As ever, golden-haired youth is the life of the occasion. Careless in their joy, they dance, laugh, sing, and occasionally kiss under the mistletoe,—the last being followed by blushes and coyish laughs. The wee children, content-

ed with their toys, remain about the Christmas tree.

Four centuries ago the scene was much the same, except that in England it was made even more beautiful by the early morning, house-to-house singing of Christmas carols, and the old custom of burning the Yule-log. But the spirit was the same and has remained the same through all the years.

In reading the Christmas stories of Dickens, or the delightful description of an English Christmas by Irving, one sees the similarity between their celebration and ours. It has been, and will always be, the same the world over,—a day of good fellowship, of joy, and of thankful praise.

H. G. I.

WHAT ABOUT THIS?

Many schools and colleges in the United States have "pep" committees. It is the business of these committees to conceive ideas for rousing spirit in the school and fomenting interest in the activities. Anyone who has seen and heard the middies at a Naval Academy football game knows what effect is produced by real school spirit. It is largely due to their "pep" committee. The *EASTERNER* makes the motion that we have a "pep" committee at Eastern. How about it, students and faculty?

H.G.I.

"Curses, Like Young Chickens, Come Home To Roost."

Mr. Simon has been addressing a few remarks to his gym classes about the language they use on the athletic field. When hotly waging a contest, boys have a tendency to use profanity. They also have a tendency to argue about little

(Continued on page 33)



The Christmas Star

I gaze at the Star in the east--
Still hoping, still longing;
As men have gazed at it oft through the
years
With hearts burning, love yearning.
For its charm is infinite still--
Its lure, undiminished;
As the night it appeared o'er the hill
Of far distant Bethlehem.
Its forces of love still call
As they have through the ages gone;
And its silvery beams still fall--
To cheer a lonely world.
Through that star of peace and love--
Comes the call of Christmas tide;
And, gazing at its wondrous glory--
Hate and discord have died.
Thus does the Christmas spirit
Invade our lives today;
And, as of old, transform us anew
Reminding us at His feet to lay--
Our open hearts!

HELEN M. SWICK, '29

SPORTS



Eastern's Great Eleven Swamps Central 26-0

Whether Central has recovered from the decisive defeat handed her by Eastern's gridiron warriors is doubtful. The heavy Eastern line drove its opponents down the field. Behind these strong forwards, the Eastern backs ran up the large score of 26-0. The Mt. Pleasant aggregation was completely bewildered by the attacks of the gritty Lincoln Parkers.

Charles Millar, sparkling half-back and high point scorer of the series, made two touchdowns, one of them a 65 yard run. Beautiful interference enabled Millar to break away from the line, and his dodging completely outwitted Central's secondary defense. Captain Holland, who consistently smashed the Central line for short but effective gains, scored the first touchdown in the first half.

All of the scoring was not done by the backs, however. Jimmy Munro, Eastern's brilliant center, intercepted a pass and converted it into a touchdown by running 20 yards behind good interference. Frank Miles and "Heinie" Hoffman kicked extra points.

Central's only threat to score came in the last period but was thwarted by the whistle.

The victory assured Eastern of a tie for the championship. The *EASTERNER* congratulates these men who started and played the bulk of the Central-Eastern game:

Chalkley, Nally, Montague, Munroe, Hayden, Wade, Wood, Reeves, Pyles, Millar, Holland.

Helen Breen and Dorothy Kelso Win Doubles Title

The first half of the tennis program for girls this year has been completed. The doubles tournament, held under the supervision of Miss Fosdick, was won by Helen Breen and Dorothy Kelso, for which they will receive the much coveted "E." The Kelsos and Breens are addicted to tennis, and the champions seem to have inherited the playing ability of their big sisters, Mary Kelso and Theresa Breen, who it will be remembered won several tournaments while they were Eastern students.

Hikers Hit Trail

The members of the Hiking Club report some pleasant hikes around the city and the suburbs. One of especial interest was a moonlight hike, the success of which was marred only by the absence of the moon. Many other hikes have been arranged and the girls are approaching their one hundred mile mark by leaps and bounds, or perhaps we should say by "steps and strides." With such enthusiastic hikers as Rhoda Hatton, "Vic" Daiker, Julia Fick, and many others, the club could do no less than succeed.

The Clarion Calls

Hear ye! Hear ye! All ye staunch supporters of athletics, all ye guards, centers, side-centers, goal-throwers, or what have you! The call has been sounded. Flock to arms, ye Seniors and Juniors, Sophs and Freshman. Uphold the honor of your class. Come out, sign up, and play basketball.

At last! That beloved game has commenced. Long have they wait-

ed, those worshipers of the Goddess of Basketball, whoever she may be, and now their patience has been rewarded. By the time this goes to press, practice will have started and the girls will talk of nothing else.

The Seniors and Juniors are under the supervision of Miss Stockett, the Sophomores will be coached by Miss Fosdick, while Mrs. Woodin will take the "dear little Freshmen" in hand and teach them which end of a basketball to hold. This year the basketball season will be as much of a student organization as possible. The manager will be elected instead of appointed as has been done before, and the captains of course will also be elected. After the preliminary coaching, the section teams will play a series of intra-class games, and the players for the class teams, will be selected. Then the big event, the inter-class series, will be played. It is the height of these girls' ambitions to be chosen for the class teams.

With such outstanding players as Lucille Bixler, Alice Law, "Vic" Daiker, and Ida Cannon, the Seniors may well look forward to a successful season. The Juniors last year almost won the championship and they will be a big threat. The Sophomores have Julia Fick and Elizabeth Bowie on whom to base their confidence, and although we can't say anything about the Freshmen as yet, we know that they have the habit of doing unexpected things, and they may give those cock-sure Seniors a scare yet.

The girls are working hard now to attain the highest of all athletic honors, the much coveted "E."



Captain Frank "Possum" Holland who guided Eastern's 1937 team to victory

Depro to Captain Eastern Five

Louis Depro, sparkling center of last year's basketball team, has been elected captain of this year's clan of Eastern tossers. Led by this stellar player, Eastern is promised the prospect of a successful year. When questioned as to the development of the team, the red-haired giant said, "It being too early in the season, I cannot predict a championship; but I do believe that with the support of the school, Eastern will end around the top of the list."

Coach Dinty Hughes

Not so very many weeks ago our football club didn't look so good. The board of strategy which includes Jack Collins, Gordon Rath, and Charlie Guyon, needed a helping hand. This helping hand arrived and it was none other than Dinty Hughes. Hughes is known throughout the country as "the biggest-little man in a football uniform." Dinty has had a fling at big time

football for nearly fifteen years, having recently performed with Red Grange's Chicago Bears. Last year he managed the Pottsville Club of a professional circuit. This aggregation, incidentally, captured the professional football crown of the United States. Dinty incited a high morale in our boys who envy his football prowess. To show his influence, take the example of Jim Munro. He taught Jim a barrel of tricks about the pivot position. Jim budded from a mediocre player to one who scintillated in highest fashion. Dinty Hughes' name will always be a fixture with the team that brought the tie for the championship to Eastern after so many hopeful yet luckless years.

Eastern Sinks Western Red 6-0

For the past two years Eastern and Western have failed to come to an agreement as to which had the better football team. In 1935 the two teams battled in the sleet and rain to a 6-6 tie. Last year they each played an airtight game which ended in a scoreless tie.

This year, however, they have come to an agreement. No one will dispute Eastern's superiority "Charlie" Millar shot through the Western line, scoring the only touchdown made in the game, but he failed to make the extra point.

Louis Depro played a brilliant game, both offensively and defensively. He brought the team out of danger during Western's only threat to score by a brilliant 74 yard dash, after intercepting a pass from Garber.



THEY WON IN 1897 WE WON IN 1927

This aggregation of brilliant stars of the gridiron was the first, and for twenty-nine barren years, the only team to bring the football championship to Eastern.

Socrates "Soc" Maupin, captain, and Charlie Snell, fullback, starred in the play-off victory over Central.

The scores tell the tale.

E.H.S.	12	W.H.S.	6
E.H.S.	46	B.H.S.	0
E.H.S.	0	C.H.S.	0
E.H.S.	4	C.H.S.	0

SPORTS, continued on page 30



Dorothy Lederer and Charles Jarrett are running around school together quite a bit. Is it a case of cousinly love?

Whose Merrill Club pin is Howard Lady wearing? We didn't think he was that kind of a man.

Jean Hoch and Julia Obear have renewed many acquaintances and have made new ones since their return to Eastern.

Emma Bechtold does not grace many of the men (?) at Eastern with her attentions.

No chance, girls! Nobody's going to cop "Andy" Oehman while Elizabete Stull is around.

These dumb rookies! The other day down at the Rifle Range one of them, catching sight of a telescope, innocently asked what kind of a rifle it was.

We don't have to wonder about whose Hi-Y pin Marion Fick is wearing.

That little sophomore Dorothy Baker, of 318-4, gets a new crush every week. Lately, it's been Gifford Irion and "Skip" Faber.

Girls! Don't miss this chance! Eddie Spies that cute sheik of 318-4, was thrown over by his girl, and he says he wants a new one. Don't rush!

Elizabeth Burns seem to have quite a "crush" on Jack Anderson. Is it serious?

Tommy Neff has been coming to school earlier than usual lately. Perhaps it's because he has been washing only one ear.

Helen Hughes expressed her regrets that Chester Pyles was not elected Treasurer of the Senior Class. There was method in her madness.

Lois Crown was seen at the Rialto with a friend. Yes, and it was masculine, too.

Ida Chernikoff was given many envious glances while she was typing in room 110, a rookie class.

Hester Yowell has become a football addict lately. Maybe her English class has influenced her to some extent.

Billie Rossiter believes in "Variety is the spice of life"; ask "Boots" Welsh or Helen Magee.

Why is it that Virginia Schmidt blushes when ever Chester Pyles' name is mentioned? Heh, Heh---

Two new stars of the first magnitude appeared in the dramatic firmament in the fall show. Jeannette Seiler and Hazen Shea deserve special mention.

Elizabeth Jenkins prayed; and along came Ralph Watt.

Marshall Grinder bids fair to succeed Ronald Brown as the premier fisherman of Eastern High.

Aileen Boswell seems to have a hard time deciding which of her many admirers to take home after school.

Announcement

At this critical point, the personals department announces the opening of a contest for boys of the school. A beautiful prize is to be awarded to the enterprising young man (be he in any class from frosh to senior) who exhibits the "hottest" looking piece of neck garment between the publishing of this issue and the next.

Every girl subscriber to the EASTERNER will have a vote. Your vote must be in by the Friday after New Year's day. This will give you time to look over the new Christmas ties. All right,--boys, do your stuff!!

Around The Bank

When Miss Gaines congratulated George Clark on his promotion to the rank of First Lieutenant, why did he become so extraordinarily happy that he threw his pencil to the far corner of the room, ran his fingers through his hair, and finally had to give up work for the whole period because his hands were trembling in such an unmilitary fashion?

For about a week after the Merrill Club's Hallowe'en Dance, Alma Hickox suffered from stiffened muscles which she said resulted from riding in the rumble seat.

Have you noticed that Miss Hardy is letting her hair grow?

Arthur Zahn seems to have bows and arrows on a certain young lady with green eyes. Sounds interesting.

And, speaking of bows and arrows, Grant Simmonds has evidently been smitten by Cupid. Anyway, he finds Virginia Rich to be "a very nice girl."

How did Elizabeth Bequette ever guess that red is our esteemed editor's favorite color?

Won't some gallant young hero please show Irene Swan why LABC does not equal LXYZ.

Dorothy Donnelly "kodaks" as she goes. Almost every week she brings a new batch of pictures to school. Who says it doesn't pay to advertise?

Catharine Bixler is the Bank detective and scandal reporter. Journalistic writing certainly has trained her "nose for news."

Just exactly why is Ursula Hancock going to New York, Christmas? Didn't she say something about Joe's meeting her? Who can tell?

Johnny Riecks, in English: The conflagration caused the iron and brass to almagate.

One of the Alumni, Johnny Roper, is hoping that Olivia Atherton will never graduate from Eastern. She forgot to give him some of the "eats" at a recent sorority meeting.

What to give Teddy Bishoff for Christmas is completely filling the mind of Rosalie Goodhart.

Our cute little co-ed Milly Offutt has been seen rather often in the company of William Rittenhouse. Good luck, Bill.

Bernard Smith seems to be quite the thing in 2233. Some folks say he is girl-shy, but Julia Fick says "no."

Cynthia Eldridge and Ralph Day seem to have quite a "case" now that "Sap" Allman is not here to stand up for his rights.

Dick Portch used to be "the fellow who rides up and down East Capitol Street in his Ford, alone"--but no more.

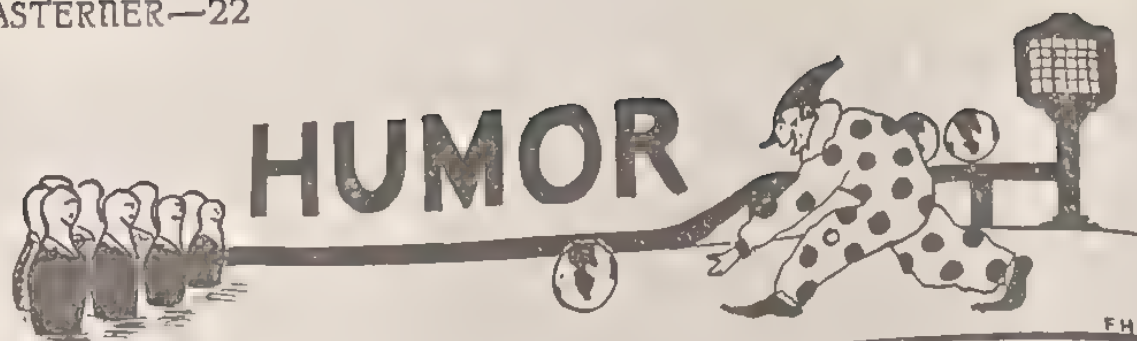
"The Four Horsemen," Robert Scott, Blaine Harrell, Harvey Connick, and Wallace Bruder, are the life of Miss Shelp's fifth period math class.

"Heinie" Hoffman and a certain young member of Theta Alpha Chi are stepping out together rather extensively here of late. How about it, Mildred?

"Little Eaton" Chalkley and "Big Eaton" Chalkley are having a very exciting contest to decide which one deserves the title "lover"--but Jimmy Munro is beating both of them by a large margin.

What? Has Aggie Gallagher added another he-man to her already lengthy list? Wasn't that Raeburn Deane with her after the Fall Show?

Has "Smoky" Wood yet found any use for the basket he was given at the football dinner? We hope not!



Missed by the Minstrels

Bushong: Yassar, dat boss of mine am de fastest boss in de world. He could run a mile a minute if it warn't fo' one thing.

Faber: What's that?

Bushong: De distance am too long fo' the shortness ob the time.

Card in Easterner: Thursday I lost a gold watch which I valued very highly. Immediately I inserted an ad in your lost-and-found column and waited. Yesterday I went home and found the watch in the pocket of another suit. God bless your paper.

Tommy Neff: I'm going to give her a piece of my mind.

Clarke Harper: Oh, I wouldn't. You haven't any to spare.

All-American Football Team

(Selected by T. Cappelli-Flunk College.)

Pos.	Players	Colleges
L.E.	Fountain	Penn.
L.T.	Flour	Minnesota
L.G.	Lock	Yale
Center	Smoke	Pittsburgh
R.G.	Toothpaste	Colgate
R.T.	Wheat	Nebraska
R.E.	Poorman	Nota Dime
Q.B.	Twain	William and Mary
L.H.B.	Graves	Washington and Lee
R.H.B.	Black	Brown
F.B.	Gunman	Chicago

HONORABLE MENTION

Hills of Tennessee
Battle of Gettysburg
Fruit of California
Tomb of George Washington
Flood of Mississippi

Dr. Haworth: Ever had pneumatics?
Graham: What kind of lung disease is that?

A Different Dame

Greenwell: What a fine statue that is!
It's alabaster, isn't it?
Rittenhouse: No, that's Aphrodite.

Maybe Hash

Recipe for salad as made by domestic science class: Turn icebox upside down, shake thoroughly until well mixed. Serve with forks.

Nip: Give me a sentence with the word fascinate in it.

Tuck: My wife has ten hooks on her dress, but she is getting so stout that she can only fasten eight.

Knows His Delicatessen

Joe Wood: Ches Pyles' father is familiar with many tongues.
Juddy Reeves: Quite a linguist eh?
Joe Wood: No, a physician.

Miss Henderson: What was George Washington's Farewell Address?

Kenneth Clow: His last one.

McDuffie, in library: Have you "The Light That Failed"?

Miss Boyd: It's out.

Heard In The Auditorium

"Sit down in front".

"I wasn't made to sit down in front".

Page Mr. Ford

"Did you know in Idaho they have to paint the Fords red?"

"How is that?"

"Because of a new state law requiring all tin cans containing gasoline to be of that color."

Believe it or not

Timmons: Tripp had another accident last night.

Mr. Rick: Yes. He shouldn't be allowed to drive a car. He's too absent-minded.

Timmons: You're right. He took the man he hit to the garage to be repaired and then took his car to the Emergency Hospital.

Stuffed Date

Frank Miles: Did you fill your date last night?

Chester Miles: I hope so. She ate everything in sight.

Bad Dream

Doctor(examining life-insurance prospect):
Do you ever talk in your sleep?

Mr. Shorts: No, but I often talk in other people's sleep.

Doctor: But how can that be?

Mr. Shorts: I'm a Latin teacher.

All Is Not Lost

McDuffie: She has spread a lot of lies abroad about me!

Knorr: It is lucky that she has not spread the truth.

Watch Your Step

Mr. MacIntosh: You must economize! Think of the future. If I were to die, where would you be?

Mrs. Ditto: I should be here all right. The question is—where would you be?

F.H.S. Gossip: I went to the dentist's yesterday and he made me keep my mouth open a whole hour. It nearly killed me.

E.H.S. Sageman: If he had made you keep your mouth shut for so long it would have killed you sure.

Reward of Merit

Mrs. Montague: Have you shaved today?

Jimmy Montague: Yes.

Mrs. M: Have you brushed your hair?

Jimmy: Yes.

Mrs. M: Have you manicured?

Jimmy: Yes.

Mrs. M: Then you may kiss Fido.

Grafton Harper: Do cows and bees go to Heaven?

Miss Holmes: I don't know. Why?

Grafton: I was just wondering if all that milk and honey that is spoken of so much was canned stuff.

He Has Symptoms



Herbie Cooper: You are the most beautiful creature in the world. You are the object of my dreams, the light of my life, the hope of my hopes. You are my inspiration, my only ambition. I am ready to work for you--to die for you. Will you be my wife?

Jeannette Seiler: Do you love me, Herbert?

Negative Proof

Mr. Winicov: Why don't you answer me?

Sniffen: I shook my head.

Mr. Winicov: Well, do you expect me to hear it rattle 'way up here?

Well Trained

"Down, Fido!" exclaimed a Junior in the lunchroom, as he swallowed the frankfurter.

—Faculty Notes—

It was Christmas Eve. I drew a little excited breath from where I lay in the darkest corner of the big, cheery room. I was fearfully afraid of being discovered and shot as a spy. But I was desperate. The Editor had said I must have my news in by the next morning at day-break or be hanged. I had no news! And so I decided to invent a Faculty Christmas Eve Party. There was a great deal of danger involved for, if the Faculty discovered my treachery in divulging their secrets, I would be in dire danger. But as the old saying goes—"I was between the Devil and the Deep Blue Sea." (The former—the editor.) I huddled in my corner more tightly. This was going to be loads of fun. To let my imagination run free was the ambition of a lifetime.

The teachers began to arrive! When Miss Monk came in carrying one of those dogs that are really small suitcases, I laughed in glee for the day before I had heard her say they were the most disgusting things she had ever seen high school girls carrying. It was simply "killing" when Miss Stockett (whose motto is "neither a borrower nor a lender be") asked Mr. Collins to lend her his athletic ticket for the next game, but it was worse than "killing" when Mr. Collins said he was sorry but he hadn't bought one yet. All the teachers were ridiculously hilarious. Miss Taylor's giggles could be heard all over the room. I was particularly tickled when Miss Taylor said, "I feel just about half my age to-night", for "half" was pronounced with the wrong "a" sound. But the real climax of the evening was reached when Mr. Shorts arrived escorting Miss Henderson. (In other words, dear faculty, you are all at the mercy of my pen.) Gee, I surely was having some fun! Finally Mr. Hart managed to call the meeting to order and Mrs. Hall got up and read in a rollicking fashion, "'Twas the night before Christmas."

Every once in a while Mrs. Hall was interrupted by Miss Taylor's giggling in the back of

the room, and Miss Monk would reprimand her severely by saying, "Dontcha know that you can't learn nothing giggling all the time!" whereupon Miss Taylor would giggle some more. Finally, they all started to sing. Miss Wood, since she couldn't carry her part, was forced to leave the room in disgrace. Miss Gardner read a paper on the "Ideal Christmas Spirit!" The grammar was atrocious, and the ideas very foolish. Miss Watts suggested that they all write letters to Santa Claus naming one desire of their heart. After the teachers had engaged in childish babble for nearly thirty minutes, the letters were written and read.

I was astonished at some of the letters. They were very silly and I was quite surprised that Miss Hummer spelled Santa Claus as "Sanda Claz". Some of the gifts were well chosen. Mr. Guilford, for instance, desired a pair of roller skates in order to skate around the lunch room supervising the work. Mr. Shorts began his letter with quite customary words — "If I were only rich!" Mr. Kochka wanted to learn the art of telepathy so as to be able to communicate with Mrs. Kochka at any time. Miss Boyd's request was a surprising one. She said that just for once she would adore to climb out on the roof which the library overlooked. I never really dreamed that Miss Boyd had any such desires. Silly requests were made for joke books and the like, but they were all so childish I regarded them as not worth space.

Finally, all the teachers hung up their stockings before the fireplace. Miss Jonas served some burned fudge she had just made and the party broke up with hilarious guffaws.

I was triumphant. I had my required number of words. But I dared not reveal anymore for I realized that after all is said and done, the fate of my advisory marks is precarious.

To be serious, dear faculty, we all wish you a

(Continued on page 33)

—Poet's Corner—

Cloud-pictures in The Sky

When theorems and silly rules
Get twisted up together
And angles turn to squares and things
And I just can't think whether
Brave Ivanhoe was in my French,
Or who he was and why,
I close my books and gaze a bit
At pictures in the sky.

Sometimes a flock of woolly lambs
Is grazing by the hill,
Or tiny little children play
Beside a rippling rill;
Sometimes a field of daisies gay
Goes floating gently by,
Or Africa or India
Drift slowly o'er the sky.

One time I saw a pretty stream
With trees along the shore
And little islands in the way,
One, two, or many more,
And then a steamer floated by
Just as they really do,—
I'd like to go a-fishing once,
Way up there in the blue.

But often when I turn my thoughts
From English, French, or Math,
And dream of happy, pleasant things
That drift along the path,
It seems to help to straighten out
The things that make me sigh.
So I am always thankful for
Cloud-pictures in the sky!

LOIS NELSON, '30

Christmas Eve

There's snow tonight,
And the houses are full of an orange light
That fills the rooms and escapes at the windows.
And when we stand by them, looking out,
The glass, against the night, laughs back, and
shows us
Ourselves, with patches of snow and tree-tops,
A curious pattern.
We shall turn out the lamps,
And lose ourselves in a snow-blue mystery;
In thoughts of the morning, white and cold.
A mother's lullaby,
And a blessing that bows our heads with wonder—

ROSE BELL, '28

The Christmas Star

A sleep-ensfolded world beneath; a starlit
arch on high—
Oh, diamond-studded broad expanse!
Oh, blue ethereal sky!—
The Stars! Ah, heaven-wrought candles
to light the ways of men;
While one, so clear, so bright points on
to Bethlehem—
One glimpse and years are swept aside;
One's heart and soul have fled
To the Night when One, The Son of God,
was born in a little shed.
One who was to die for us; we love him
so, and yet
Oh, ever-shining, silver Star, don't let the
world forget!

Allie Sandridge, '30

A Child to the Star of Bethlehem

O lovely star! Will you guide me
Across the sea?
As once you did, so I am told,
The Wise Men of old.
On this one night of all the year
I do not fear
To go so far abroad alone
Into the world unknown
For there are angels by my side
To guide.
So will you lead me, lovely star,
And take me into regions far
That I may see the king new-born
And be brought home before the morn.

Dorothy Secrest, '29

The Greatest Thing in the World

I am what you make me!
Men and women die for me!
I am the aim and ambition of life!
I am the soul of unselfishness!
I have inspired more sermons, more books, and
more achievements than have been inspired
by anything else.
I am the whole meaning of life
I am the whole reason for living in life—
I am the spirit of happiness, joy, and success in life.
I have been killed but I, have never been con-
quered!
"I am Love"

EVELYN JOFFE, '30

Things Not Generally Known

Pretzels and cheese make a tasty meal for Hazen Shea every night before retiring.

Miss Holmes believes in Santa Claus.

Carol Meads is president of the Society for the Extermination of Mistletoe.

It is reported that Australian bushmen do not care for grand opera.

Theodore Bischoff is the leading exponent of a tariff on applesauce.

Robert McCormick never rides to school in a taxicab.

The youngest child in a Malay family eats spinach with his fingers.

Paul Lawson never eats "Oh Henrys" with salt on them.

Mr. Shorts denies that he is descended from the Man in the Iron Mask.

Chester Pyles, our noted footballer, is not superstitious, as he makes dates with both blondes and brunettes.

Black cats are a lucky sign for Howard Lady.

Mr. Kochka reads Latin in his spare moments.

Miss Gardner's ambition is to fly to Paris.

Kenneth Clow never eats mustard for breakfast.

While at cadet camp, Gifford Irion and Herbert Cooper invented a new language.

The Chinese cannot keep a straight face when sneezing.

Ralph Watt is a gentleman who does not prefer blondes. He merely likes them.

Mr. Flynn's favorite dish is "Hot dogs and sauerkraut."

Rosalie Goodhart does not like red whiskers.

"I'm sitting on top of the world" is the national anthem of the Eskimos.

Coach Guyon likes football so much that he wears cleats on his bedroom slippers.

When playing football, Millard Sniffin carries rosin handy to keep the team's average from slipping.

Mr. Flury does not smoke "Old Virginia Cheroots."

Black shoes are a good omen to Grace Lady.

Mr. Haworth: What is the greatest water power known to man?

Juddy Reeves: Woman's tears.

"Where are you going, little fear?"
"I'm going to the dogs."

Teacher: (to Hoffman) I wish you wouldn't hum while you write.

Hoffman: All right.---And promptly stopped writing.

Dr. Rothermel: What's a vacuum?

Sam Hook: I've got it in my head, but I can't explain it.

Missed His Cues

Bill Smith upon his wedding day
Was a most excited creature,
He handed his bride the marriage fee
And tried to kiss the preacher.

No Mistake

"Have you any sisters, Mr. Meads?"

"Yes, I have one sister, a girl."

"Where are you living now?"

"At the Raquet Club."

"Gosh! Must be a noisy place."

Miss Wood, in Music Class: Sing so that you can feel vibration in all the cavities in your jaws and in your head.

John Doerr: I have a chance for the basketball team.

Dale Snell: Are they going to raffle it off?

Miss Dent: Grimsley, take your gum out of your mouth and put your feet in.

Scalped

Stranger: I represent a society for the suppression of profanity out of your life, and---

Hubby: Hey, Wifey! Here's a man who wants to buy our old car.

Cookery with a Kick

Young wife: I'm afraid, dear, my pie is not all it should be. I must have left something out.

Unfortunate Husband (after sampling): There's nothing you could leave out that would make it taste like that. It must be something you put in.

Continued from page 9

Sapolio—"Tis Santa Claus!

Cho.—Yes, 'tis Santa Claus!

Saltino—Poor Santa Claus!

RECITATIVE—SAPOLIO

Hide yourself within this shadow's gloom,

Then watch this villain meet his doom.

Enter Santa Claus

Santa—Here I am in Sicily, the land of song
and stillettos. (Noises from crowd as
Sapolio steps forth.) Ho, ho, what's this?

INVOCATION—SAPOLIO

You, fat one—

You have most mischievously flirted
with my wife.

You, red coat—

You will feel the vengeance of my knife.

Santa—Really, I think there's some mistake.

Sapolio—S'blood, no! In revenge your life I'll
take.

Enter Aminina dramatically

Aminina—Hold on, I flirted with a fake!

All—What's that? She says she flirted with a
fake.

Saltino—Tell us all before good Santa meets his
death.

Sapolio—Did you say "fake" or am I getting
deaf?

SOLO—AMININA

While shopping for my Tony's Christmas gift,

Somehow, by fate, I chanced to drift

Before a man all dressed in red and white,

Who, fat like Santa Claus, was just his height.

Yet he was but a travelling man from Rome.

Dressed like our Santa Claus from Nome.

At him I winked — my mother often did it.

But when papa was around she slyly hid it, —

And he, just like all travelling men,

Winked back, and winked, and winked again;

And so you see that Santa was a fake,

Hired by the store for advertising's sake.

SALTINO—Three cheers, Santa Claus is ino-
cent.

AMININA—Of course he is.

SAPOLIO—Oh, that's different. You should
have told me before. (Shaking Santa's band)
I'm sorry, old man. Forgive me.

SANTA—Holy icicles, yes.

ALL—Yea—Santa Claus!

FINALE

Santa Claus is saved!

Santa Claus is saved!

Aminina brought him trouble when she flirted with
his double.

But he's saved, saved, saved,

Yes, he's saved.

(Curtain descends as all dance and Santa Claus
distributes gifts.)

How is an Ideal Pupil?

Our Faculty Answers This Question
To Agnes Gallagher, '29

"My ideal pupil is one who thinks the world is
full of interesting things and wants to learn all
about them; one who is honest enough to make
a fair return for a free education."—May Johnson

"The ideal pupil is one who attacks his tasks
with intensity, enthusiasm, perspective, and persis-
tence; who seeks knowledge and joy, wisdom and
good fellowship."—Henry Flury

"An ideal pupil is one who not only studies
but understands; one whose body and mind grow
harmoniously and constantly, developing finally
whatever powers and talent nature has bestowed
upon him."—W. R. Winicov

"My ideal pupil has a wide-awake interest in
the opportunities of school life. Initiative, persev-
erence, and trustworthiness are outstanding qual-
ities of his character."—Eleanora Henderson

"The pupil for me, gives the best he has, both to
studies and to school activities, but realizing his
duty to himself and his school does both in pro-
per proportion."—H. Daniel Shorts

"Student is derived from the Latin word,
tudere, to be eager. The ideal student is one who
is a student; that is, one who is eager—eager to
learn."—Lola D. Hall

"My ideal pupil? He must have ability to
think intelligently, industry to work, courage to
conquer, appreciation to enjoy. Not facts alone,
but the use of facts in successful action should
be his aim."—Olivia Taylor

"A healthy, happy boy or girl, fair in work and
play, courteous and considerate of others, studious
but not bookish, eager to contribute his best to
all sides of school life, makes an ideal pupil."

H. D. Staples

"The pupil I enjoy teaching is one who has a
wholesome attitude toward his work, his class-
mates and his teacher; who is independent yet
cooperative; and who lives up to the best of
which he is capable."—Pauline Lohmann

EXCHANGES

Dear Santa Claus:

I've been a good girl this year, and my mother says that she thinks I ought to get some of the things I want. You know, Santa Claus, I am the Exchange Editor of "The Easterner," the school publication of Eastern High School. I am supposed to choose the three best exchange articles for publication in THE EASTERNER. Please, Santa Claus, give me a little machine or something that will point out the best articles when I put the exchange in front of it. My turkey gobbler helped me this time. Here is a little verse he picked out that describes my situation very well.

Magazines large, magazines small,
Magazines medium, magazines tall,
Magazines brilliant, magazines mild,
Magazines grave, magazines wild,
Magazines, magazines of all sorts of styles!

Sincerely,
Exchange Editor

Editor's note: The following three items are those judged by our exchange Editor as the best we have received. Read them and see what other high school publications are printing.

Be a John Smith

We have all read the history of John Smith and his efforts at colonization. We also remember the near failure that resulted from the system of a common store house where the idle as well as the industrious could get their food supplies.

We have the same situation in the schools today. The idlers of the school often, through a

tax on friendship, force the workers to make the results of their study and labor the modern "commonstore." A casual, "May I copy that?" is hard to refuse tactfully, so the surrender is made against your will and the idler gets the grade.

The John Smith of 1607 remedied a dangerous situation in the Virginia Colony by adopting the slogan, "No work, no food." Can we not, then, as modern "John Smiths" adopt the slogan "No work, no grade," and remedy a situation that is unfair to the idler as well as to the worker and the teacher?

—Central Lnninary, Kansas City, Mo.

The Road of Life

The Road of Life leads on ahead,
Winding its long white way
Through valley and hill and mountain peaks,
And none can say it nay.

We all must follow the Road of Life,
Nor choose we the way we go;
There's but one Highway, beckoning on,
For rich, poor, high and low.

Some travel only on rainy days
When the earth is drear and grey.
And some are blessed with the smiling sun,
But they travel the same Highway.

Some stride along with a joyous step,
And some help a comrade along;
Some walk slowly with low bowed heads
While some sing a cheery song.

Some have for companions sad Trouble and
Care—

And some the rogue called Fun,
But they all wind up at the same old port
When the whole of the journey's done.

And when we reach that last dread gate,
The One waiting there will say,
Not, "Where did you start?" or, "How did
you come?"

But, "What did you do on the way?"

—The Iroquois, Glens Falls High School,
Glens Falls, New York

(Continued on page 32)

HONORS FOR SEMESTER

FEBRUARY - JUNE, 1927

EIGHTH SEMESTER

First Honors

Virginia Barrett	Ruby Buehler
Thelma Courtney	Ellice de Forest
Merlene Everett	Ruth Floor
Marion Gardner	Eleanor Hoffman
Ida Homiller	Margaret Hummer
Marjorie Keim	Hilda Koontz
Katherine McCaffrey	Margaret Mowbray
Margaret Peed	Ervilla Rolff
Katherine Simons	Marie Stone
Leah Woods	Gardner Davies
Russell Davis	Alton Denslow
Conrad Grohs	Harold Rhind

Second Honors

Grace Baker	Mary Gastrock
Helen Fenton	Marion Gilmore
Punice Smith	Eugenie Thompson
Frances Wright	George Butler
John Hardesty	Robert Himes
Edward Roberts	Edgar Swick
Elmer Whitney	

SEVENTH SEMESTER

First Honors

Louise Turner	Hester Yowell
Daniel Mowbray	

Second Honors

Lois Crown	Esther Rankiu
Virginia Schmidt	

SIXTH SEMESTER

First Honors

Theodore Bishoff	Samuel Bryan
Natale Caponiti	Max Henry Cohen
Charles Louis Critchfield	James Stratton Dietz
Ellis Greer	John Wayne Hise
Chester Pyles	Clyde Richardson
Edwin A. Ross	Ralph Wardlow Watt
Barbara Virginia Daiker	Evelyn Eller
Lena Ewin	Roberta Marie Fassell
Beryle Pickford Hackley	Mabel Hense
Helen Lucille Hughes	Alice Eloise Law
Eather Lucille Linger	Louise Carol Meads
Lyla Rosemund Moss	Kathryn G. Munkake
Elsie Seay	Jean Elizabeth Stivers

Second Honors

Ruth Eleanor Bell	Sarah C. Casteel
Elizabeth Eleanor Jenkins	

FIFTH SEMESTER

First Honors

John Maydwell Rieck	Edwin Allen Ross
Miriam Cohen	Virginia Pacer
Frances Hain Gernand	Rose Esther Saidman
Margaret Simons	Ruth Stuart

Second Honors

Clarence Richard Hartman	Sophie Lubin
Leonard Minkoff	Arthur Willis

Bronze

Ruth Buehler	Mabel Hense
Rugh Hedler	Alice Law
Katherine McCaffrey	Samuel Bryan
Max Cohen	Charles Critchfield
Dorothy Berry	Clara Critchfield
Mary Mourhess	Anna Helen Ott
Mary Louise Robbins	Alice M. Sandridge
Hildegard Schatz	Lydia Swain
Marguerite Teachum	Blanche Windome
Charles Hart	

Silver

Dorothy Donella	Ruth Goldberg
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FOURTH SEMESTER

First Honors

Frederick Stewart	Janet May Buck
Dorothy Donella	Ruth Goldberg
Karolina Johanna Hedler	Mildred Roberts
Virginia Sloane	Genevieve Spence
Helen Swick	Lucille V. Tucker

Second Honors

Donald Craig	Judson Harrison
Bernadette Achstetter	Rose Cohen
Marion E. Fick	Agnes M. Gallagher
Hazel Nellie Hartley	Evelyn Haynes
Margaret Heintz	Lon Cooper Snyder

THIRD SEMESTER

First Honors

John William Gernand	Wiley Egbert Magee
Joseph W. Rabbitt	Sophie Bookoff
Sophie H. Fischer	Dorothy Edna Lang
Rose E. Latona	Jane P. Menefee

Second Honors

Kenneth Arnold Clow	Thomas Nally
Edna May Creel	Josephine de Fabio
Alma E. Gemeny	Evelyn Dorothy West
Adolphus May Worley	

SECOND SEMESTER

First Honors

Dorothy Berry	Clara Critchfield
Lois Dennison	Mary F. Mourhess
Anna Helen Ott	Mary C. Richardson
Mary Reid	Mary L. Robbins
Allie Maude Sandridge	Hildegard Schatz
Louise Schmid	Lydia Swain
Marguerite Teachum	Blanche Windome
Margaret Wolf	Charles Hart

Second Honors

Grace Lois Nelson	Mary Thomas
Helen L. Turner	Carol F. Warner
Marion Webb	Milton L. Grimes
William Steiner	Harold Swift

FIRST SEMESTER

First Honors

Hennretta Belnick	Sylvia Donovitz
Bessie Furr	Dorothy Gatewood
Anna Hunter	Margaret Thompson
Marie Verdi	Isaac Janofsky
John Meads	William Smith

Second Honors

Lois Belfield	Ruth Brady
Virginia Hoffman	Margaret Holtzclaw
Catherine Klappas	Helen Linger
Margaret Lewis	Alice May
Dorothy Payne	Dorothy Russell
Walter Bean	

TWO YEAR GRADUATION CLASS, JUNE, 1927

First Honors

Virginia Rea	Jessie Tewksbury
Thelma Geigenberger	Dorothy Faulkner
Marion Phelps	

Second Honors

Marguerite Caron

MEDALS FOR YEAR 1926 --- 1927

Esther Linger	Carol Meads
Mildred Roberts	Virginia Sloane
Genevieve Spence	Jeanne Stivers
Helen Swick	Lucille Tucker
John Hise	Frederick Stewart

Enameled

Virginia Daiker	Evelyn Eller
Neva Ewin	Beryle Hackley
Carol Meads	Lyla Moss
Elsie Seay	Theodore Bishoff
James Dietz	Chester Pyles
Clyde Richardson	Edwin Ross
Ralph Watt	

ALUMNI

Marriages

Miss Mary A. Newcomb, '12, to Dr. Abner Cornwell on November 19.

Miss Mabel McCalip to Mr. John Bullough on October 21.

Deaths

Hugh S. Hill, '02, at Cleveland, Ohio

Ruth Greenwood, '24, was elected president of the junior class of Teacher's College, George Washington University, at the election held last June.

Herbert Angel, '25, a former Easterner editor has been elected to the board of editors of the "Hatchet" of George Washington University. This is the first time a sophomore has ever been elected to the board. Congratulations, Herbert!

Sports

(Continued from Page 19)

Standing of Teams

Team	W.	L.	Pct.
Eastern	3	1	.750
Tech	3	1	.750
Central	3	1	.750
Business	1	3	.250
Western	0	5	.000

Results

Tech 27—Eastern 0
 Central 1—Business 0 (forfeit)
 Tech 6—Western 0
 Eastern 14—Business 6
 Central 12—Tech 0
 Eastern 6—Western 0
 Tech 7—Business 0
 Eastern 26—Central 0
 Business 6—Western 0
 Central 13—Western 7

Fifty-fifty

Hazen Shea: Mabelann says she thinks I'm a

Dot Dunmire: Well, she's half right.

Twenty-seven Eastern High School graduates have entered the Freshman class at George Washington University this fall. They are:

Virginia Barret, James Brearly, Dorothy Black, Virginia Coffman, Margaret Cook, Allan Cross, David Dyer, Sacket Duryée, Warren Dyson Ruth Jarvis, Marjorie Kein, Samuel McGlathery, Emily May, Mary May, Carl Martin, James Madison, George Roberts, Harry Rosen, Pauline Roth, Henry Ronning, Eunice Smith, Paul Spalding, Karlton Stein, Jasper Torcasio, Julia Wayland, Marion West, and Margaret Woods.

Some sixty former students of Eastern High School who are now attending the Southern Brothers' Business University have formed an Eastern High Club, according to information received by the Easterner. Miss Ethel Mae Frame has been elected president of the club; Miss Thelma Courtney, vice-president; and Miss Lucille Waddell, secretary-treasurer.

The club will function as a social organization and will hold weekly meetings at the school. Among the charter members are Mary Gastrock, Hilda Koontz, Olga Waddell, Edith Deale, Dorothy Herold, Margaret Grant, Frances Kane, Amanda Fisher, Dorothy Allen, Elizabeth Boyd, Ervilla Rolf, Athlyn Spahr, Ethel Mae Frame, Mary Jameson, Clyta Thorne, Thelma Courtney, Mary Kelso, Margaret Edwards, Rose D'Antuono, Thelma Geigenberger, Mary Wertman, Victoria Kissal, and Kathleen Cave.

The club's president, Ethel Mae Frame, has invited students to visit the Southern School and become reacquainted with classmates who are preparing to meet the world on business grounds. "We are getting ready to corner the nation's gold," she said, "and want our fellow students to see how we are doing it."

George Keckler: My feet aren't so big. I can get on lots of girls' shoes.

Howard Lady: I'll bet you can—especially on a dance floor.

(Continued from page 6)

"Why, what's the matter?" she wondered. "I can't get my characters to do a thing! They just won't act! Elaine, come here!"

Hovering just above the paper, Elaine, lovely, elusive, laughed, gliding through Miss Spenser's fingers.

"Elaine, come back! You live in this castle, not in the city; there are no cities, yet. Come back, I say! Rodaro can't do a thing until you are back home!"

"Rodaro. I know Elaine is messing the story all up, but can't you do something? I'll even change your part a little, if I must. Please, Rodaro! Just omit the wedding altogether. Wait—you can have Marguerite—Oh, why won't that do?"

"Listen, you two must do something! Who's writing this story anyway?"

But when characters are wilful, what is an author to do?

Miss Spenser suddenly laid her head down on her arm.

"I never can—write—this story—never—"

The years glide by, smoothly and softly. Classes come, classes go; Faces of pupils become an indistinct blur, with now and then something clearer. Occasionally there cuts clean and sharp across the surface-line an unusual personality.

Such a one was Rod Anderson. Before he had been a week in Miss Spenser's English 7 class she was aware of it.

His looks alone would have attracted notice, even if he had had no literary ability. He was slender and dark, with long, sensitive fingers and a quick, wonderful smile.

But when he wrote, one forgot even his looks, his voice, and his smile, for he had a style that was magical. He could take a fragment of feeling and bend it into a poem or story that was as unforgettable as it was charming.

Rod was new at the school, having come from the Middle West the summer before. He was soon on the staff of the school paper, of course, and he and Miss Spenser, who was faculty adviser, became firm friends.

"I don't believe I can get this story in for

next month," he informed Miss Spenser one afternoon as he was working in her section.

"What's the matter, Rod?" Miss Spenser, looking up from a senior's impressions of the classic period.

Rod glanced over his story thoughtfully. "Why, I just don't know. I've run out of ideas, for one thing. And the characters—why, they're impossible!" He smiled. "We've had so many arguments that working with them has become something of an endurance test—for all of us! But that's really my own fault; I should let them act. Only they refuse to, at present!"

"That's the trouble with most of them," Miss Spenser remarked. Rod, who had begun to pace up and down the aisle, turned abruptly.

"The worst of it is that I *must* have it in for the next month. I promised the editor. They need a Christmas story!"

"A Christmas story?" Miss Spenser straightened up. "Rod," she began in a queer voice, a voice at once stiff and excited, "could you—could you do something for me?"

"Why, yes, anything that I can," Rod answered, clearly puzzled.

"Then I'll tell you what it is." She spoke hurriedly. "I have an idea for a story, but I've never been able to write it. You could do it. I want you to take this idea and write it up as a Christmas story!"

And so it was that Rod came in every afternoon with pen and paper, and he and Miss Spenser tackled Elaine and Rodaro together.

"The trouble with Elaine," as Rod summed it up, "is that she's in the wrong environment. Let's bring her forward a few centuries, and Rodaro needs a change of scenery too. He isn't the husband for Elaine. You see, he has always been interested in Marguerite. I'm going to make these changes right away."

Miss Spenser, wonderingly, watched him. How thrilling to see her story growing before her eyes; to see Elaine, willing and docile at first, humbly following Rod, and later gaining confidence which resulted in marvelous acting!

"I'm going to take it home now and finish it," Rod announced one day, "and then you'll see it complete, when it's printed."

(Continued on page 33)

(Continued from page 23)
Do You Follow Us?

The Cheerleader mounts the main assembly platform the day before a game, and in a loud, clear voice, asks if the assembled team backers are with him in a big yell for the old school. Upon receiving as a fitting answer, a crashing chorus of yeas, he begins his arm waving and jaw action. A reverberation rocks the foundation of the school for a space of time, closely followed by similar periodic dittos. After the last "yea!" of the last yell has died, the cheerleader is congratulated by friends. Yes, he is darn well pleased with the rooting section. Now if they'll come through as well at the game tomorrow!

The day—the hour of the game! The opposing team trots out amidst a perfectly organized yell from the stands. It puts pep and vitality into a man to hear that. They snap briskly in and out of their positions. Darn good form. Snappy action! Then our team trots out and goes through the signals. Naturally they expect a yell. They see, out of the corners of their eyes, the cheerleader raise his megaphone to his lips. They hear a loud crash of yeas which sounds like the bleachers falling. O Boy! the school is going to give 'em a cheer! Their chests swell out; the fronts of their jerseys stretch taut. They're going to get a cheer. The cheerleader swings one arm over his head and down. U! His other arm! RAH! -ah. The tail—"ah" was from a few people dragging along. A great fear gnaws at the cheerleader's heart. The second RAH! of the cheer is given while his arm is only half way through the next motion. His fear is confirmed! The rooters are now racing to keep up with a few who are ahead. The cheerleader frantically flails his arms, in a wild endeavor to catch up. The breach widens between them all. You know the result.

The moral of this story is: Elect a fellow to lead cheers, and then let him lead them; not follow them. It is the cheerleader's business to study the game, and to know when to lead a cheer. Don't razz him and call for a cheer; he may have orders from the coach.

—The Comet, West Division High School, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Teacher--What is an alien?
Pupil--A person who is born outside of his native land.

--Voice of South High--

"Helen, you had better keep your eyes open today."

"Why?"

"Well, you would look funny walking around with your eyes closed, wouldn't you?"

--Retina--

Freshman: I understand that Jane is quite a toe dancer.

Senior: She ought to be. She had enough practice dancing on my toes last evening.

--The Red and White--

"Franky! Where have you been?" asked Mrs. Davis, as Frank came in at 1 A. M.

"I've had a date."

"What! With that dirty shirt?"

"Naw, with Doris."

--Voice of South High--

"Oh,--I just saw a big fish so long--under the ice."

"Nonsense. I'm certain it was only your reflection"

--Voice of South High--

Curses!

Slowly but inevitably the hour drew near. Every eye in the room was fastened on the clock, whose luminated dial shown forth in the darkness, whose tick-tock told of the approaching hour. Not a sound was heard in the room save when a sharp in-taken breath showed that someone was aware of the dreaded time.

"Just fifteen minutes more," a husky voice whispered.

Fifteen minutes would bring midnight, the witch's hour, when strange things happen. All were breathless—it was now twelve o'clock, the zero hour. Now it would bring the long-awaited something that silenced the occupants of the room. Ah! a muffled tread was heard in the hall. The man shuddered in dreaded apprehension.

"Regina, Regina, it's twelve o'clock. Tell the young man good night."

DAVID POETKER, '30

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

There's a star in the East;
There's a flock on the hill;
There are shepherds seated,
And all is still.

Suddenly angels
Appear in the sky.
They are telling good tidings
To the shepherds nearby.

"Away in a manger
In Bethlehem's stall,
Has come a small babe
To be King o'er us all.

"Let the star be thy guide
As ye go on your way
To worship thy saviour,
The Child born today."

The shepherds arose,
And they journeyed afar,
Till they came to a manger,—
Above it, the star.

In the stall stood three wise men
And there, on the hay,
With His mother bent o'er him,
The Lord Jesus lay.

Joseph stood by
The crude little bed
And a bright light encircled
The holy babe's head.

Ah, little knew they
What a wonderful thing
Had happened to them
In the birth of their King.

But we realize our blessings,
And now every year
We give unto others
Both gifts and good cheer.

For 'tis joyful to give,
And 'tis joyful to sing
On Christmas, the birthday
Of Jesus, our King.

MARTHA HODGES, '28

Faculty Notes

(Continued from page 24)

Merry Christmas! This is a good season of the year to appreciate our friends. Certainly we have no better friends than our teachers. May the peace, joy, and love of the Christmas season abide with you in the coming year.

(Continued from page 31)

The days fairly flew, and nearer came the Christmas vacation. The day before the holidays the "Review" came out. However, one's section must be dismissed, even when there is a story in the "Review" that one wants to see.

But at last they were gone and Miss Spenser was turning over the pages with fingers that had suddenly grown cold and clumsy.

Oh—at last—Miss Spenser read breathlessly. Why—it was beautiful—beautiful. Her Idea, on the page in front of her!

And then she was aware that Rod had come in. "I want to thank you, Miss Spenser, for the idea in this story. It's really your story, you know."

Her story! Her story! Miss Spenser turned away suddenly. What was she crying for, anyway? There was nothing to cry about. Yet she was glad to cry; at least, it proved that she would never be Sensible! "My story!" She turned around.

"It's a good story, Rod," she said.

RUTH BELL, '28

(Continued from page 16)

points and thereby slow up the game, or as boys themselves express it, "make the game salty."

But, as Mr. Simon points out, foul words never made anyone a better athlete; and constant bickering over the official's decisions never won a game. In fact, such practice cheapens and dulls a contest of any kind. It is the fellow who keeps his head and plays with a fighting, but not a quarrelsome, spirit who is of the greatest value to a team.

Indeed, one may find a real, profitable lesson in his gym work if he heeds the advice of Mr. Simon. Perhaps you will recall the lines from W. S. Gilbert's *Pinafore*, which the sea salt sang in the Fall Show:

"Bad language or abuse,
I never, never use.
Whatever the emergency;
Though, "bother it," I may
Occasionally say,
I never use a big, big D."

Letters to Santa

There is grave danger that Santa Clause may be overworked this season for requests are piling up thick and fast on the busy saint. Not only students, but even teachers are asserting their wants this year. Do you think he will be shocked when he receives such notes as this:

Dear Santa Claus,

I've been a real good teacher since last Christmas, so will you please give me a long, long vacation and lots of peaches but don't bother to bring me any nuts.

Yours truly,

Ella M. Monk

Miss Egbert wants a bull-dog for Christmas--a real ugly English bull. He has to be bow-legged and it is absolutely imperative that he have two very prominent teeth that stick out like tusks.

Mrs. Sams is so used to sailing along in her sporty Nash that it might make her feel more natural if Santa Claus left her a pair of roller-skates to expedite her jaunts thru the corridors. That might hold good for Miss Drumm, too. She's been sporting a shiny new car lately.

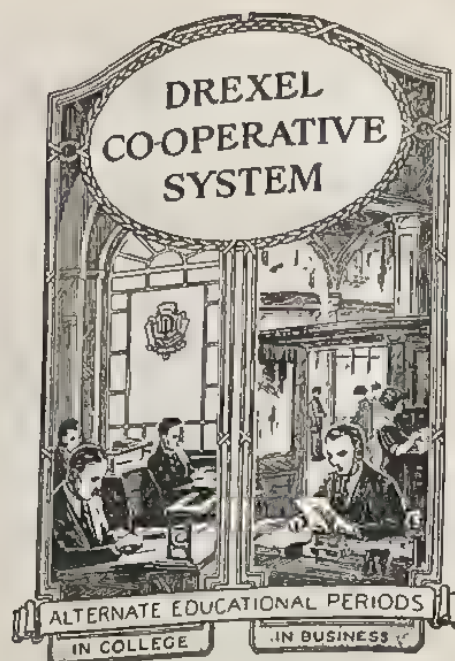
Miss Hardy hopes that Santa Claus will bring her a pair of ice-skates and a bathing suit. In case the connection isn't quite clear, just think how appropriate the bathing suit would be if the ice broke.

Teachers seem to incline toward sporting goods, don't they? Miss Wood has expressed a desire for hiking shoes. Maybe she'll chaperon the hiking club sometime.

Miss Shelp didn't tell us this, of course, but someone else did say that she would be tickled to death if Santa left a rose taffeta dress under her Christmas tree.

Miss Boyd said that she would like about 200 nice, new books for the library. Not even a brilliant, fluent description of a mechanical "bouncer" (as yet uninvented, of course) could dissuade her.

Miss Curtis' greatest desire seems to be to have a good time during the holidays. Here's hoping she gets it. She's been working awfully hard lately.



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Won't someone please send Miss Stockett a competent musician, to relieve her poor, overworked vocal cords. "Sometimes I get so hoarse that the girls wonder why I don't stop that peculiar noise and start singing."

Miss McMahon was very frank in expressing her desires. She said, "I want a section that passes in every subject. Yes, sir a section that passes in *every single subject*."

Miss Johnson has a long list. She wants a trip to Maine, a new Ford (she's optimistic) and a few nests of tables for her numerous teas. She says that there must be no less than ten tables to a nest, but since they come three in a nest, we don't see how she'll get them.

Miss Hawes will probably leave a note like this: "Santa Claus,—

"Please bring me some spectacles by which I may look into the minds of girls and boys.

"M. O. Hawes"

If you didn't think at first that Santa Claus would be busy, maybe you do now. This shows the varied wants of a number of the members of the faculty, and if you are very imaginative, you can visualize the rest.

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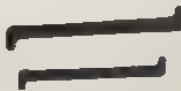
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